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# MESSENGER

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# THE MESSENGER

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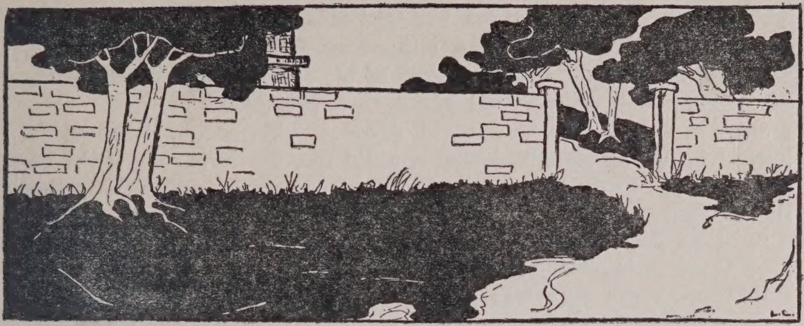

# Cousin Ann's Thanksgiving Story

**Ruth Herndon, '12**

The big Thanksgiving dinner was over and now the children were grouped on the hearth eating nuts and popcorn. It was almost bedtime and they began to beg for a story before they were sent to bed. Little Dot looked up and said, "Please, Cousin Ann, tell us a Thanksgiving story."

"Oh, do," echoed sister, whose real name was Catherine, but she was so seldom called by it that she sometimes forgot what it was.

"Cousin Ann" was one of their relations who had come to spend Thanksgiving with them, and since she was such a good story-teller she was very popular. Though she was tall and awkward she had a beautiful face, very fair and set with deep violet eyes that glowed and burned in her face in sharp contrast to its whiteness. They were shaded by long dark lashes and arched over by slender black brows. Her hair was dark, very dark, and formed a frame in which her face was set — an unusual face but not displeasing.

As sister spoke Ann smiled, and a soft flush crept to her cheek and died away before she spoke.

Then, answering "I will try," she began without further prelude:

"Once upon a time, it was long ago, when fairies lived and often made themselves known to mortals, there lived in a certain country a king and queen who had only one child, the little princess to whom the kingdom would descend at the death of her parents.

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This little princess had for her god-mother a fairy who, when the princess was but a babe, slipped upon her finger a ring set with a tiny ruby which was a drop of blood from the fairy's heart. The queen mother was told never to let the child take the ring from her finger, for if she did great trouble would come upon her. The queen promised, but she did not see how this could be done for she knew that the ring would soon be too small for the little princess' finger.

"But as the child grew the ring grew larger and always fitted her, never growing too small.

"Now, as the ring was never taken off it began to look dull, and when the princess was about seventeen years old she one day took it off to clean it.

"'Surely,' she reasoned, 'if I just take it off long enough to polish it no harm will come.'

"So off came the ring, and at first the princess did not notice that it grew smaller and smaller and smaller yet, till it grew so small she could not hold it. She dropped it, and then frantic with terror, hunted for it, because she knew that great trouble would come to her if she did not find it. All this time the ring was steadily growing smaller until no one could have seen it, though he held it in his hand.

"Then it was that the fairy god-mother came, unseen by the princess and took the ring away with her.

"At last she went to tell her mother about it, but when she went into the throne room where sat the queen on her throne surrounded by the court ladies, she found that she had been changed to an old woman to whom the queen would not listen.

"Shut out from the palace she set out to find the fairy and ask her what to do.

"Meanwhile the queen and her husband were wild with grief when they saw that their daughter was gone. The king offered a great reward and the hand of the princess in marriage to the prince who would find her and bring her home to her father.

"Scores of princes set out to search for her and bring her home because the princess was known far and wide for her beauty. Little did they know that the old woman who looked into their faces as she trudged along on foot while they went dashing by on their gallant steeds was the one time beautiful princess whom they were seeking.

“ The old woman wandered about till she came one day upon the fairy, who had placed herself where she knew she could be found for she thought that the princess had been punished sufficiently for her disobedience and she (the fairy) was going to restore her rightful form upon her again.

“After the princess had begged her god-mother to change her again into a princess, and told her of losing the ring, the fairy waved her wand over her head three times and lo! the princess again returned and the old woman disappeared.

“ But the princess never saw the ruby ring again and in its stead her god-mother hung around the white throat of the princess a glittering diamond on a golden chain, saying as she did so,

“ ‘ Try to be pure and always be obedient.’

“ Then the fairy bade her get into her chariot, which came up at that moment drawn through the air by a score of snow-white doves, and soon the princess found herself at the palace gate.

“ The chariot disappeared and at that moment a handsome young prince came riding up and seeing the princess took her into the castle with him.

“ Next day the king sent out messengers to bid all the people in his kingdom, rich and poor, high and low, to come to a feast, and give thanks for his daughter’s return. Also, the young prince wedded the princess that year, and now there was a prince to rule over the kingdom jointly with the princess when the princess’ parents died.”

The children who had listened in absolute quiet during the story yawned and went to bed to dream of fairies and old women and a lot of fairy folk jumbled together.

# Thanksgiving Thoughts

**P. H. Epps, '12**

As now I stand and retrospect the path
O'er which my feet have trod in this year past,
And see the dangers and the snares and wrath
Which there did lurk; my soul doth stand aghast
  And wonder how
  It ever reached the place it stands at now.

Yet why should I in wonder stand and view
The works of Him who guides His children through
Each valley and each way in which they're led,
And sees that they are ever kept and fed
  In pastures green
  Full rich in comfort, strength, and joy and sheen.

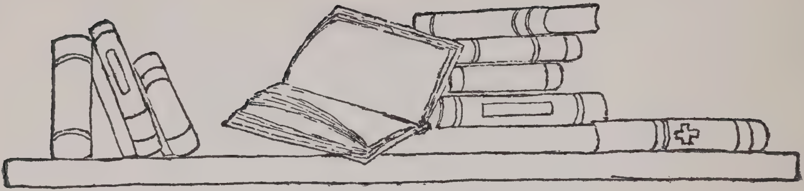
Full many times my heart has ached and bled,
Through many lonely spots this path has led,
Through many trials to all, but Thee, unknown;
I've come, through countless blessings by Thee shown
  To feel and know
  A moment's sweetness hides a year of woe.

For friendship of true hearts, I thank Thee first,
For health and strength, for ev'ry rose did burst
And shed its fragrance to the air I breathed;
For ev'ry rainbow that with promise wreathed

  Each rising cloud
  Which e'er forbade that my soul should be bowed.

For each dark hour that came but to reveal
Thy nearness and Thy glory, made me feel
That Thou was't by me though no other was,
And thus did tear and break down all the bars
  That kept from me
  The highest joy that in this world can be.

Thanks unto Thee for all I have received,
Though it be more than my mind has conceived;
And may I tread the way that lies before
With my eyes fixed on that eternal shore,
  And then in love
  May I go in to be at home above.



# What Billy Was Thankful For

Etta Belle Lewter, '13

Billy Brown was a boy of about six or seven years of age. His father and the grown-ups had been talking of Thanksgiving and Billy had learned that it was a day for giving thanks for things that had happened since the last Thanksgiving Day. His mother said she was glad that Billy had not been so mischievous during the last month. His father said that he was thankful that Billy had lost some of his bad temper.

It happened that on the next Thanksgiving Day all of the Browns went to church to hear the Thanksgiving sermon. After the sermon the minister asked the brethren to tell what they were thankful for. Deacon Perkins arose, as was his custom, and said that he was thankful because the Lord had made him prosperous during the past year. 'Squire Burke said that he was thankful because the Lord had made him healthy.

" Brother Brown, haven't you a word for us?"

" In course I has," exclaimed Billy, starting from his seat before his father could catch him. As soon as Billy reached the platform he straightened himself up tall, so as to look important. The minister and congregation were speechless with amazement, but did not gain voice in time to tell Billy that he had made a mistake, and so Billy proceeded with his speech.

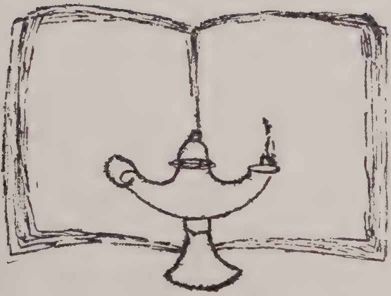
" First of all, I am very thankful that the minister has called on me to give my thanks," exclaimed Billy excitedly. I am thankful that I have found that the minister wears a wig."

At this revelation the minister gasped, sighed, and attempted to say something, but Billy proceeded:

"I am also thankful that our cook, Sally, has at last found a husband because now she will cook me anything, and she will even spread the butter and jam thicker on my bread; and Sally will patch my pantaloons and mother won't even know they have been torn. But this time they are torn so badly that I will have to have new ones, and I am thankful for that. I am also thankful because my hair is not such an ugly red color like Jimmy Doane's."

"Let me see if I have anything else to be thankful for," he said, screwing up his face and glancing downwards for the first time. "Oh, yes;" he began. "I am thankful that those two whopping freckles have come off my hands since last Christmas."

With the last words he went back to his seat. The minister dismissed the congregation without another word, and went and sat down on the steps of the church to think, if possible, how Billy Brown found that he wore a wig.



# Phil's Magic Football

**Mattie Moye Adams, '13**

When Phil Rutherford was twelve years old, he deserted his young lady sister, whom he was escorting to a train, and trailed for two whole blocks behind a college foot-ball player, just to feast his eyes on the hero. When he was thirteen, while lunching with a Harvard brother, he caught sight of the easily identified form of a 'varsity tackle who was just entering the dining-room.

"James Henry Jones!" cried Phil, as he sprang to his feet and pointed at the distinguished arrival. The students at the neighboring tables laughed uproariously; the brother blushed to his ears and muttered fierce threats between his teeth.

At fourteen Phil was captain of the fourth team of Norwood School. At fifteen he played a glorious game as full-back on the third. At sixteen his one ambition was to make the school eleven.

To him the mysteries of the modern game were as easy as the confused antics of "x" and "y" to the teacher of algebra. He had acquired sound ideas unusual in a boy of his years, on the subject of foot-ball strategy. His knowledge was ample, but his body — there was the rub. It was inches and pounds that he lacked.

In the spring of the same school year in which he had distinguished himself on the third team, Phil came down with tonsillitis. While a prisoner in his room he looked over book shelves, and now while re-reading "Arabian Nights," his imagination conjured up a genie who would be capable of realizing the desires of a modern boy.

"Or, supposing I had a magic sweater, now," he thought, "that would make me strong in the line. What holes I could make! Or, say magic boots, that were sure kickers. I could kick field goals as often as I could get my hands on the ball!"

From these pleasing visions he awoke to the grim fact of the tonsilitis and the sure loss of pounds.

On a day of convalescence Phil's father took him to their storehouse at Manchester, where repairs were going on. While Mr. Rutherford was busy with the workmen, Phil was left to his own devices. His legs were heavy and he soon sought rest on a bench. Tim was engaged in trimming the fruit trees, and as Phil drowsed in the sun, a twig encircled by a dark fungus dropped almost into his hand. He took it up and held it as he glided away into a dream.

He seemed to be sitting beside the goal-posts on the edge of an empty triangle. At the farther end of the field stood a player in a dark red jersey, holding a foot-ball in his hands. As the boy looked, the man stepped forward and punted, and the ball sailed up in a long, sweeping circle, with a momentum that brought it to Phil's feet. He stooped to pick it up, and as he rose he saw that the punter was coming towards him, and recognized "the pride of the 'Varsity team."

"That was a wonderful punt," said Phil. "How on earth could you send it such a distance?"

"Easy enough, if you have the talisman," answered the 'varsity man.

"What talisman?" asked Phil.

"Why, this." As he spoke he passed the ball rapidly from hand to hand. With each pass the ball grew smaller, until it looked no larger than a robin's egg.

"I'll give it to you," said he, thrusting the miniature foot-ball into Phil's hand. "Wear it and follow its teachings, and in three months you will kick as well as I can."

"Philip!" called Mr. Rutherford; "don't sit there baking your brains in the hot sun. It's luncheon time."

Phil sat up, dazed, expecting still to see the 'varsity man who had condescended to talk familiarly with a school-boy. He had disappeared, and the magic foot-ball — but what was that in his hand; this dark oblong thing so like a foot-ball in shape that, with the ends cut off, it seemed a very counterfeit?

"Come!" repeated Mr. Rutherford, sharply.

Phil tucked the twig into his pocket and obeyed.

He thought often of his experience. Often on a quiet evening, as he sat blinking at his Virgil, he would open the drawer which contained his precious relics, and taking out the queer shaped wart, ask himself why he was such a fool as to keep it. That he did was due to the mysterious words, "follow its leadings."

At the end of the school year, Joe Parker, the foot-ball captain, made the usual attempts to induce the men on whom he was counting for next year's squad to work during the summer. To Phil he curtly said, "Get some meat on your bones if you can! You could make the second if you were only heavier."

Phil, knowing he had out-played his heavier class-mates, carried home a heart bursting with indignation. He took the talisman from the drawer and gazed at it in silence.

"I'll do it!" he cried at last. "I'll follow its leadings whatever they may mean."

When Phil went down to the shore for the summer he carried the plum wart in his pocket and a brand new foot-ball in his trunk. One of the first things he did after his arrival was to hunt up Peter Grove, a village boy with whom he used to swim, and make arrangements for Peter to play foot-ball with him.

That same night the summer campaign was opened on Millcamp's back pasture. Phil sowed the talisman into the pocket of his trousers and sailed for the test of its merits. As Peter suffered from inexperience the bearer of the talisman proved himself distinctly superior.

So it went the whole summer and as it drew near the end Phil grew more confident. Then one late day in Aug. Phil punted with his knee well up meaning to kick short. His extended foot caught the ball with an unexpected snap of the ankle. The ball sailed over Peter's head twenty yards beyond the fence.

"I'll get it!" cried Phil in astonishment. "Let's kick it back across the pasture.

"I've had all I want to-day," grumbled Peter; but he stopped in the middle of the pasture to receive the return kick. Phil's first attempt was a failure, but the second time he pointed his toe well down, and, bringing his knee high, worked the peculiar snap again.

When Captain Parker called out the candidates for foot-ball on the first afternoon of school, Phil took a place on the outskirts of the throng; but he bore his precious amulet sewed in his foot-ball trousers. Parker evidently cherished no high opinion of him, for he found himself handed over to the care of a subaltern. Nothing was done that day but a slight exercise in tackling.

On the third day the drill was cut short soon after it began by a demand for the ball by Coach Perkins.

"Let me kick it over," said Phil, taking the ball.

He stepped forward and punted. The ball soared over the forty yards, but instead of settling into the hands of the coach, as he expected, it swooped over them and bounded away behind him. Perkins did not turn to follow it. Instead, he walked across the field and demanded: "Who kicked that ball?"

"I did," said Phil, reddening with pleasure.

"Go and get it and punt it back!"

Phil's second kick was longer than his first. The coach met him in midfield. "I shall want you in ten minutes," he said.

A little later Phil was standing on a line with Hurd, a veteran back, each kicking down the line to give practice. Phil had no fear of comparison. It soon appeared that his punts carried yards better than his rival's, and that they had an amazing way of squirming out of the receiver's arms. The first squad now began to look at him with more respect.

Then came the first line-up. Perkins put the newly discovered punter on the second's left end, and told the captain to change him when there was kicking to be done. Phil played hard because he loved the play, loved the shock and the joy of downing his opponent.

Many were the compliments sung in Phil's ears as the fellows dressed after practice. Parker's congratulations were bluntly mixed with expressions of wonder, while Perkins was exultantly happy. Others spoke in tones tinged with envy.

In two weeks Phil Rutherford had gained his place as quarterback on the school team. When the first of the great matches came, Phil was out with a strained leg; but his team-mates won by a narrow margin. Phil was back in the play for last week before the hard contest with Brinton, Norwood's chief rival, and as confident as ever.

The team was to dress at the quarters and be driven across the city in a barge. Light-hearted and happy, Phil opened his locker and tipped his foot-ball clothes out upon the floor. He kicked the heap apart, gazed at the garments in perplexity, then fell to sort-ing them in haste. The grimy trousers with the precious little bunch sewed into the hip-pad were missing! His strength was suddenly stripped from him as Samson's when his head was shorn.

"What's the matter?" demanded Humphreys, stopping suddenly with his shirt half over his head. "What's the matter, I say? Sick?"

"My trousers!" groaned Phil.

"Gone? That's the way with things here. I lost a good jersey last week. Some kid's put 'em in his locker. Lovering'll lend you his, I'm sure."

"I've got to have mine," wailed Phil.

"Here's a pair!" yelled Parker from the other end of the room, and a brown canvas garment caked with mud came flying through the air.

But Phil would have none of it. He hunted, but all in vain. His search was fruitless.

"All out!" shouted the coach at the door. "Not dressed yet, Rutherford? Get a move on, can't you?"

There was no help for it. Phil pulled on the borrowed trousers, seized sweater and head-guard, and ran to the noisy crowd who were calling him. He hardly spoke during the ride. His amulet was gone, his kicking power was taken from him!

He tried a couple of punts in the five-minute practice before the game. It was as he feared. He could not do better than McCune, the Brinton full-back. He thought of the disappointment in store for his loyal class mates. His quick rise to school fame was destined to be followed by a far quicker fall.

Then came the call to places, and then the play. From the moment when big Humphreys lunged forward to make the kick-off, anxiety and fear vanished from Phil's mind. From his post in the rear he saw Brinton start the ball back from their twenty-five yard line. He watched Norwood's line break three times at guard and tackle. He called a warning in vain when Sturgis, the Brinton end, broke away and took ten yards.

The play was but twenty-five yards from the Norwood goal line when Parker discovered the hole in his defense and plugged it tight. And now, on Norwood's ten-yard line there was but one thing to do—punt for safety. Phil dropped behind the goal line and held out his hands for the pass. His whole soul was centered on "Stubby" Carleton's hands clutching the ball between two very solid legs. The ball came clear and straight. Phil felt, as it left his foot, that it was going as he meant it to go. And then, with the howl from the Norwood benches storming his ears, he thought of his talisman, and his heart gave a great leap. It was a delusion, but a helpful one — the best punt of his life had been made without it.

With a whoop of joy Phil ran to the center of the field. The ball was Norwood's. He directed a play against the left tackle. Then the ball lingered, only to be punted into the hands of Lovering, the Norwood end. Phil fell back to his position and the backs lined up to protect him. Blind to the threatning avalanche that was to crush him, he saw only the back pasture, with its fancied outline of posts as goals. The ball came back. Carefully he dropped it, struck it squarely with his toe, and——he was hurled flat by the Brinton tackle. When he recovered the Brinton players were bringing out the ball and the Norwood side was yelling and embracing one another.

It was those three punts that won the Brinton-Norwood game. Norwood scored near the end of the first half. In the second half Brinton planted the ball between the Norwood goal posts. And then time was called.

It was a tired but hilarious crowd that the barge carried back to the Norwood quarters. Despite the congratulations showered upon him, Phil was the quietest of all. He was mourning for his talisman, which, though in a way quite different from what his imagination had pictured, he still felt to be the cause of his success As the players were getting ready for their shower, Joe Parker laid hold of his younger brother Tom, and demanded the fresh towel which he had. Tom opened his locker and pulled out, among other things, two pairs of trousers. One of them Phil seized immediately.

"So, it was you who had the trousers, you little rascal!" cried the captain.

"It's all right," Phil hastened to interpose. "I had a better pair." But he was careful to take the trousers home with him The talisman had earned a place of permanent honor.

# A Ghost's Warning

**Aritta Harper, '15**

One night as I was sitting
  In my study chair,
I saw a spectral figure
  Slowly mount the stair.
I watched and listened, as if
  Bound by some bad spell,
And from out the wind I heard:
  "Cheating leads to Hell!"

Thinking I was dreaming, I
  Prepared to retire;
But sleep fled before me and
  My brain seemed a-fire.
A ghostly feeling vexed me,
  Anon, some weird bell,
Till from the shadows there came:
  "Cheating leads to Hell!"

Then, clothed in black, there appeared
  A ghostly being,
With a voice borne by the winds,
  And eyes worth seeing.
He seemed to be in torment,
  His struggles in vain.
Then in dire dismay he cried:
  "Cheating leads to pain!"

"In my wild youth I cheated,
  And my mother grieved;
In my manhood I cheated,
  No warning received.
At last, I tried to cheat the
  Devil, but in vain;
I could not cheat the Cheater—
  Cheating leads to pain!"

# Mrs. Van Hougan Goes Shopping

**Elizabeth Cheatham, '13**

"Good morning, Miss Daisy.

"Yes.

"Well, show me some pink goods.

"Oh, any kind that will make a pretty evening dress. Mr. Van Hougan's sister from New York is coming to visit us.

"Yes, Miss Margaret Van Hougan, you remember her. Oh, she had such beautiful clothes. They were always so stylish. My clothes —

"No; I don't like that.

"Let me see. Oh, I know now. I was just telling you about Miss Van Hougan's clothes. Why, really, my clothes looked so old-fashioned by hers. So, when I got a letter from Margaret telling —

"That's a beautiful piece of goods. Don't you think that would make a beautiful dress? This piece of goods is so stylish.

"What's the price?

"Goodness! Isn't that mighty high?

"Well, I'll take eight yards.

"What was I telling you? Wasn't it about getting a letter from Margaret? Yes; that's it. You know, just as soon as Margaret wrote and said she was coming I told Mr. Van Hougan that I would have to have a nice, new, evening dress. Then, about that time, Lucile Livingsport called me up and asked if I would go shopping with her. I just told her that I couldn't. You know that she is such a talker that we would never get home. For she would stop and talk, and talk, to the clerk.

"Excuse me, young man; but don't you see that Miss Daisy is waiting on me? She can wait on you when I finish with her.

"Now, Miss Daisy, I want some pearl trimming for my dress.

"Margaret had such a pretty dress last year trimmed in pearls. Mr. Van Hougan thought that it was beautiful. He told me to get a pink dress trimmed in pearls.

"My dear Miss Daisy, please excuse me. I forgot that you were waiting.

"I'll take that.

"Yes; please send it down.

"Good-bye, Miss Daisy. I am so glad that I didn't come down with Lucile. I declare she talks so much that the clerks get bored to death with her gossiping.

"Good-bye."

# The Test

**P. H. Epps, '12**

Back in the days when the Gaels were being driven back into the mountains of Wales, they kept guards around the city, or more properly speaking, the hamlet. As an incentive to make each guard as vigilant as possible, they held each guard responsible for each death that might happen on the premises over which he was guard. If a murder took place on the grounds he was guarding, his life was taken unless he could prove some one else to be the guilty party. Under such conditions it was not hard to convict some one else if a man was mean enough to do it. In order to save as many of their men as possible, the Gaels would put the prisoners they happened to capture on this guard.

Felix Norse, who was a young boy in one of the families that came over to England to try their fortune in its promising regions, was seized by a band of these Gaels one evening as he was trying to make his way back home from a hunting trip. No sooner had he been brought to the hamlet than he was placed on guard. Felix, although he was a very poor boy, and the religion of those days was very crude, had enjoyed the grandest privilege that a child can enjoy, namely: the fellowship of a pious, diligent mother. Years passed by and left no stain of blood upon that part of the hamlet over which he was the watchman. He finally came to be spoken of as "the safe guard." Yet, no person has ever lived over whose pathway a cloud never came. And Felix was no exception to this rule.

Finally when he was least expecting it (as it always happens), a man was killed in that part of the village which he was guarding. The next morning he was told that he must either discover the guilty party or forfeit his own life. His mind first directed him back to the aged mother whom he had left behind in the lowlands, and ushered into his heart the memories of her teachings which always bade him to be truthful and upright. He remembered that she did not know where he was. He knew, too, that perhaps he would never see her again. But he remembered another teaching of hers which taught him that "the Lord remembereth His children." So he resolved to go to work and make an honest effort to locate the guilty party, and if he could not find him he would lay down his own life. So he set to work.

Soon he found a friend of his who, on account of being called out of his house that night by his watch dog, had seen seven fellows in the road, one of whom he knew. Felix arrested this one and succeeded in finding out and arresting the other six. But each one denied knowing anything about the crime. Through the influence of the friends Felix had won since he had been on guard, he was given two weeks in which to find out the guilty party out of the number which he had arrested. Felix spent all the time he had during the day and most of the night in trying to secure some evidence that would place the responsibility on some one. However, he had made up his mind to secure something more than circumstantial evidence to convict any one. Thus he strove on through each day until the ninth of the fourteen days had passed and the night had approached. Felix lay awake until past the midnight hour trying to think of something that would give him some clue to work from. He could think of none, and was about to consider himself doomed when he heard something outside the door.

The door began to open gently, and then an apparition like unto a giant, with teeth like a horse and eyes like a cow, appeared and spoke thus: " Felix, I come to tell you a way out of your trouble if you will hearken unto me. If you will go down to the river which runs by this village for about twelve miles, you will find a cave in the side of the river bank in which dwells a fisherman who can tell you a way by which you can find out which one of the seven men committed the murder." Then it vanished.

Felix did not know what to do or think at first. But he determined to go and see if there was anything in it. So he arose at daybreak and set off for the cave. After searching around for about five hours he found it.

The man was out in the woods a little way from the house. He saw Felix and came up to see what he wished. Felix told him his mission and asked him to help him if he could. The man told him he would, and proceeded to tell him this: " When I was a young man, we had two neighbors who were very hostile to each other. But feeling grew to hatred and they began to quarrel. Soon one of them disappeared and no one was able to tell what had become of him. This went on for about two years. Finally I went over to see this neighbor, who was still on his farm, wondering where his fellow neighbor had gone to, and he took me out to show me his garden. We were walking around the edge of it near a large patch of weeds, when he thoughtlessly reached down and broke one of them off. I noticed that the weed bled when he broke it. I went on and paid no attention to it, apparently. When I returned home, I found another of my neighbors had called to see me. I told him of it, and he at once decided that that was a sure sign that he was a murderer, and said it must be investigated. He brought together a crowd and went to his house and asked him about it. He said he knew nothing about it. Then the man went out and digged there and found the bones of a man. Just here an old man came up and said they were the bones of the missing neighbor, and that the bones would bleed, too, if the one who killed them should touch them. Then they forced this neighbor to touch them, and everywhere his fingers touched them the blood stood out. So they took the man and hanged him. Now, if you will have all of these seven men touch the man that was found dead on the ground you were guarding, you can find the guilty one in the same way."

With this information, Felix set out for the hamlet in high spirits. He reached it just after dark.

He was so anxious to know how it was going to turn out that he could not wait until morning; but with the help of some of his friends he went out with some torches and dug up the dead body. He carried it into a vacant room of the cell which was lighted with three candles, and demanded the men to be brought in one at a time. This was done. As each man was brought in, the candles grew dimmer and dimmer, until when the sixth man entered they lighted four more. But no blood came when he touched the man. Felix's heart almost failed him as he thought that the other man was his last chance to receive relief from his troubles. But as the last man entered the door the candles all brightened up so that they were afraid to leave them burning. They put out all but two, and these gave more light than the seven did before this man was brought into the room. The man refused to touch the dead body, but he was forced to do it, and when his hands were lifted the print of them was on the body in blood. This was all the evidence needed to convict him honestly, and he was executed accordingly.

Thus, "the Lord remembered His child," and the young man soon found an opportunity to escape back to his kinsmen, where he brought this form of finding out when a man was guity of murder into use, and it remained thus until the dawn of the modern era.

# The Dying Summer

**Gladys Tuck, '14**

The summer flowers all are dead,
Brown leaves falling overhead;
The squirrels hopping to and fro,
Storing nuts ere winter's snow.

The winter winds begin to wail,
Over hill and over dale,
Whistling thro' the stately pines,
Kissing the scarlet columbines.

The clinging vines fall to the ground,
Among the dead leaves scattered 'round;
The tiny birds then southward fly,
And Summer waves a sad good-bye.

# The Approach of Winter

**Laura Anderson, '12**

Hear the bleak November wind
  Sweeping far across the hills;
Watch the children running in
  From this howling wind that chills.

Soon the dark clouds will appear,
  And the snow begin to fall;
Then the children we shall hear
  Laughing gayly, one and all..

Anon the snowbirds will be here
  Flitting 'round from tree to tree;
And the sleigh-bells sweet and clear
  Heralding Christmas merrily.

# Glimpses of Scotland

### Lois Roberts, '12

Scotland's rugged hills, lonely moors, and solitary little mountain lakes were once looked upon as dull and uninteresting. But times have changed. Sir Walter Scott, the great wizard of the North, has come and laid the spell of his genius upon us. He has opened up the Highlands, and glorified the lakes and hills with his true and lovely romances. The moors are no longer lonely, for he has peopled them with mailed warriors or curled cavaliers. The glens and passes, he says, were once the battlefields of the English forces and the Scotch Highlanders who supported Prince Charlie and all the exiled Stuarts. So, even now, from the farthest depth of the many caves the clash of swords, the twang of bow-strings and the snort of frightened horses seem to echo and re-echo. No, Scotland is nevermore a lonely country: for those regions which show no signs of present life are peopled with men and women of the past.

The most famous region in all the Highlands is that immediately surrounding Loch Katrine. The country here consists of many lofty mountains and ranges of hills. In the valley between the hills lie beautiful lakes. The lakes are studded with small islands. Some are mere rocks, bearing aloft a solitary cluster of pines, while others cover acres and are suitable for cultivation.

In the center of Lock Katrine is Ellen's Isle. Scott has made Ellen the daughter of the banished Earl of Douglas, the heroine of his "The Lady of the Lake."

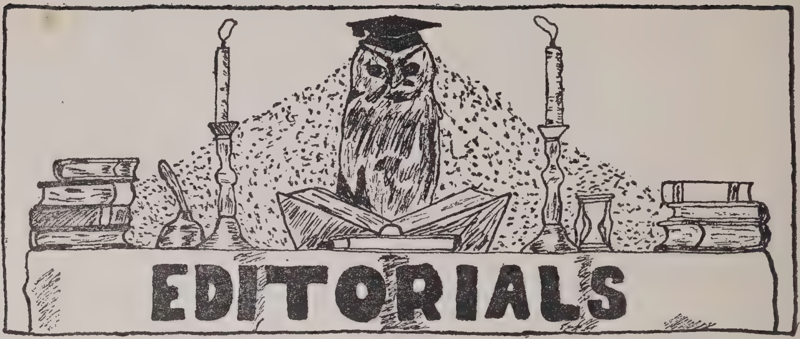
It is not strange that Ellen watched for hours the play of light and shade on the rugged sides of Ben An and Ben Venue, hardly knowing whether she most preferred the morning glow on the green hills and the blue peaks, or the evening light on the lake, which painted its waters and shores a rich purple tint.

The lake is bordered with weeping willows, whose drooping branches sweep its surface. Here and there the willows give place to sandy beaches sprinkled with gleaming white pebbles.

The lower spurs of the hills are covered with gray aspens and birch trees. Above, sturdy ashes and oaks anchored themselves against the mountain winds by sending strong supporting roots downward into the crevices between the rocks. Above these, tall pines waved their graceful heads, while the higher slopes are covered with grass. Above the grass, the bald gray crown of the mountain appears in all its sternness.

The woods on the lower slopes are bright with flowers, which flourish notwithstanding the shade and constant showers. Violets, foxgloves, primroses, and harebells are plentiful among the hawthorn's pink and white blossoms. While the brier-rose covers many a rocky slope with its green streamers, the deadly nightshade sickens. Larks sing high in the sky, and the notes of the blackbird and thrush ring through the woods.

Scott and his countrymen love the moors passionately. The bare sweep of ground, the gray sky overhead, the stream flowing through the cavern valley with no overhanging trees on its bank, all seem dearer and lovlier to him than the sleekest English landscape or most fertile Italian plain.



## THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING

Whenever we think of Thanksgiving most of us think of a big dinner and plenty of good things to eat, but perhaps some of us may have wondered how the idea of setting apart a day for Thanksgiving occurred to the Pilgrim fathers. The custom of having days set apart for giving thanks has come down to us through the ages. The ancient Egyptians, after the harvest time, used to bring offerings and lay sacrifices on the altars of their goddess, Iris. They showed their thanks for a rich harvest in this way.

In the days when Rome was Mistress of the world often weeks at a time were given up to paying homage to their gods for making them successful in war. Whenever the old Romans felt that they had been greatly aided in some undertaking by the power of their gods — this was a time for great festivities. Then the athletes contested, and games were played.

So it was with the Greeks and Israelites. Each of these nations had their holidays, on which days thanks were given to their respective gods. In England and Germany the celebration of the Harvest Home was very important. The homes were decorated with the autumn fruits and all things suggestive of harvest time. Usually some service was held; then all the people went out and spent the entire day on the village green, where all kinds of sports and contests were held. This must have come down to these people from the old Roman idea.

We see by these examples that all countries have some days set apart for thanksgiving. Then it is not strange that our forefathers should carry out this idea when they came to a new country where religious freedom was allowed and where the land was rich enough to produce enough to fill their wants. They had so much to be thankful for that it is natural that they should want to set aside a special day for giving thanks to God for their many blessings in the past year. Here we notice one difference — in old times the people had no set times for their thanksgivings. They had their thanksgiving days several times a year—that is, whenever they had anything special to be thankful for.

But to go back to the Pilgrims and our Thanksgiving: In the autumn of the year 1621, exactly a year after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, the people decided on a certain day on which they gave thanks for the blessings they had received. This was the first Thanksgiving Day in America. The hearts of all the colonists were filled with deep gratitude. It was, indeed, a suitable time for giving thanks to the Almighty. Oftentimes during the ensuing century this was repeated. Later, Congress recommended that a day be set aside each year as a Thanksgiving Day, by the proclamation of the president. This was decided upon and since 1863 it has been carried out, Lincoln setting the example.

M. L. F.

## REAL THANKSGIVING

November the thirtieth should be a day full of joy, gratitude, and worship. Such a spirit as fosters these three things should fill the heart of every civilized person on the globe. Now, since different people seem to put different meanings on these words, we shall discuss what we mean by them.

By joy, we do not mean the voluptuousness which wordly revelries offer. Neither do we mean the sensation which is found in tricks of various kinds. To seek joy in such things is not only too sure an indication of a vulgar mind, but is both foolish and unreasonable. There cannot be any real joy in things that are transient. A real joy is a perennial spring of refreshing and invigorating water which quenches many a thirst of the soul all along life's way. To seek any joy less than this on a Thanksgiving Day is altogether out of keeping with the spirit of such a day. We mean, then, by joy, that glorious and thrilling feeling which floods the soul after a duty has been performed, an eternal truth discovered, a soul aided, or a kind word spoken.

By gratitude, we do not mean a mere cultivated, fashionable "thank you." We do not mean going through with a form of ceremony. We do mean a real, true, heart-felt thankfulness that will not be unloaded by any train of words; but will seek continually for some opportunity to prove its gratefulness if it cannot return the benefit. We say this because so many people think that when they have muttered out a few words of gratitude they have amply repaid the person for the kindness. We know that true gratitude bounds constantly in the heart of anyone who is truly grateful. Why, if we are favored by anyone and we really appreciate the favor, will not our hearts bound within us when we meet, see, or even hear the name of that person? Then should we be contented to give any less to the Providence that watches, blesses, and guides us each day? Certainly we should not.

Lastly, by worship we do not mean any bowing of body without bowing the soul. Nor do we necessarily mean prostrating oneself before any altar at all. But we mean wherever the man or woman may be, in castle or hut, church or field, highway or valley, let that soul commune, face-to-face and yet invisible, with Him to whom he or she owes thanks. Let them come with pure motives and earnest purposes together with a consciousness of the debt of gratitude that they owe and there will be a Thanksgiving for that person such as they have never experienced before.

With this interpretation then, of joy, gratitude, and worship, if they be right (and we think they are) we can easily see that we have missed the mark that Thanksgiving has set up for us. Let's see to it that we have a real Thanksgiving.

# LOCALGRAMS

The tennis court has been fixed up and a great deal of interest is being taken in the game, especially by the third and fourth year girls.

Mr. C. M. Campbell, Jr., of Jonesboro, formerly teacher of history in our school, was a recent visitor. We are always glad to have him with us.

Rev. R. C. Craven, of Trinity Methodist Church, made quite an interesting talk about Helen Keller to the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society on Friday, November third.

A committee from the Board of Aldermen visited our school recently with a view to observing the crowded conditions which make necessary the erection of a new school building.

A number of the students had the opportunity, on Thursday, November 2, of seeing Thomas Jefferson play "Rip Van Winkle." It was very enjoyable and added a new interest to Washington Irving's great story.

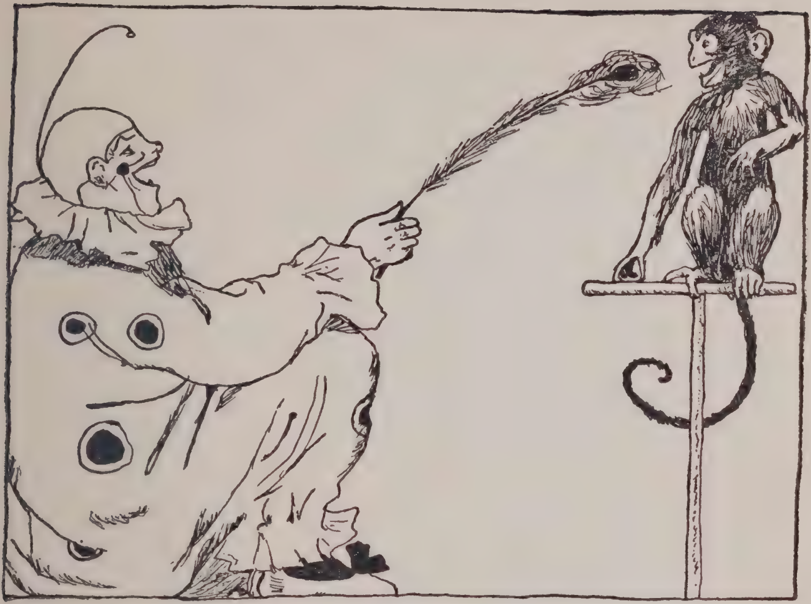
Some days ago Dr. H. H. Williams, a member of the faculty of the State University, made a very interesting and instructive chapel talk. Dr. Williams was one of Mr. Carmichael's teachers when he was a student of the University, so of course he was a welcome visitor at our school.

On October 13 the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society had a very interesting program. It was a story-telling contest in which a prize was offered to the one who told the best story. There were a number of excellent ones told, but it was decided that Elizabeth Jones was the winner of the prize, which was a book.

There has arisen great enthusiasm among the boys who play basket-ball. Every grade has got out a good team and elected a captain. Bernice Rigsbee was chosen captain of the fourth year boys, and he is also the chief of all the captains. Every team desires the championship and we have a good game of basket-ball every day at recess. The officers of the Athletic Association have had several more goals made and in a week or two we will have

Work in the Blackwell Literary Society has also made great progress this month. Each Friday night we have a warm discussion. Nearly every member has something to say about the question under discussion. Sometime in the near future Trinity College is going to hold a declamation contest, and all the high schools of the State are invited to send a representative to enter this contest. Several of the members of our Society are going to enter the preliminary contest to be held on Thursday, November 9, to decide who shall represent the school in the final contest at Trinity.

On the afternoon of October 17, Mr. Wilcox, of the Y. M. C. A., made a very interesting talk to the Athletic Association of our school, and also to all other boys interested in athletics. Mr. Wilcox explained to the boys the Marathon race that the Y. M. C. A. was going to hold on the first Saturday in November. He invited the boys of the Durham High School to enter men for this race. Practice for this race was begun immediately by our boys and the following were chosen to represent the school in the race; Julius Land, Robert White, Isidore Abelkop, and Charlton Pope. Robert White came out victor in the race. A Trinity Park school boy won second place, while two other of our boys, Charlton Pope and Gene Hesse won third and fourth places respectively.



Other magazines remind us
  We can make our own sublime,
If our fellow students send us
  Contributions all the time;
Here a little, there a little,
  Story, school note, song or jest;
If you want a good Messenger
  Each of you must do his best.—Ex.

* * *

4th year girls: Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
  If Virgil don't kill us
  Geometry must.

* * *

It is a shame there isn't a couch in the 4th year room so Elsie Brown could take a nap each morning.

* * *

" Better be courted and jilted
  Than never be courted at all."

— Lucille P.

Some acquire greatness—others merely the big head.

* * *

## MIRABILE DICTU!

L. S. (2g1 English)—James V, when visiting the Scotch Highlanders always wore clothes.

* * *

P. N.—"Mother, I know something if you'd taste you'd never want another biscuit."
Mother—"What is that, Percy?"
P. N.—"A doughnut."

* * *

Student—"I want a pony on Horace."
Bookseller—"Here you are, sir."
Student—"Is that a free translation?"
Bookseller—"No; these handy literals come at 50c. each."—Ex.

* * *

Teacher—"What was Washington's farewell address?"
Pupil—"Heaven."—Ex.
"What 's that?"
"I say, is a fellow who calls on his girl in a thunder shower a rainbow?"—Ex.

* * *

French Teacher—"What does 'avoir' come from?"
Smart Pupil—"It comes from the book."

* * *

## STUDY HALL

The road leads straight the road leads far,
To Study Hall;
And there the knights and ladies are
In Study Hall.
But here at the door I watch each pair
Both large and small,
And wonder what they find so fair
In Study Hall.

* * *

The bright wings of aspiration are often clipped by the shears of realization ——

—— when the reports are received.

"Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink —"
— after first bell for ending of recess.

* * *

## WHY THEY ARE CLEARER

"Women's minds are much clearer than men's," said a woman to her husband.

"They ought to be," replied her husband; "they change them so much oftener."—Ex.

* * *

What would you make of the following:

"That that is is that that is not is is not that it it is."

This shows the importance of punctuation, for behold! how simple the whole thing becomes when properly punctuated. Here it is:

"That that is, is; that that is not, is not. Is not that it? It is."—Ex.

* * *

"Mary, what prominent offices did Webster hold?"

"He was governor — of the United States, wasn't he?"

* * *

## JUST LIKE CANADA

"Tom, what is reciprocity?"

"It's this way: I give you a hug and you give me a kiss. That's reciprocity."

"Will you do it?"

"I fear it might lead to annexation, and I don't know that I am prepared for that."—Ex.

* * *

## OBLIGING

Harduppe—"Hello, Wig Wag! You're just the man I was looking for! Can you lend me thirteen dollars till Friday?"

Wig Wag—"But thirteen and Friday are both unlucky."

Harduppe—"Well, make it fourteen, until Saturday."—Ex.

* * *

## SUCCESS

"How did he make all his money? Careful investments, I suppose."

"No. Careless investors."

### AS LADIES DO

Though a body meet a body
In a finer gown,
Need a body greet a body
With an ugly frown?—Ex.

* * *

M. W. (reading Latin)—"We had a king."
Teacher—"How did you get that?"
M. W.—"No; Us had a king."

* * *

"You are charged," said a magistrate, "with talking back to an officer. Have you anything to say?"

"Dayvil a word, your honor," replied the culprit. "Oi've said too much alreddy."—Ex.

* * *

### THE FOUR WEAPONS

The brave man tries his sword, the coward his tongue;
The old coquette her gold, her face the young.—Ex.

* * *

### PROGRESSIVE

Who loves not woman, wine and song
Remains a fool his whole life long—
But who his whole life loves the three
A hundred times a fool will be.—Ex.

* * *

### TEMPERANCE ARGUMENT

"All history abounds with examples which show us the evils of strong drink," says the man with the incorrect whiskers. "Take the case of Julius Caesar, for —"

"Why, Caesar wasn't a drinking man," interrupts the man with the hesitant mustache.

"He wasnt? Didn't he die because of too many Roman punches?"—Ex.

* * *

### SIZING IT UP

"Don't think much o' this wine. D' you, John?"

"It ain't so bad. If it was any better there mightn't be so much left."—Ex.

She —“ Before we were married, you called me an angel.”

He —“And I still do. Are you not continually harping?”

* * *

## SECOND SIGHT

“ Was it a case of love at the first sight?”

“ No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn’t know she was an heiress.”—Ex.

* * *

## TRUE KINDNESS

“ What have they put up that scaffolding around the church tower for?”

“ It’s for near-sighted people who want to know the time.”

* * *

The Schoolmaster—“ Now, how was it that this great discovery made by Columbus was not fully appreciated until many years after his death?”

The Up-to-Date Scholar—“ Because he didn’t advertise, sir.”

* * *

## HIS ACT

History Teacher—“ What was the Sherman Act?”

Bright Pupil—“ Marching through Georgia.”

# EXCHANGES AND REVIEWS

We are very glad to welcome the exchanges that have come to us, but, still, there are many of our friends whom we are anxious to have with us again.

For the first publication, The High School Impulse, from Jasper, Alabama, is an exceedingly good magazine.

The Statesville High School Magazine, from North Carolina, is published in a very good style, but would be more attractive if it had a few "cuts."

From Newburgh, N. Y., comes The Academy Graduate, which is very interesting and has an attractive frontispiece.

Of course, as The Red and White, Raleigh, N. C., comes from a college we would not presume to criticise the literary qualities, but we do think that to make the magazine more artistic a few "cuts" are needed.

From Greenfield High School, Ohio, comes The Dragon, with its interesting stories and extremely attractive "cuts." " The Jade Pin is very entertaining.

The Comet, of Kinston, N. C., has a good continued story, "Out of the Deep."

The Vindex, from Elmira, N. Y., several copies of Gluck Auf, coming from Goldsboro, N. C., The High School Echo, whose home is Waynesville, N. C., and The Berne Budget, Indiana, have been received and were enjoyed very much.

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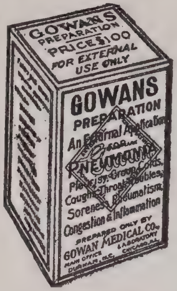
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# Aunt Lizzie's Valentine

**Grace Holton, '13**

On the piazza of a large house a group of children were standing talking about Valentine's Day, which was the next day. Some one suggested that instead of mailing them, or giving their valentines in the daytime to their friends in the city, that a party of them should go Valentine's night and deliver them. Mary had been rather dubious about her aunt giving her and her sister permission, and she had been arguing on it to her sisters.

Suddenly the younger sister volunteered to ask Aunt Lizzie.

Aunt Lizzie had gone up stairs to rest. But instead of lying down, as she intended, she sat down in a chair and wondered why in the world she ever promised to take care of the children while the children's parents went off on a vacation.

"Of all the most mischievous children, I know Alice's are the worst," she thought.

"Aunt Lizzie, Au---nt Liz---zie," came a voice suddenly from the library. The call came again and again, each shriller than before. It grated on Miss Lizzie's nerves. She hastily got up and went to the stairway.

"Harriet; hush! you scream loud enough to raise the dead What do you want?"

"We want to know if you will let us go to-morrow night with a party of girls and deliver our valentines. Please do," said Harriet, running her words together.

" If you will kindly tell me in English and not in Chinese what you want, I will be obliged."

So Harriet very obediently told what she wanted, over, but Miss Lizzie very promptly said " No." Also, that she did not believe in any such foolishness. Harriet saw that there was no use to beg; so she went back to the group and gave her answer.

All the girls were disappointed and began to talk about the difference between their mother and Aunt Lizzie. They almost knew that mother would have let them. Suddenly Harriet struck a brilliant idea.

" I tell you what, girls; let's make Aunt Lizzie a valentine."

"And let's say it's from her beau," said Mary.

So they all went to the children's play-room and Mary got out the drawing materials, and soon all was quiet except an occasional peal of laughter or remark. Each one would take turns about drawing. Eleanor started it. Then Mary's turn, then Elizabeth's, then Ella's, then Harriet's, then Francis', then Sarah's, then Eugenia's, then Emily's and lastly, Lela's turn.

When they had finished, it was a pretty combination. The first part was a large heart. Then in the center was a bird with a branch of olive in its bill. On each side of the bird were two small old hearts. Then underneath the heart was a large yellow lily. On the lily was a dove, and on the dove was a picture of Cupid.

Aunt Lizzie had looked in two or three times, but had not disturbed them; yet she was confident that they were up to some mischief.

On Valentine's night, valentines were constantly flowing in for Mary and Harriet. Presently, about nine o'clock, there was another ring of the door-bell and a valentine for Miss Lizzie Whitecraft was brought in.

"Oh, Aunt Lizzie's got a valentine!" said Harriet. "Show it to us, Aunt Lizzie."

"Oh, pshaw! It's just some of the boys' foolishness;" but nevertheless Aunt Lizzie took it and put it on the table. Finally the children went to their studying and left Aunt Lizzie reading.

But Aunt Lizzie's curiosity became stronger every minute. It was the first valentine she had received since she was a young girl. Finally she picked it up and looked at the writing and postmark.

"The post-mark says Bluemont. It has been years since I was there. Who would be writing me from Bluemont?" Thus she soliloquized.

"Why, it came this evening at three-thirty. The children must have got it and saved it until to-night, because she would not let them go out. Well, what harm will it do to open it. The children are not looking."

She took her pocket-knife and began to open the envelope. But that made too much noise. Then she got up and went to her room and there opened the valentine. She read the writing:

"To My Valentine—from her old beau."

" Why, that's John Osbourn. He has not forgotten me after all; no, he hasn't."

She laid the valentine on her lap and folded her hands and let her memory go back ten or eleven years, when she was young and so was John. She saw John now—tall and moderately good looking, but very timid. Seven years had he courted her and seven years he had not mustered up courage to pop the question. Then one night when least expected, the thing had happened. John blushed and she laughed and told him of course she "wouldn't have no such feller as him." He had gone from the house rightfully mortified, and she remembered how something had been the matter with her. For ten years she had not seen him, for their paths had parted. But she knew that he had never married. Now he had sent her a valentine, and such a one.

She went to her trunk and drew out an old much-treasured pamphlet, one that told all about luck-stones and gems and meanings of flowers and other such useful knowledge as only an old maid knows about, and thus she read:

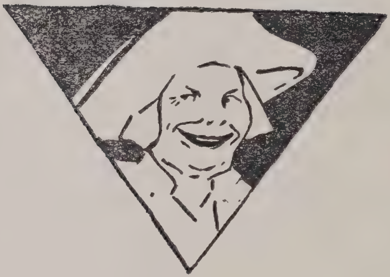
"There's Cupid; that means a message of love. And here it says something about a straw—but wait! That is not an olive branch in the dove's mouth, it is a straw, and it's broken. Here's the heart; means love; and that means John's love, yes, dear old John's love for me. There's the Yellow Lily and the two little gold hearts. Poor John, he never knew that my heart was bigger than he thought it was; and the yellow lily the book says means happiness.

" Now, ain't that like him to write out a message like that instead of saying it outright.?

"Now let's see what we've got: Cupid will bear my message;

my happiness is broken; but my heart is big and true as ever and it's all yours. Won't you return it by the dove?"

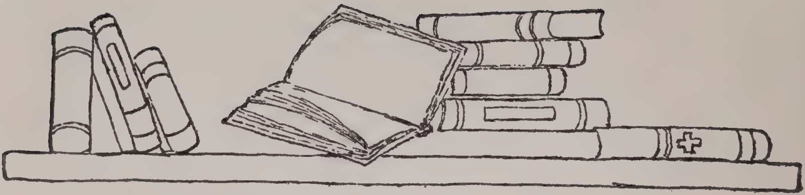
Aunt Lizzie sat there looking at the coals in the hearth and a tear came into her eye. * * * * Easter day that year was a happy day for Aunt Lizzie for she spent it at Bluemont, at John's side, and all because of the children's foolish valentine.



# Her Heart's Desire

**Gladys Tuck, '14**

"I am a poor old maid so sad and lone,
No one to love me, and really no home—
Every minute in the day is oh, so sad;
I dream and I think till I'm almost mad—
For something to ease this longing inside,
But 'twill never be till I'm somebody's bride.
I care not for jewels, nor silver, nor gold,
Whether he's young or whether he's old.
So tell me, oh, tell me, if you possibly can,
Where on this earth I can find a man
Who will kneel at my feet, beg, and implore
For me never to leave his dear side any more.
I've been searching for years, till my life's most spent,
Soon I'll be wrinkled, and old, and bent,
And no one will ask me to sail Life's sea
With them across in holy matrimony.
Heavens!!!-! The thought brings a burning tear,
But I've just come to think that this is LEAP YEAR—
So now is my chance to do what I can,
To propose and be accepted by "my old man."



# A Leap Year Proposal

**Elizabeth Fuller, '13**

She had never been blue in all her life. She knew how to act it, though; she knew how to act everything. She could drop her big blue eyes and reprove her merry lips until they were a shy young rosebud, while she and the chorus sang, "All the world's so blue."

There had never been anything in her life which seemed to her cheerful mind terrible enough to make her sad. But tonight, as she played the star in the musical comedy and the chorus girls behind twinkled on one toe while the other was pointed at a quarter of six, the thought popped into her head "I've got to die some day!" She had never thought of it before, and now she realized for the first time that she was tired, too—tired inside. She had felt tired outside before, for often she had twirled and glided and flown across the stage until she was nothing more than a half-faded, billy-goat-chewed rag-doll.

But this thing about dying was quite new to her and it startled her until she began to sing like the wheels of a tin automobile and the whirling dancers seemed to have lost at least five minutes of the angle of time to which they had been pointing. Then the director's violent motions to her made her send her mad thoughts scooting and she continued the hard, hard work of making other folks laugh the right kind of laughs.

But at the hotel that night, the scary, white-faced, black-eyed thought came cutting and hunching its way back up to the front of her impatient brain. She knew that she could not sleep; so she dressed herself in her softest, creepiest dress, and sat down at the window she had opened. It was a cold, clear night, but she liked the biting, biting, tingling cold of out-doors better than the gnawing, clammy warmth of the room.

So she sat looking out at the stars and wondering if the people who had died in them had had any one to be sorry their dear one died. She thought to herself that she was no one's dear one. Of course, the company would grieve at losing her, and the many audiences with which she was such a favorite would be sorry to no longer have her amuse them; but they would soon become attracted to someone else. She had no kinsfolk and so, after all, this was the summary of those who would miss her. She felt exactly like a squizzled oyster. For the very first time in her life she knew what it was to be lonely, and it was an awful thing to know.

But all of a sudden she began fiercely pinning on her hat and tugging on her big fur coat. Her eyes had caught sight of the calendar. February 13, 1912, and the town clock was striking one! Valentine's Day and Leap Year! In one flying bound, her mind had planned out everything. She would take a tiny cottage just outside the town and be a truck farmer in the cool, green garden which the little house and she and the boy were to possess. The Boy! That was, after all, the whole jewel of the scheme. She was just now going out to find him. He must be a nice-looking, poor little boy with no relatives, and he must be willing to be her boy forever and ever.

Hurriedly rousing her big, gruff dog, she went out with him into the street. For a long time they searched the store vestibules and steps before they found the boy who suited her. He was a chubby little boy, with curly brown hair and big, sleepy, brown eyes. In answer to her questions, he sleepily told her that he had no relatives and lived on the street.

Then she asked him, "Will you be sorry when I die?" and the little fellow sleepily answered, "Yes 'm."

That was sufficient. She grabbed him us and hurried him away to begin with her a beautiful new life. And hadn't she had a perfect right to propose to this gentleman on Valentine's Day in a Leap Year?

# Cupid Finds a Way

**P. H. Epps, '12**

"Henry, I learn that you and Grace are contemplating marrying. If that be true, I want to inform you that the shortest way out of that trouble is to abandon that idea immediately; for my entire family expect to see to it that Grace does not marry you. From this time forth she shall not leave the house without the attendance of some of the family. So you need not entertain the fancy of running away or even of seeing each other privately. For these reasons, I think it best for both of you that you take your leave to-night; and, to make a long story short, I will ask that you leave now."

Thus ran the speech of Claudius Overby one Thursday evening as he interrupted Grace, his daughter, and her beau, Henry Hamilton, while they were planning to marry secretly. They were both astounded by this sudden interruption which, like a thunder-bolt, completely razed their every plan. However, Henry obeyed; and went away disappointed and somewhat downcast, yet determined to get Grace.

Grace repaired to her chamber very much grieved that she must always have some of her family to guard her so that she could neither see Henry nor anyone else to talk with confidentially. She, too, when she realized how completely she was cut off from all her friends, determined more than ever to marry Henry if any possible way presented itself. Then she lay down wondering what the morning would bring forth.

Henry did not spend much of his night in sleeping. He had written Grace a note and was trying to think of some way by which he might get it to her safely. He finally thought of the old cook that stayed at Grace's home. He went out and met her the next morning; and asked her if she would get a note to Grace for him without any one finding it out if he would give her five dollars. Of course, that was all he need tell the cook to get her to take it. She was wise for one time, and when the right time came she gave the note to Grace.

Henry wrote Grace that if she would remain true to him and be patient he would get her. He pledged her that he would remain constant and true to her regardless of what happened; and emphasized the fact that he would get her if she would wait. Grace sent Henry word by the cook that she would wait and be just as true as she had ever been. She always believed what Henry told her, but she wondered how on earth he was going to get her when she could never go anywhere without some of her people to accompany her. Yet she believed him.

Grace's father arranged two months later for her to go visiting in a small town about forty miles south of where she lived. He also sent her eldest brother with her because that brother was most bitterly opposed to her marriage. They were to go on the twenty-first day of June.

Henry was a traveling man and through the kindness of his friends found out about the trip. He thought this was his chance to get Grace. He thought out his plan and wrote to Grace about it, getting a message to her through the cook for the same fee as before.

Grace wrote him and told him that she was afraid he would be unable to work his plan but that she would do her part to aid him, and also told him what train they would go on. She sent it to him by the cook.

Henry, encouraged by Grace's answer, began to work his plan. He made arrangements for his license without any friction. He then secured one of his friends, who was also a friend of Grace's brother, to get her brother to leave Grace and sit with him on some seat not far from Grace, so that her brother would not suspicion anything. He next hired a preacher to get on the train that day at a certain station and who was to wear an ordinary suit of clothes and memorize his ceremony. He arranged for one of his friends, a picture agent, to get on with the preacher. He was to sit with the preacher and he was to have a large picture to show, and was to bring the preacher and picture to him (Henry). Then two days before Grace was to go Henry found out what conductor was to be on that day. He told the conductor what he wished he would do for him. The conductor readily offered him help. Henry now had everything arranged. He only awaited the day.

It came. Henry boarded the train a few miles above where Grace was to get on. He saw them as they came into the train, and as Grace passed Henry smiled and raised his hat. Her brother soon caught sight of his friend who was sitting across the aisle just two seats back of them. At the second stop in walked a traveling man with a large picture in his hand and another man with him—who was the preacher—yet Grace's brother had no idea who he was. He knew that the traveling man was a friend of Grace's. They sat down with Henry. In the meantime Grace's brother had gone over to pass a few words with his friend, as he thought then, but later doubted. The traveling man took up his picture and began to show it to Henry and the preacher. Soon he took it over to Grace and began to show it to her after he had taken a seat beside her. Soon he called to Henry and the preacher and introduced them to Grace, after which he turned the seat in front of them and asked them to have a seat. Then they took the picture up in their laps and began to make a careful examination of it, as they pretended. Grace's brother saw all of this but since he did not dream of any of the crowd being a preacher thought nothing. While these four were admiring the picture, the conductor passed and stopped to admire it. It was at this point that Henry slipped his hand under the picture and, taking Grace's, gave the preacher the wink. Then the preacher went through his ceremony, which he had memorized, and pronounced them "man and wife." They all remained and laughed heartily until they came to the station where Grace was to get off. Henry went over and took up his grip. He rushed out and secured a carriage, and, when Grace and her brother walked out of the station, Henry walked up with the preacher, showed his license, and took his bride.

# Faith

**Ruth Herndon, '12**

Sometimes the soul grows all aweary,
    And faith grows dim;
Then everything seems dark and dreary.
    Forgetting Him
We wear our hearts with vain regret
And never smile, but ever fret;—
Yet, when the skies grow bright again
Our thoughts run in a different vein
    And faith returns.

Oh, heart! Thou hast a priceless blessing
    In faith divine;
Thou ever onward must be pressing,
    But faith is thine.
When doubts assail you, trust in Him;
When troubles come, let no one dim
Your faith in God,—for all that's best
In mortal man or in the blest
    Is faith in God.

# His Mother's Angel

Lucy Gray Gatling, '13

"Who are you?"

"Who are y-o-u ?"

"I asked you first."

"Well, I asked you second."

"All right then, smarty. You don't have to tell me. I already know because I heard your mother calling you yesterday. She was mad and I caught the whole thing. It's William Cullen Bryant McQuire, which is a very good name but it don't come up to Robert Edward Wily 'cause the Robert Edward part o' that name is after a man what was so great he — he —d-i-e-d."

And here the aforesaid Robert Edward stopped short, and for two very good reasons. He lacked the breath and also the word.

"Died, did he?" scoffed William Cullen. "Oh say now, what yer givin' me. I didn't know no-body had that much gumption. So he up an' died. Oh my; oh my! Ho! ho! ho! But ain't you killin'?"

"Well, you dummy," said Robert Edward very red in the face, "if you had any sense you'd see that it's because he was too great to live. When a man gets as great as he was he just lays down and dies 'cause there ain't nothin' else he could do. He'd already done everything else there was to do. Ya, ya, la." And he crooked his forefinger triumphantly in William Cullen's impudent, dirty little face.

"Aw let it drop; I don't want to hear none o' your talk no way," said he.

"All right then, take your nose down. It's up too high."

"It's my nose to do what I want to with and you just shut up about it."

"I won't."

"You will."

"Won't."

"Will."

For about five minutes these two bearers of illustrious names simply glared at each other.

At the end of that time William Cullen broke the ominous silence by remarking:

"I dare you to climb on that wood house and jump off."

"Who couldn't do that!"

"Well, do it."

"I won't do it just 'cause you say so."

"I double dog dare you."

"I won't do it."

"'Fraid cat!"

"You quit callin' me names."

"Who's callin' you names?"

"You are."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"Didn't."

"Did."

"You wouldn't know a bad, a sure 'nuff b-a-d name if you met it in the road. You little old 'fraid cat dressed up in your baby clothes."

Now that was a sore subject with Robert Edward, and he longed to wear men's clothes like William's. He therefore felt very much insulted.

"You got to fight me fer that," he said rolling up his sleeves.

"I'm agreeable. Come ahead." William shouted back, and for ten minutes the little boys who were so much named were simply a struggling mass of heads and legs and arms. At the end of that time the mass subsided somewhat and it was found that William was on top beating on the writhing body of Robert Edward with all his might.

"Holler 'nuff, he shouted.

No sound.

"Holler 'nuff," he yelled again.

"'Nuff," came in muffled tones from the defeated Robert.

So, with a few parting kicks for emphasis, William jumped over the fence and immediately vanished into thin air leaving Robert to limp into the house crying, bruised and in his own eyes disgraced. He was there petted and comforted and sympathised with by his doting mother to his heart's content.

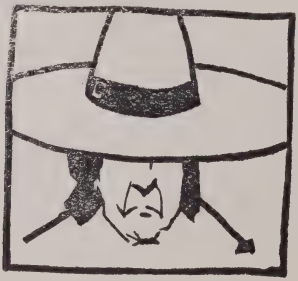
The next morning Robert Edward sat on the wood house with a bandaged eye and knee, eating an apple and swinging his feet in an independent sort of way when William passed by with a can of bait in one hand and a fishing-pole in the other.

"Hey there!" shouted Robert Edward. "My mother says for me not to play with you and for you to leave me alone. She said you were a bad, rude boy, and that your mother was a washer woman."

William gave him one contemptuous look.

"You watch out how you give me your sars if you don't want some more o' what you got yesterday. I'm goin' fishin' an' I ain't got the time to bother with the likes o' you."

With that William Cullen went whistling on his way and Robert Edward wished with all his secret heart that he could be just like William Cullen Bryant McQuire.



# Charity

**Ben Muse, '14**

We were walking down the street
  And both of us feeling fine;
Jones's hands were in his pockets,
  And so were mine, so were mine.

On the corner stood a man
  Who looked as though he were blind;
Jones' eyes were quickly on him,
  And so were mine, so were mine.

He was grinding on an organ
  And his face had ceased to shine;
Jones's hand was in his pocket
  And so was mine, so was mine.

We gave him a nickel and went on
  And still were feeling fine,
'Til Jones felt for 's watch; 'twas gone,
  And so was mine, so was mine!

# The Story of a Bracelet

**May Louise Fallon, '12**

All of the children in the school were envying Elsie because she had a bracelet. It was her birthday and she had received it as a present; so, of course, she had to wear it to school to "show it off." All the children wanted a bracelet like Elsie's, but none of them felt like little Mildred about it. She said to herself that she knew she simply could not live without one.

As Mildred walked on from school she could think of nothing except bracelets, for only poor children went to the school, and they were not often seen. And just to think her best friend, Elsie, had one! She knew that she had always been very lucky and wondered if her luck would desert her now. She picked up an advertisement lying on the street and the first thing that caught her eye was this paragraph:

" For 100 Premium Soap Wrappers:

"A solid gold bracelet," etc. etc.

She read on further. Yes, she was certainly a lucky girl. She could get her bracelet after all her fears.

Rushing home, she told her mother that she must stop using the soap she had been using because Premium Soap was much better; the advertisement said so. She decided then to take her mother into her confidence; so she told her that she planned to save one hundred wrappers and get the great prize offered for that number of wrappers. Her mother saw how much it meant to Mildred; so she consented to use Premium Soap and to help Mildred get the much-coveted bracelet.

From that time Mildred was perfectly happy She realized that never before had she wanted anything so much as she did that bracelet. There was only one trouble about it—her family was small and did not use up enough soap to suit Mildred. Everyone noticed how clean Mildred looked lately, but no one but her mother understood that she was just trying to use up soap. After what seemed an age to her, she sent off the hundred wrappers and eagerly waited for the long wanted bracelet.

Then, finally, an answer to her letter came saying that the company had no more bracelets in stock for one hundred wrappers, but if she really wanted a beautiful bracelet she would have to send two hundred wrappers and then she could get one set with diamonds. At first she was very much disappointed, but when she thought of how her friends would admire a diamond bracelet she decided to try again. Even though Elsie was her best friend she would like to get ahead of her for just one time. So she began saving again.

A whole year passed by but Mildred's love for jewelry had not cooled. She now had one hundred and ninety-nine wrappers. Soon she could get it! The very day she was feeling so happy about having so many she happened to look at a paper and there she saw that the Premium Soap Company had failed and gone out of business. Alas for all her hopes! She cried and told herself that she was the most unhappy person in the world. Yes, she was sure of it—to almost get a bracelet; then the old company had to fail. She did not see why companies had to fail anyway. Just then Elsie came in and saw Mildred crying. Mildred explained it all to her. Then Elsie laughed, which made Mildred feel still worse, to think anyone could laugh at a time like this. Elsie tried to show Mildred the funny side of the affair, but Mildred would not be comforted. Then Elsie told her that she had lost her own bracelet and it had done her no good. When Mildred learned that she did not seem to care for the bracelet at all. She wondered why that made her cease to care, but she could not answer that. Straightaway she threw the now hated, once dear wrappers in the fire, and as she saw them burn up she realized that she was a "sadder but wiser" girl.

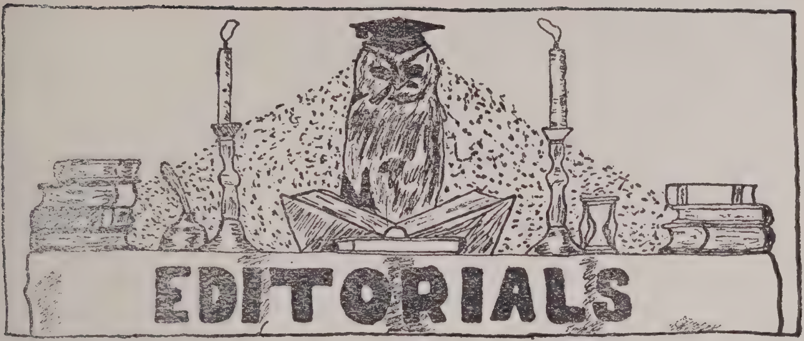
# How Far Will It Be?

**Lawrence Dixon, '12**

On looking back upon the path, which I
Have lingered on in years gone by,
But few I see who with their load
Have taken the same course in life's long road.

And yet the start is just around the bend,
And far and crooked stands the far-off end;
And as it leads o'er hills of joy and pain
How many of these few will still remain?

How far will it be before these few
Will reach some by-way on the journey through,
And each depart some different way,
And make the finish each a different day?



## ATHLETICS

The most interesting and joyful part of the school year is here. It is the time for baseball, track-team work, and other out-door games. This should be a pleasant time for everybody in the school; because, athletically, we ought not to be divided into but three classes: namely, those who take a part on the field, those who support them with their presence, and those who, on account of circumstances, are neither able to take a part on the field nor to support those who do take part with their presence, but who support them with their good will and commendations.

As we begin in this season, let everybody get in one of these classes. It is the only way we can ever become an ideal school. We will never be the power in the world that we can be until prejudices and selfishness have become nonentities. We hope to see the day when a boy or girl in a high school, or any other school, who sneers at or ridicules any honest athletic accomplishment of their fellow students will be considered so little and so insignificant that it will be unpleasant for them anywhere they go. Furthermore, we hope that the day is near at hand when every student will be compelled by the sublimity of the school spirit to support every honest and clean undertaking that the school participates in.

Our purpose this year is to beat last year's record and to stir up a greater interest in athletics than we have ever experienced. We expect a greater number of the student body to support us than we have ever received. We must have it. There are reasons why the student body should support the athletic participants.

In the first place, we can never have the healthiest school spirit that is possible if we do not have the support of the students. In a time like this in which we live, when, through the aid of rapid commercial facilities and the many modern conveniences, the various parts of each country, and even the different countries, are so closely united "whoever is not for us is against us." Then if there are parts of a body opposing each other there is sure to be, at least in a small degree, some little feeling. It is self-evident that a feeling, however small, if it opposes anything will hurt it. It will be sure to divide us.

In the second place, it is discouraging to those who take part, in that it shows ingratitude. We know that "Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms" will quite vanquish anything. There is no way by which you can stop a person from doing a thing as quick as you you can by a manifestation of your ingratitude, except by force. It has crushed many a thing that was beneficial, or would have beneficial to humanity. It will crush athletics if we will permit it. Let's see that it doesn't.

# LOCALGRAMS

The girls' basketball teams have been organized, but on account of the bad weather only a few games have been played.

Miss Boughton, Miss Jones and Mr. Bingham did not return to us for several days after the holidays. They were observing school work in the North.

We were glad to welcome as a visitor to our school, a few days ago, Mr. Riddick, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, who conducted the chapel exercises.

This month has been the most successful month of the whole year for Society work. The number of members is growing rapidly and great enthusiasm is being shown.

The manager of the basketball team is arranging some games for the school. The team has been practising daily for several weeks, and a good team has been developed.

The manager of the baseball team has also been at work. He has booked about six games to be played sometime this spring. More games will be arranged later on in the season .

Dr. White, of Atlanta, made an address at the High School a few days ago, which was greatly enjoyed. He spoke to us on the great

Southern poet, Sidney Lanier. He showed that to understand the works of such a great man one must study and know his life.

---

The tenth grade has had another "Social." This time the date was February 2. The place was the home of Miss May Louise Fallon. Miss Fallon kindly offered the class her home for the meeting. Everybody had a splendid time.

---

On General Lee's birthday we had a very interesting address, made by General J. S. Carr, who told us many things about the lives of Lee and Jackson, and also about the civil war. Mr Carr was dressed in a uniform which he said was very nearly like General Lee's.

---

Several weeks ago the Blackwell-McIver Society challenged Wilmington to a debate. Wilmington has accepted and the debate is being arranged. The boys have good hopes of winning this debate. The Society has developed several good debaters even if it has worked under a handicap the whole year.

---

There is also another thing of interest to the boys. This is the declamation contest at Elon. Elon has given us a chance to send a representative to their contest. The prize is a gold medal. The preliminary will be held to select the boy who shall represent us in a few days. The contest is to come off on the Friday before Easter.

# EXCHANGES AND REVIEWS

Oh! that the day would come when high school magazines would not mix advertisements with the reading material. Beware of this!

An index is positively necessary—so no more need be said.

Cuts are not necessary, but they add much.

These are just a few things that I, as an exchange editor, have come across and wanted to express my opinion on.

The Vindex, Elmira, New York: Your stories are interesting. You are to be congratulated on having such a large exchange list, but couldn't you add a page or two and comment on magazines. A magazine of your size should surely have an index. (December issue.)

The Sage, Greensboro, North Carolina: "A Quartet of Apologies" and "Sketches" are especially interesting. Delighted to see that you have a table of contents in your last issue. (January issue.)

The Black-Board, Rocky Mount, N. C.: Delighted to welcome you to our exchange table. (December issue.)

The Round-Up, Douglas, Wyoming: Your Decemher number shows great improvement over the November one. Why not have an index, though?

The Blue and Gold Messenger, Seneca, S. C.: So glad to make your acquaintance; come again. (January issue.)

The Habit, Salina, Kansas: You deserve great praise for doing so much work toward publishing your magazine. It would add to your Literary Department to have more stories than your interesting continued one. (January issue.)

The Review, Washington, D. C.: Yours is truly a good review of your school life, but for interest you need more and longer stories. (December issue.)

Green and White, Bloomville, Ohio: We are glad to have you among our number, as you are very interesting, your stories especially. Nevertheless, a little poetry would brighten your pages. Couldn't you provide for an exchange department? (December issue.)

The Purple and Gold, Ford City, Pa.: Please do not mix advertisements with your exchanges and class news. We are looking for your next issue, in which we hope to find some stories and poems. (December issue.)

The Lexington High School Magazine, Lexington, N. C.: "Billy's Dream" and "Autumn" add greatly to your magazine. Why don't you tell about exchanges in your exchange department?

The High School Echo, Waynesville, N. C.: Be sure to pay us another visit. We are glad to see the increased size of the December issue. (Dceember and January issues.)

The Dragon, Greenfield, Ohio: " Retrospection," in your October issue, and " Brown Wins Haul," in the December one, are very good. Come again.

The High School Pulse, Jasper, Alabama: The Christmas number offers a strong literary department. Why not tell what you think of your exchanges?

The Ocean Breeze, Aberdeen, Washington: You are surely one of our best magazines and always your arrival is expected with pleasure. The entire literary department of the Thanksgiving number deserves great praise. Your excellent cover design for January has such a neat and dignified appearance.

The Almanack, Lake Forest, Illinois: The November number is interesting from cover to cover.

The Item, Pasedena, California: Here's to your literary department, may it continue to be so good. We regret to notice that your Personals are continued through your advertisement sheets. (November and December issues.)

The Virginian, Norfolk, Va.: Come again! You are welcome, always. (November issue.)

The High School Enterprise, Raleigh, N. C.: Your literary department is numbered among our very, very best. (November and December issues.)

State Normal Magazine, Greensboro, N. C.: We feel honored to have you among our exchanges. The November and December issues were interesting.

The Spectator, Paterson, N. J.: Very, very good, and, please, come again, as we have not seen you since November.

The Athenian, New Bern, N. C.; Every department shows good organization. (November issue.)

The Academy Graduate, Newburgh, N. Y.: Your Christmas and January publications were very good.

The Blue and Gold, Findlay, Ohio: All good, only, interest would be added with a few more cuts. (December issue.)

The Ypsi-Sem, Ypsilanti, Mich.: Where are your exchange comments? Don't you think that a magazine of your size needs an index? (December issue.)

---

We acknowledge the receipt of the following interesting exchanges: The High School Monthly, Asheville, N. C. (2 issues); The Record, Spartanburg, N. C.; The Scout, Muscogee, Okla.; The University of North Carolina Magazine, Chapel Hill, N. C.; The Berne Budget, Berne, Ind.; The Retina, Toledo, Ohio; The Park School Gazette, Durham, N. C.; The Red and White, West Raleigh, N. C.; The Comet, Kinston, N. C.; The Optic, Columbus, Ohio.

## A PROMISE

" I'm just a little baby Cupid,
And I'm awf'ly lonely here —
Some folks say I'm dreadful stupid,
And cause just lots of trouble too;—
But if you'll just take me with you
I'll promise truly this to do:
I won't shoot a single man,
'Cept the ones you say I can."

—R. H. '12

* * *

Pat—" Do you buy rags and bones here?"
Merchant—" We do, sir."
Pat—" Thin put me on the scales, be jabbers."—Ex.

* * *

Teacher—" David, what is a chiffonier?"

D. B. (hesitating)—"Auch! er—er—he's one of these fellows who runs an automobile."

"So, Miss Mattie is your eldest sister; who came after her?"

Wise Willie—"Ain't nobody come after her yet, but pa says the first fellow who comes can have her."—Ex.

* * *

Bridegroom (to his little sister-in-law at breakfast)—"Well, Mary, you've got a new brother."

Enfant terrible—"Yes; and ma says to pa, she didn't think he was much account, only it looked like Lottie's last chance."—Ex.

* * *

## HIS TROUBLE

In a small station on one of the large Southern railroads sat an old negro fast asleep. A drummer, feeling tired, jumped from the train to get some exercise. When he saw the old darkey he resolved to have some fun. He walked up to him and emptied the contents of a quinine capsule into the darkey's wide open mouth. He awoke, rolled his eyes around, and said to the drummer:

"Mister, is you a doctor?"

"Nope," answered the drummer.

"Well, ah's mighty sick."

"What's the matter?"

"My gall's busted."

* * *

Mrs. Gnaggs—"I never will forget the night you proposed to me. You acted like a fool."

Gnaggs—"Huh! that wasn't acting."—Ex.

* * *

Pretty Girl (entering store)—"I want a collar to fit this dog."

Embarrassed Clerk—"Er—er—what size shirt does he wear?"
—Ex.

* * *

Fresh.—"I wonder if the Professor meant anything by giving me this ticket to his lecture on 'Fools?'"

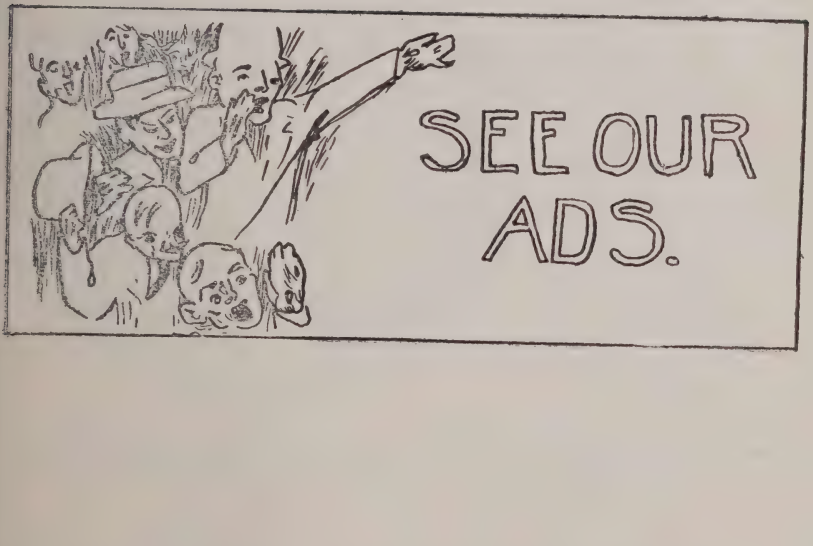
Senior—"Why?"

Fresh.—"It reads on the ticket, 'Admit one.'"—Ex.

* * *

W. S.—"Can you swim?"

L. C.—"Really, I don't know; I have not been in the water since the Jamestown exposition."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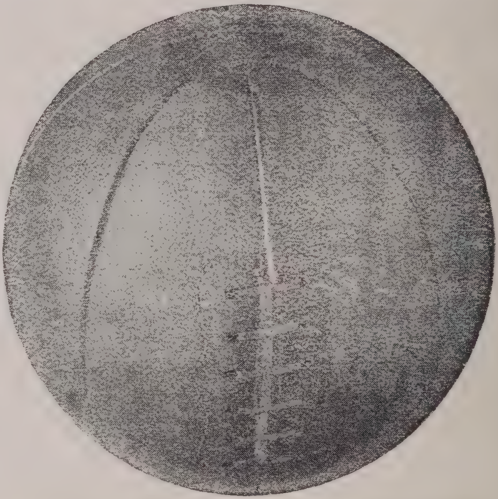

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Loan Funds are available. All other expenses reduced to a minimum. Send for Catalogue.

HOWARD WINSTON, Registrar.

"What's the matter with Pat?" said Mayor Slick to a badly demoralized son of the Emerald Isle who appeared before him to to complain of bad treatment at the hands of Barney McGlathery.

"Well, your Honor, Barney struck me with his shillaly and bid me go to the divil, and so I came straight to your Honor, be gorra!"

—Ex.

North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts

THE STATE'S INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE FOR MEN.

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DURHAM, N. C.

GEO. W. WATTS, President. T. B. PEIRCE, Cashier.

A professional humorist was having his shoes shined.

"What does your father do, my boy?" he asked of the bootblack.

"He is a farmer," meekly answered the boy.

"Ah," murmured the humorist, "the father makes hay while the son shines."—Ex.

**Sneed-Umstead Company**

Everything in the DRUG LINE

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MODEL STEAM LAUNDRY

SEND US YOUR DRY CLEANING AND DYEING. IF WE GET YOUR WORK ONCE WE GET IT AGAIN. WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

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**GO TO Rexall PHARMACY**

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PURE DRUGS, FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCOS

DOLPH YEARBY, Proprietor. Agency for Wiley's Candies

S. H. (about three thirty)—" Mrs. S., I didn't have a bite of recess."

* * *

" Much study is a weariness of the flesh."—Madeline K.

* * *

Wanted: An art-gum eraser.—Mary C.

**DR. J. C. JOHNSON**

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**.... SHOES ....**

In Town Can Always Be Found at

**PERRY-HORTON CO., One-Price Shoe Store**

Miss H. (3A History)—"What is a glacier?"

I. M.—"A glacier is something a little longer than an earthquake."

1 Boys (2) English.—"Gareth went to fight himself in the tournament."

* * *

Octavia.—"Mrs. S., please tell me how to spell that word—I don't know what it is."

* * *

Mrs. S. (4 Girls Math)—"Whoever squeaked that chalk must sit down."

M. K.—"I can not work this problem; I squeaked the chalk."

TRINITY COLLEGE

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GOWANS

**Preparation, External, to kill the Cold before Pneumonia kills you?**

Edward loves to spend a pleasant hour
With pretty lady friends,
But all the girls are getting sour,
For that is all he spends. —Ex.

* * *

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"No 3 O'clock Fatigue"

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PHONE 207

Impatient Guest—"See here, waiter; how long is that steak of mine going to be?"

Waiter—"About twelve inches, sir,"—Ex.

* * *

"Oh, dear! What coquettish eyes Clarence S. has!"—G. G.

Teacher—"Spell. Yes; tinkle, tinkle, little star."

**The Dull Scholar** *Many a so-called DULL SCHOLAR is so because of some defect of the eye*

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*CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS*

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* * *

M. C. 4 Girls (immediately after Latin examination)—"What was Venus' nickname?"

* * *

Lucile P. says that during Shakespeare's time for a penny a person could walk into the moving picture show (Globe Theatre).

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M. T. (not being allowed to drive the new horse)—"Come on, Gladys, and go to ride, but if you get killed don't tell anybody that I did it."

* * *

Little Girl—" Please have you a sheep's head?"
Facetious Butcher—" No, my dear; only my own."
Little Girl—" It won't do; mother wants one with brains in it..

**The Griswold Insurance & Real Estate Co.**

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Is the proper light, boys and girls. See with it, and see that you use it each night.

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The One-Price Store, whose merchandise and prices you can depend upon. Calls solicited.

Little words in Latin, angles, too, in Math,
Make me almost tear my hair in a mighty wrath.

* * *

Wanted: To know why the girls do not adore me like they do Clarence S.—S. Robbins.

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***FINE CANDIES***

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MAIN AND CORCORAN STREETS

The little ones will keep on saying things. Six-year-old Mabel is industriously engaged in "cleaning out" a preserve jar which her mother had just emptied. Four-year-old Bobby looks at her a while and then blurts out:

"Say, Sis! Don't you wish you could turn it inside out so's you could lick it?"—Ex.

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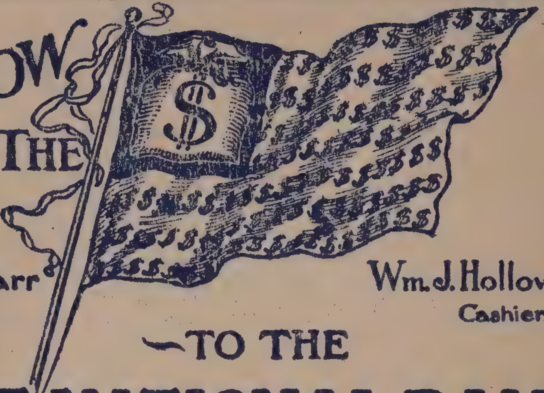

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Volume IX, No. 1 October, 1912

# THE MESSENGER

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# Whisperings of Autumn

**Gladys Tuck, '14**

The brown leaves falling
  One by one,
Shows to all
  That summer is done.

The ripening nuts
  Fall to the ground,
Among the dead leaves
  Scattered 'round.

The roses drop
  Their crimson heads;
The pansies sleep
  In leafy beds.

Jack Frost comes
  With steps so light,
And paints a new world
  In a night.

# A Successful Hallowe'en

**Eula Roberts, '13**

"Just a week until All Hallowe'en!" laughed Mildred as she carefully arranged her chestnut curls before her mirror from which a pair of roguish, brown eyes laughed back at her and danced with merriment, while two very rosy lips seemed to say, "Yes, and why are you so anxious for it to come?"

"Oh, I just simply can't wait! It seems a month since last Sunday when Daddy (dear old Dad!) announced at dinner that he had planned for me to spend Hallowe'en and the week following at Edith's. O, such fun! It's too good to be true."

"What is?" asked a merry voice as a slight figure bounded up the stairs. "What are you talking so much about, all to yourself, too? You are an extraordinary, no, I mean an unusual girl, Mildred."

"Oh, Nellie, such a treat. I'm simply wild about it."

"About what, Mildred? Hurry and tell me."

"Oh, I'm going, going, going——"

"Well, child, do not stop going crazy and answer my question."

"I am going to Edith's to spend Hallowe'en."

"And who is Edith?"

"Oh, Edith Wellburne, of course. My chum that I have told you about so many times. It has been six years since we left there and two long ones since she visited us and not until now have I had an opportunity to visit her."

"A dreadful shame, isn't it?" asked Nellie.

"It certainly is. I think it is a shame to have to move away from home and leave all your good friends."

"I guess it's like Papa says, 'business before pleasure,' but I never could see it that way."

"But I am going now for everything's ready and here's her letter saying that she's 'tickled to death,' and all the others are crazy for me to come."

"Won't you have a jolly good time?"

"Yes, Nellie, it will seem just like old times to be back at Edith's."

"She lives in the country, doesn't she?"

"Yes, a long way from a town and on one of the biggest farms anywhere. I can see it now, the great old farm house with its large, roomy fire places and wide halls. Then they always have at this time of year so many juicy apples just tempting your teeth and the largest, brightest pumpkins and an abundance of nuts—Oh! so many nice things."

"And all are emblems of the approaching festival. I wish I had a place like that to spend Hallowe'en. It will be such fun."

"Just dandy!"

"Are they going to have a party?"

"Oh, yes, they always do that—tell fortunes, you know."

"Yes."

By this time Mildred had finished arranging the brown locks and tied the pretty, red ribbon nestling close to her head to suit her fancy.

"Oh, come on Mildred and find that book you promised me. Your hair is all right. No one could look more beautiful."

"Thank you for that. I like flattery sometimes."

"Now, that's nice, isn't it?"

"Very well, come on, Nell," and the two girls started down the steps, Mildred in the lead. Suddenly she stopped and loooked back at Nellie. "Oh-h-h I wonder if Jack will be there."

"Where?"

"At Edith's you dear child; why are you so absent-minded?"

"Yes, I thought there was some handsome fellow mixed up in it somewhere."

"Now, well, don't tease. Jack is not a beauty, or wasn't when I saw him last."

"What is he then?"

"I guess he's a great, grown man now. Perhaps married; no Edith surely would have told me that, but she never mentions his name when she writes and—I don't either."

Mildred took her seat by the library and for a few minutes was lost in a train of thought. "Strange Jack and I forgot all about each other, for he did hate it when I left, although he didn't cry for that would have been a disgrace to a boy two years my senior."

"I wonder what he has made of himself in all these years. I believe he went west to make his fortune as he used to say and to build higher the lofty air castles he used to hold up before me.

"Oh, those were 'school days' as the wiser people say and Jack and I were 'kids in our 'teens.' Didn't we get into some scrapes, though? What he didn't think of I did and we kept things moving. Whenever I thought of something very bright I would wink at Jack like this and tell him my plans. Then he'd laugh and say, 'Billy you're a corker!' And that was a worthy compliment when Jack said it. I'd like to see old Jack. I just hope—no," she said, "I'm not going to hope anything for I have an engagement with the dressmaker at four-thirty and it's just ten minutes till then."

So saying she hurried into her raincoat, for it was drizzling slightly, and with a hasty "Good bye, mother," she hastened out to the street to catch the car.

But Mildred did hope all right. She hoped all the way to the dress maker's, all the time she was there, and all the way home. Yes, it was perfectly natural for cousins to visit each other, especially when the favorite cousin was Edith Wellburne and the visiting one was Jack Wellburne whose parents lived on the farm adjoining Oakdale where a certain bewitching maiden called Mildred (sometimes "Billy") Melton was going to visit her chum.

* * * * * * *

The day before Hallowe'en found Mildred landed at Edith's. That night was spent in relating a few of the interesting things which happened during the intervening years and in making music, for both girls played well and the boys sang a little. Then the inmates of the old farmhouse went to the land of slumber; some to dream of one thing and some of another, but Edith and Mildred to dream of the next night when one of the greatest functions of the year in the form of a Hallowe'en party would take place. Of course they had already planned and discussed it and everything would be "Jim dandy" as they expressed it. There would be ghost tales, visits paid by witches and what interested them most, fortune-telling.

The sun rose bright and red the next morning. The air was cool, almost cold, and the wind whistled through the red and yellow trees just enough to make the day promise an excellent Hallowe'en.

Edith arose early and leaving Mildred to sleep off the fatigue of the preceding days, went down to help her mother with the morning duties. On entering the kitchen she heard her mother and Ralph laughing and talking; evidently something pleasant had happened.

"O' Sis, we've got it! Some splendid news," exclaimed Ralph.

"What! What! Tell me quick!" she said anxiously.

"Jack's home," explained her mother.

"And I've seen him. Gee! but he's a sport all right," said Ralph.

"Just what I wanted to happen," cried Edith, clapping her hands. "And you've seen him? How? When?"

"I had to go to see uncle about a little matter this morning and ran upon him there."

"I wrote him two weeks ago, but was afraid he couldn't come just at this time."

"You did? Just like you naughty kid to do that and tell nobody about it. But I saw him first and had the fun of bringing the news. Is Mildred up? I'm certainly going to tell her, for she asked me about Jack last night."

"She did?" from the mother.

"No, you certainly are not going to tell Mildred," objected Edith, "for that would spoil my whole plan. I'm going to surprise her."

"Surprise her! O, yes, I see. Just the idea! Anything I can do to help? Gee! but she's a peach. I just love her now."

"Of course you love Mildred. Everybody does, and Bud you can help out wonderfully. Won't you take a note to Jack for me? I'll have to explain everything to him, so he'll know what part he has to play. O, everything is working out so nicely, just like I planned."

"Delighted! When shall I take it. You'd better send right away for he intends to come over this morning and that would never do."

"Certainly not. I'll write immediately, so you may saddle Dexter whenever you choose. I'll leave it to you to explain everything to Charles and James and tell them to be sure to keep mum, understand?"

"Perfectly. Get your missive ready then and I'll take it directly. He asked me a thousand and one questions about Mildred when I told him she was here. Said he wanted to see you all and regretted having neglected the little girl so long. 'O,' he said, 'she must be a beauty by now! How does Billy look.' "

"You told him, didn't you?"

"Yes, a whole lot of nice things and he said he was coming over right away for old friends need not wait on ceremonies."

"Very well, you hurry and I'll do my part. Thank you, Ralph," and Edith ran away to write to Jack and to tell him how dear it was of him to comply with her wishes and also to put him on his guard, for he simply must not see Mildred until night.

Mildred did not breakfast with the family for she was very tired, but at dinner just as on the night before she charmed them with her sweet manners and lively disposition. She inquired several times what Ralph kept winking across the table at Edith for and what made the other two boys laugh at them; but in vain.

"O, please tell me what the joke is," she pleaded. "What have I done so funny?" for evidently they were laughing at her.

Once, too, Mr. Wellburne inquired as to how many beaux she had left at home to await her return. But the wise head gave a negative sign and Mildred declared that she "hadn't a one." That was the right thing too, for that was what they expected her to say.

Mildred felt sure throughout the day that some glad surprise was being planned for her, but she never thought that Jack Wellburne had anything to do with it. It was true that as they had said Jack never wrote much about himself, that he hadn't been home in over two years and—well, she didn't ask when he was coming again.

The girls as well as the boys spent the day decorating the house with autumn leaves and golden rod; getting the costumes ready for the witches, cutting Jack-o'-Lanterns and putting apples in tubs for the merry youths to "bob" after.

Then came the night with all its merriment and weird stories and amusements to those who had been anticipating it for a month.

Everything went smoothly on as had been planned. Mildred captivated the guests with her charms and had "the night of her life" as she afterwards said. And when they were led into the fortune-teller's haunt every one was anxious to hear the future of the honored guest, but Mildred insisted and so was allowed to wait until the last. Little did she know who was telling her of a bright future and of one friend of hers whom she had almost forgotten but who had not forgotten her. How she would meet him soon and together unless she objected they would be happy. Yet it was Jack himself. What if she had known it?

The last thing was to descend backwards all alone into the dark cellar under the house, with a lamp and a mirror in the hand. "Now," coughed Edith, "surely no girl is afraid to do that. We'll all stand at the door and keep your spirits up while you go down to meet your fate. Take the lamp in your right hand and mirror in your left. Hold the mirror so you can see over your left shoulder and the face of the one who is to be your life partner will be reflected in it. If you see no one then you are bound for old-maidom." They all laughed. "Now we'll ask the boys to retire for surely they shall not know our fate."

Murmurs of "Oh-h-h" came from the girls but finally they all consented to go down.

Just as in the fortune-telling Mildred would not go until several had been. As the number increased the interest deepened and all were enjoying it to the fullest extent. Finally Mildred's turn came and she laughing and talking took the lamp and mirror and walked steadily down to the floor of the cellar. Then everything grew quiet outside. Mildred lifted the mirror and a handsome masculine face with laughing blue eyes looked at her from the mirror. Surely she had seen something like that face. She had expected to see some of the boys who were at the party, all the others had, but no, this "chap" had not appeared before on the scenes of the night. She lowered her mirror and pondered a minute. "Edith," she called.

"Yes, Mildred, whom did you see?"

"O, I saw him! I think"— lifted the mirror again and—"Jack!"

"Yes, Billy, it's I. How did you know me?"

And strange to say she was not at all frightened when Jack stood beside her. But the girls outside heard a sound like that of a mirror dropping on the rock steps. True it was she dropped it and it broke, thus ending the game. Jack grasped her hand and led her out, both of them laughing. When they became engaged both of them declared that they believed in Hallowe'en fortunes.

# One Hallowe'en

### Margaret Leyburn, '14

The jerky little train which had been getting slower and slower finally settled itself with a jerk which plainly said, "Now I have done my part, you must do yours!"

The passengers in the cold car sighed and frowned at the dark landscape outside. The passengers this Hallowe'en night on the train which ran between Smithfield and Fargo, Ohio, consisted of a troupe of actors, a bright looking old lady, and several grouchy men.

The view from the window was not very encouraging. The snow on the ground was piled up about four feet deed. Just then the gruff porter stuck his head in the door and growled, "Snowbound for two or three hours! Snow about covers the engine."

"Well, isn't there any way to get out?" asked the manager of the troupe. They were due at Fargo that night and already it was about time for them to "go on."

"Not as I knows of. Have to wait until a snow train comes and gits us out."

At this declaration the passengers cuddled up closer in their coats and tried to get more comfortable, all the time exclaiming, "I never will ride on this road again!" or "I'll bring a suit against this company if I ever reach a town big enough to have a lawyer in it!"

It was so dark in the car that nobody could see to read. After about fifteen minutes had passed the red cheeked old lady crossed over and said something to the actress across the isle. Immediately the girl arose and went to the back of the car with the old lady, calling out as she went, "You people be good for a few more minutes and then you will have a fine surprise."

As they passed the seat of the old lady they took up a basket which was on the seat. When they reached the dressing room, the older woman said, "You see, deary, I am on my way to my nephew's who has a houseful of children. I expected to be there by this time, and as I live in the country, I brought a basketful of things which we always have for Hallowe'en. You see there are rosy cheeked apples, strings of popcorn, and a pumpkin with the face already in it here. Now we might as well use them because no telling where we will be tomorrow and these will be too late for Hallowe'en."

"Oh, these are fine! We will have a lovely time and then we will all take turns telling ghost stories!"

Then she called out to the others, "Shut your eyes till I tell you to open them! In the meantime be imagining you are in ghost-land and think of all the ghost stories you ever heard."

Then she and the merry old lady put the pumpkin with its grinning face in the front of the car. They strung the pop corn about and hung the apples over the aisles.

"Now then open your eyes!"

The transformers of the car were delighted by the cries, "How perfectly lovely. Where did they come from? It reminds me of when I was a kid!"

Soon the car was full of laughing, jostling people, all trying to catch the apples. The "star" and the manager were both trying to get the same apple and all were laughing and joking.

After every one had caught and eaten an apple, they all took turns telling ghost stories by the light of the jack-o'-lantern.

One of the grouchy men was just in the midst of an exciting story, when all of a sudden something gave a jerk. The women all screamed, thinking a "ghost" was really after them, but it was only the train beginning to move.

# William Alexander's Adventure

**Ruth Fallon, '13**

"Laws-a massey, what's dat I see a coming up the road? Its got two red eyes en a mouth just a grinning, it's time for me to run." So saying, William Alexander, called Will Alex for short, threw back his little black head and fairly flew up the big road.

Now two fiery eyes and a grinning mouth is enough to scare anybody, much less a superstitious little colored boy coming up the big dark road all by himself. The awful face came closer and closer and Will Alex's wooly hair stood on ends and he felt sure he would see his heart hop right out of his little red mouth, he was so frightened.

"Who am you for suah? Ef you was a coming after mean folks you done come de wrong way. I ain't done nothing wicked today, Mister Ghost, nor yistiday, nor day fore yistiday en I won't never steal no more water melons. Oh please Mister Ghost don' get me—"

The awful thing stopped still and if Will Alex had listened carefully he would have heard a smothered laugh, but what could a little negro boy hear when his heart was beating like a trip hammer against his sides?

The ghost soon started again and Will Alex gathering up all his wind rushed through the cornfields and therw himself breathless in the door of the cabin.

"Git up frum dar, Will Alex, you looks lak a purson what's seen a ghost. You say you is seen one. Go long wid you boy dere ain't no such things." The old mammy fussed and fumed around the cabin and suddenly stopped short for around the corner came two fiery eyes. She grabbed up a broom and screeched at the top of her voice:

"Run for yo life, chile, it's de bery debble hisself en he's made straight for these quarters. Don' bother about yo ol' mammy, I'se got de broom. Run chile, run."

The trembling and irate old woman shut her eyes and struck madly across the room and while doing so knocked poor little Will

Alex from his perch on the back of a chair. She heard the chair falling and she thought "de debble" had entered the room so she continued her pursuit. She chased the fiery eyes around the garden and finally when she was completely exhausted (for she was very broad in diameter) she sat down and shook her broom at the flying figure and then began sobbing. When she began crying the "debble" disappeared in the cornfield.

When Mammy's neighbors heard her sobs they hastened over and when they heard she had seen the "debble," every one began telling of similiar experiences, and she finally felt very important at being asked so many questions about "it."

The next morning Mammy was telling her tale to her nursery charges when their big brother Tom came in. While telling the story to her charges Mammy forgot to tell how frightened she was, but Brother Tom smiled and looked wise and it was the morning after the last day of October.

# The Dreary Night

Gladys Tuck, '14

The night was dark and dreary,
  No moon at all shone out,
The stars were hid behind the clouds,
  And nothing stirred about.

The wind was sadly moaning
  As if it were in pain,
While dripping, dripping from the eaves
  Dropped the steady rain.

All outside was darkness,
  Now, since the rain's begun;
The leafless trees stretch forth their arms,
  Longing for the sun.

# The Witch and the Wine

**Etta Belle Lewter, '13**

I went to sleep on Hallowe'en night with my mind full of a spooky story which I had just read. I was so tired out that I fell asleep in a short while and was soon tossing and tumbling in dreamland. There appeared to me a vision,—a woman of surpassing beauty. She seemed to be shrouded in a mist. When she saw that I noticed her she spoke to me in a sweet, clear tone.

"Come, go with me," said she. So absorbed was I in her beauty that I did not think of disobeying her. Accordingly I followed meekly.

She led me to the window of my room and bade me mount a huge broomstick which I saw projecting from the window. I did as she said and we were soon flying through space. Casually glancing around I saw mounted behind me a large black cat. This would have surprised me had I not remembered this was Hallowe'en night and that all witches were supposed to be flying around on broomsticks. Then it came to me like a flash that this woman who had appeared in the vision was a witch, and that I had been lured off by her beauty. I then had many fears of all kinds. All kind of bad things seemed near me and you may imagine I was for going back home. She seemed to understand my thoughts for she said in the same sweet voice, "Don't be afraid, if you only keep from being afraid you will be safe. I can sympathize with you. I was once in your very same place. Now that they have turned me into a witch I no longer desire to be human. The Queen of the Witches of the North League sent me after you. I dared not disobey. You will not be harmed if you will only obey her, and be sure not to drink any of her poisonous wine, which if you do drink will change you into a witch, and you will not wish any more to be human. I changed myself into the beautiful woman to lure you away, because if I had not brought you, my life would have been forfeited."

"I see I cannot get out of it, so I will make myself as comfortable as possible," and setting back I prepared to enjoy my ride.

Soon she commanded the broom to go home, and it descended to the mouth of a great abyss. I knew the place well. It was a great pit which the Chowder river emptied into. Most people called it the "Pot," and no man ever knew whether or not it came out to the light again. The pot had a bad name. Sheep, cattle, horses and sometimes even men disappeared from its neighborhood and were never seen again. At night belated travelers upon hearing the shrieking and groaning which came from the Pot, would flee over the lowlands in unreasoning terror.

When we were finally on the ground she promptly changed herself into an old ugly, cruel looking hag. Tying a rope to a crowbar which was driven firmly in the ground, she began to descend the rope and bade me follow her. Because I was afraid not to obey her I obeyed.

We soon reached a footing and putting her shriveled hand on my shoulder, which made me quake from head to foot, she bade me follow her and not to ask any questions. We soon reached a wall built of limestone and stopping here she lit a lantern which she carried and bade the door open. Immediately the walls slipped apart and she pushed me into the cave. By this time I was persuaded that nothing would bother me and seemed not to be afraid. We passed along a narrow passage and entered another large cave room. In the middle of the room was a great pot bubbling over with what seemed every color of water or some liquid which the witches use for their magic work. Sitting around the pot and crouching in every corner of the room were witches talking and mumbling to themselves.

When we came in the Queen immediately came towards us and waving her wand above her head three times bade us follow her. We went through underground passages, our heads hitting against the cragged limestone ceilings and our feet slipping on the cold wet rock. I wondered then if I ever should see the light of day again, or whether she would force me to drink the wine. At last we came to a passage larger than the others and opening into this was a large room much more cheerful than the rest. In the middle of the room was a huge lion carelessly made by the hands of the witches, but what was the strangest of all happened when we stood beside it. The Queen mumbling some incoherent word or phrase bade the back of the lion open. It opened at once and in one place in the inside was a glass of unpretentious looking wine, and in another was a casket of gold inlaid with sparkling jewels.

The Queen then said to me, "First drink the wine and then the jewel casket shall be given to you." But remembering the other witch's story I refused. She again repeated the command, but I still did not move. She repeated it another time and seeing that I made no motion to obey, she seized the glass and was trying to force me to drink it.

I, with a fierce struggle, freed myself, and awoke all tangled in the sheets and shivering from cold, on the floor by my bed.

# My Vision of a Ghost

**Kathleen Hamlin, '14**

It was October. The wind was stirring briskly, and the gray shadows of evening were gently stealing over all nature.

A few of my schoolmates had gone with me to my country home for a day or two, and as there was nothing to break the monotony of country life, we decided to go for a short walk.

The rustling of the leaves, and the occasional crackling of sticks under our feet gave us a creepy feeling and caused us to keep watch for the ghost which ever follows the shadows of evening.

The clouds covered the sky but occasionally the moon would burst from her hiding place and reveal passing objects more clearly.

When we had gone but little distance one of the girls in a low voice warned us of a shadowy figure which was just a short way beyond us.

It was not difficult to show the imaginary creature to all the little party whereupon we all turned our footsteps homeward.

An occasional glance backward revealed the same figure gliding gently behind us, and of course we lost no time in trying to get away from what we took to be a ghost, but we could not.

At last we all started to run but after we got over our scare we looked back to see if we could see anything, but the ghost had disappeared and we laughed and tried to shame each other, but suddenly the laughs were turned into unearthly screams when the ghost appeared again.

Nevertheless we lost no time in making our way homeward through the woods.

When we entered the house exhausted and almost out of breath we saw the ghost slowly retreating into the shadows of the wood nearby.

# The Bird

**Aritta Harper, '15**

Oh! I am so happy and so free,
No tiresome limits to bother me!
    On high I fly
    Up to the sky,
    Then down I sweep
    Where worms do creep
Over the damp soil under the tree.

When thunder roars and lightning flashes,
When tall trees bend and mad rain dashes
    Then I go back
    Where branches crack
    Around my nest.
    For that's the best
Refuge when the wind howls and crashes.

I pity you that crawl on the ground,
You people who no joy yet have found
    In simple life
    Where work and strife
    Are prominent.
    Your souls are pent
While I am free and without bound.

# A Woman of the Twentieth Century

**Mary Snider, '13**

"Central? Central? Can't you see I have been waiting here for nearly an hour. I am not going to take your impudence another minute. You give me Mr. T. Bane's office immediately, here, or you'll be fired. Don't you ever dare to answer me. Mr. Bane he's my husband. Get him to the phone quick!

"Who is this?

"The undertakers again! Oh I wish every one of you were in the coffins you made. You are not my husband. But if somebody don't get him to the phone I will come after him.

"C-e-n-t-r-a-l? For the last time I command you to give me Mr. Bane's office. Mind you if you don't give it to me this time I'll—I'll———

"Oh is that you Tom? Say Tom I want you to have this phone taken out immediately. I have been here for one solid hour by the clock trying to get you. Darling, I have a few errands for you to do for me. Will you, honey, just one or two? Please do, Tom?

"That's a nice boy, I thought you would. First go to the grocery store and send up some cheese, fish, oranges and apple butter.

"No, it won't do to phone; they might send me old cheese. I just can't stand that. Then you send over to Mrs. Lee's for my new hat (because I want it this evening and they can't send it until tomorrow). You can bring it at dinner time. Take the hat out of the box. Go over to Johnson's and get me some gloves to match those roses on the hat. Then go—

"No dinner is not ready. Mrs. Jenkins came to see me this morning (hateful old thing, I just despise her). She stayed all the morning. I told her that Mary had left us this morning, and it looks like she could have seen that I had to cook your dinner. Mrs. Jenkinson said that Sallie was going to be married soon. What do you think of that (but you had better not believe one word that woman says). Did you know that the Fisher's have a— Shut up, Central, can't you see I am talking,—that the Fisher's have a new automobile. Tom, Mrs. Jenkinson is sure a nice woman. She is going to lend me her new—"

Central weakly, "But m'am, your husband has been gone a long time. Won't you please hang up the receiver?"

"I knew your everlasting talking would run my husband off. He is not used to such a noise. He just can't stand it. And too, just as I was telling him a very important domestic affair. Now don't you think you are going to boss me. In the first place my husband—"

But on account of the door bell ringing we must bid farewell to Mrs. T. Bane.

# EDITORIALS

The students on the Messenger staff realize that the school has a right to expect a good magazine, and we shall do our best to keep it up to the excellent standard set by those who have gone before us. In beginning the work, we would urge every student in the high school to co-operate with us in reaching this aim. First of all, we must have material and we should be glad to have so many acceptable contributions that we would have to table some for subsequent issues. We would urge all students to use their talent and ability in writing. We may not have a Shakspere among us, but we have some good heads for High School boys and girls and we need them here. In the second place, of course we need your money for our magazine is worth something. The Business Manager can assure anyone of that. We feel that with the brains and the money of the four hundred students in this school we can have a magazine in which we can justly have pride.

We feel sure that we shall have the support that we need from the students, for we believe that all of us realize the advantages we have here in the city schools. We have a chance to do better work in the High School this year, because we have more room, because of the removal of the seventh grade to the Fuller School. During the summer both the Fuller and the Edgemont schools have been enlarged. At the Fuller School, four recitation rooms and a chapel as large as our High School auditorium have been added and a steam heating system put in. At Edgemont there are six additional class rooms and the old class rooms have been removed from the chapel. There are two seventh grades at the Fuller School for all pupils who are not prepared for the High School and department work has been introduced here in the fifth, sixth and seventh grades and in the other grammar schools in the fifth and sixth grades. This will bring better students into the High School.

A new feature of the High School course is the addition of the study of music under the direction of the Music Supervisor, Miss Eva Minor, of Oxford. The Glee Club has been reorganized and the members expect to do some good work.

The Business Course has been changed somewhat this year. Last year's business students are known as The Fourth Year Advanced Class and they will graduate with the regular Fourth Year students. To the Business Course, Commercial Law and the History of Commerce have been added. There are now five classes in this department.

We believe that all thoughtful students will be glad to make some sort of return for the opportunities which we enjoy. We can do something, if we stand by the Messenger and we shall count on a strong backing.

# LOCALGRAMS

The number of pupils enrolled this year is not as large as it has been for several preceding years on account of the fact that the seventh grade pupils have been transferred to the grammar schools. This gives more room, and is altogether better than before. The pupils have settled down to work with an enthusiasm that bids fair to make this the most perfect on record.

On Friday, September 28, the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society held its first meeting. The attendance was very good, but we greatly missed the members who graduated in June. But with so many new girls in the High School we hope to enroll more new names than we have ever had before, and we expect to do some good work this year.

We have only one new member of the faculty this year. We are glad to have with us Mr. J. R. Conley, who last year was superintendent of the Oxford schools. Mr. Conley teaches mathematics.

On Monday, September 30, the members of the Fourth Year Class held their first meeting in the boys' society hall. James Patton was elected president of the class, Mattie-Moye Adams, vice-president, and Robert Freeland, secretary-treasurer. The class has already settled down to work, and hopes to make this the best year in every respect.

Mr. L. R. Scott, former teacher of Latin in the High School, was a recent visitor here. He is now a student at Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.

The boys society of the High School opened a few weeks ago with a very fine program. The officers for the first quarter elected were Marion Fowler, President, James Patton, Vice-President, Robert Freeland, Secretary, and Gordon West, Treasurer.

The business course of the High School under the direction of Professor Spransey has been greatly enlarged and improved and it is one of the best equipped schools in the state along that line.

The Athletic Association held its first meeting of the year a few days ago and was largely attended by the boys. The officers elected for the coming year were Marion Fowler, President, and Robert Freeland, Secretary. It is very encouraging to note the enthusiasm with which the boys have begun the Association and with their hearty co-operation the Faculty wishes to introduce into the school some good clean sports in which every boy can take an active interest.

J. R. P.

# JESTER'S TABLE

Aunt Dorothy—"How many commandments are there Johnny?"

Johnny (glibly)—"Ten."

Aunt Dorothy—"And now suppose you break one of them?"

Johnny (tentatively)—"Then there'd be nine."—Christian Register.

* * *

"Hasn't anybody been able to invent a smoke consumer that will work?" asked Slathers as a train passed through Pittsburg.

"Not that I know of," said Bilkins, "I've got a boy who eats cigarettes; but I haven't been able to make him work yet."

* * *

"No Sirree!" ejaculated Bunkerton, "There wasn't any of that nonsense in my family. My father never thrashed me in all his life."

"Too bad! Too bad!" sighed Hooper, "Another wreck due to a misplaced switch."—Harper's Magazine.

* * *

"Acute hearing," said little Binks scornfully. "Don't talk to me about anybody's acute hearing—Why my mother-in-law—"

"Yes," said the genial philosopher.

"—My mother-in-law has heard me say things I never even thought of uttering," said little Binks.—Harper's Magazine.

* * *

### NUFF SAID

"And you like chicken, Sam?"

"Gee! Ah certainly does, Boss."

"And you get 'em once in a while?"

"Oh sure Boss, ah gets 'em."

"How do you get 'em, Sam?"

"Well Boss; you know dat ol' sayin' 'Love will find a way.' "—Yonkers Statesman.

"Dad," said the little boy, "I want to go to the show to-night."

"A show at night is no place for a boy like you. You ought to be at home in bed."

"But I peddled bills and have two tickets," said the boy as he began to sniffle.

"All right then," answered dad, "I will go with you to see that you don't get into any trouble."—Kansas City Star.

* * *

The teacher had the letters c-a-t on the blackboard and was trying to teach little Johnny to pronounce the word; but he couldn't do it.

"Think," said the teacher, "What is it that has whiskers and comes on the porch late at night when it is cold and begs to be let in?"

"I know," said Johnny. "It's papa."

* * *

"So you say you're an old time sailor. Did you ever have any accidents while at sea?"

"Once mum. I dropped a bowl of hot soup into an old lady's lap."—Detroit Free Press.

* * *

"Is you gwine ter let dat mewel do as he please?" asked Uncle Ephraim's wife. "Wha's yo' will power?"

"My will power's all right," he answered. "You just want to come out hyar an' measure dis here mewel's won't power."—Christian Register.

* * *

## SHE THOUGHT SHE KNEW

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell boy who was conducting her. "I ain't a goin' to pay my good money for a pigsty with a measley little foldin' bed in it. If you think that just because I am from the country—"

Profoundly disgusted the boy cut her short. "Get in mum. This ain't your room, this is the elevator.—Ex.

* * *

(Miss T.) Give the principal parts of the verb "ill."

(Nannie K.) Ill, sick, and dead.

## THE DARKEY'S HELL

An old negro minister, in a sermon on Hell, pictured it as a region of ice and snow, where the damned froze through eternity.

"Why do you tell your congregation that hell is a cold place?" asked the visiting bishop.

"I don't dare to tell them people nothing else, Bishop. Why, if I was to say that Hell was warm, some of them old rheumatic niggers would be wanting to start down the first frost."—Ex.

* * *

## SO SON: SO FATHER?

A small boy who had been very naughty was first reprimanded, then told he must take a whipping. He flew up stairs and hid in the far corner under a bed. Just then father came home. The mother told him what had occurred. He went up stairs and proceeded to crawl under the bed toward the youngster, who whispered excitedly:

"Hello Pop, is she after you, too?"—Ex.

* * *

At a popular summer resort the hotel is about a mile from the station. A party of tourists were once going to the hotel, when one of them asked the old colored driver, why the railroad wasn't built nearer the hotel; he replied:

"I dunno boss, I guess de wanted hit near de station house."-Ex.

* * *

At college a freshman went into a soph's room, and immediately he was ordered to sing.

(Fresh). "What must I sing?"

(Soph). "Basso."

(Fresh). Very timidly, "I don't know that."

# EXCHANGES

The emptiness of our table this month gives us a great desire to welcome back all our old friends of the past year. We shall enjoy receiving and reading them and offering friendly criticisms. We have always appreciated the criticisms of those with whom we have had the pleasure of exchanging and we hope we have profited by them. But we must remember that high school magazines are kept up almost entirely by the voluntary contributions of the students and we must criticize accordingly. We trust our exchanges will continue to offer such criticisms as may occur to them for the improvement of our magazine, and we shall endeavor to do the same.

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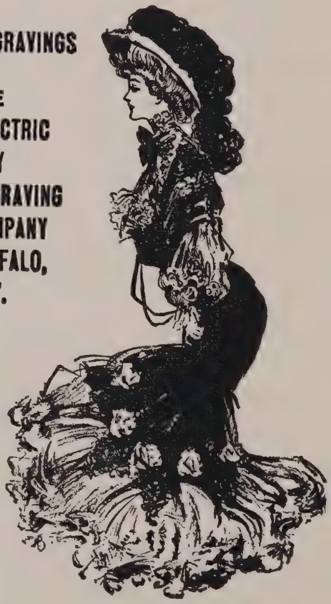

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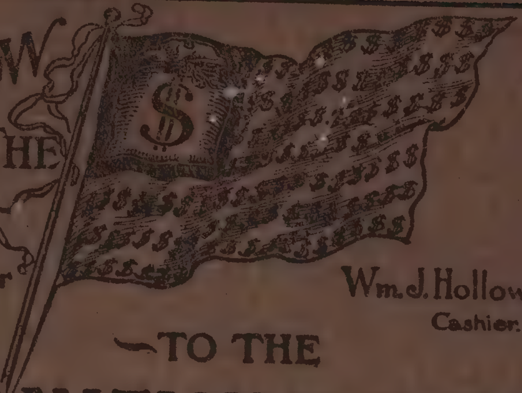

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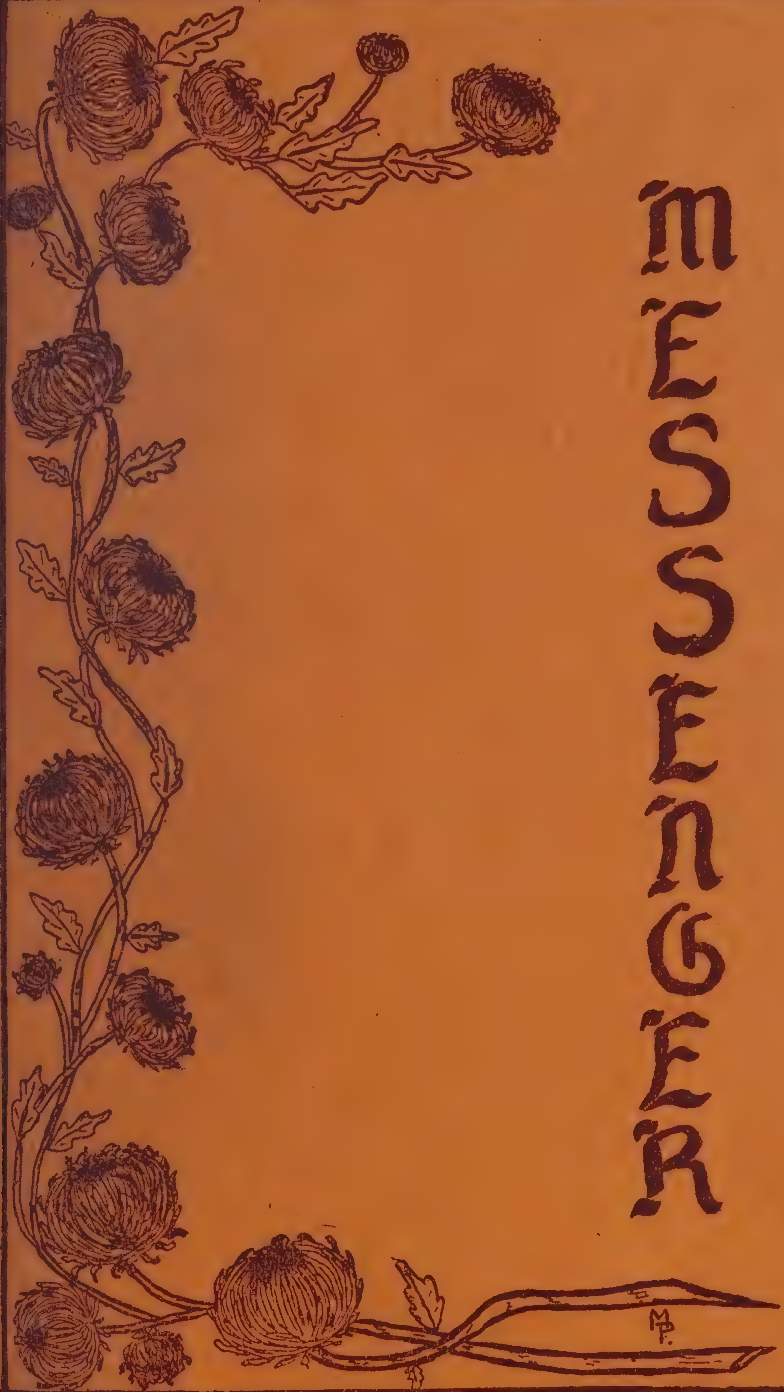

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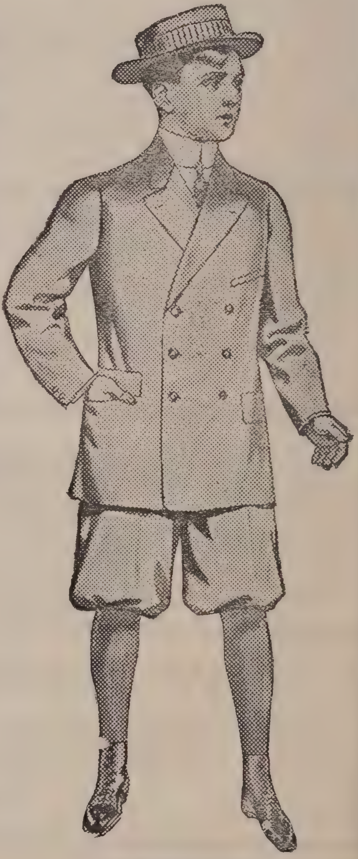

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# Thanksgivin's Comin'

**Aritta Harper**

Thanksgivin's comin', comin', comin',
  Oh, can't you grasp the fact?
Yes, he is comin', comin', comin',
  With goodies on his back.
He's ridin' on a struttin' turkey
  With pumpkins on his head,
An' I've danced an' pranced an' pranced an' danced,
  Until I'm most nigh dead.

Young darkies runnin', jumpin', skippin',
  Jus' keep a feelin' fine,
But I can only sit an' watch 'em,
  No use for me to pine!
Oh, I'm not sorry, no indeed suh!
  My worst days sho' done fled
An' left me 'hind 'em jus' as happy
  As pigs a bein' fed!

# What's In a Name?

Margaret Leyburn, '14

"Dear Cousin Norah,

We all want you to come to Ardsley Hall to spend Thanksgiving with us. We have never met our little Irish cousin from the 'olde countrie.' We have invited several other boys and girls to come to see us whom I know you will like to meet. Please answer at once that you can come.

Lovingly,

SARAH HILL."

After the pretty girl in the parlor of one of the large hotels in Philadelphia had finished reading this letter she exclaimed, "My Goodness! Whose letter have I opened now? I have no cousin that I know of and I have always lived in America. But here is my name on the envelope. I'm sure I don't know any other Norah Jenkins. I declare, I believe I will write to "Sarah" and tell her to expect me Friday before Thanksgiving. Of course I don't know all the family history, but I can't keep them from knowing I don't know. The very thing!"

With that Norah ran over to her desk and dashed off a note to her cousin.

A week later a very stylish girl stepped off the Pullman when it stopped at Ardsley Hall Station. Before she had hardly touched the ground she was seized by a small sized whirlwind which danced her around and around. When she finally paused to get her breath a whole volley of words were fired at her by the bright girl who was supposed to be her cousin.

"Oh, Norah, I am so glad to see you. We thought the train would never come! Everybody wanted to see you so I brought the whole house party along. These are my chums, Mary and Nancy and these are our cousins, Jack and Tom White."

The laughing group of boys and girls crowded around Norah, all trying to speak at once and not giving her time to answer the questions fired at her. When they were all seated in the old-fashioned buckboard she found herself on the seat with Sarah.

"How is Uncle John now, Norah?" asked Sarah.

"He is quite well now, thank you," answered Norah, hoping devoutly he was well.

"Oh, I am so glad because he has had such a long siege."

"Yes, he had a pretty hard time," responded Norah, sure of being on the right track now. Norah put a little brogue into her talk and it sounded very sweet to the other girls who were already crazy about her.

There was no further time for conversation as the "great house" came into view. Ardsley Hall was situated in the Valley of Virginia, and had been noted for its Southern hospitality in the olden days.

As they drew up at the porte-cochere the wide doors were thrown open and Sarah's father and mother came out to meet them. Norah felt her heart growing warm, because although she was much admired and very popular she had no close friends.

That night there was a grand party to which the whole neighborhood was invited. Norah was certainly the belle of the ball and played her part well. One time Sarah saw Tom gazing at Norah; so she said mischeviously, "There's no use, Tom, because she is our cousin."

That night when the girls were ready for bed they all gathered in Sarah's room and had a midnight party, such as school girls know how to have. Later just as Norah was dozing off into dreamland the thought assailed her that she would have to tell her new found friends who she was. Poor Norah had been so happy all the evening that she had never thought about the time when she would have to leave.

The next day at dinner when the mail was brought in Mrs. Hill opened a letter, remarking, "Here is a letter from your mother, dear."

Poor Norah choked and then got red and white by turns.

"Why listen at this," said Mrs. Hill, "she says, 'Norah and her father are going to Washington for a few days and they want to run down and spend Thanksgiving with you if it will not inconvenience you.' Why what on earth does this mean? It sounds like she had never received our invitation at all. And here Norah is already here."

Norah had risen in her place and stood there, blushing and embarrassed.

"Oh, Mrs. Hill," she cried, "I received your letter instead of the right Norah Jenkins. I was so lonesome I just came anyway, and now I wish I hadn't because I love you all so I just can't bear to think how bad I've done!" And with that she ran out of the room.

Sarah waited to give one glance at her father and mother and then ran after Norah. She found her lying on her bed crying and sobbing. Explanations followed. Then Sarah said: "Oh, Norah, I'm so glad you aren't my real cousin because I want you to live with me. You haven't a father or mother and I have both so you must let me share some with you. There aren't any girls my age that live near me and I want you to live with us always."

Of course in the end Norah was convinced that they really wanted her, so they all had a happy Thanksgiving together.

# Naughty Madge

**Eula Roberts, '13**

"What seems to ail the little girl?" asked Dr. Black kindly as he smiled and placed his hand on Madge's head. "She certainly does not look sick enough to have the 'man of pills and plasters' around," said he.

"That's just what puzzles me, Doctor," Madge's mother replied. "I thought perhaps you might think me foolish for calling you in, but I really didn't know what else to do."

Now, to tell the truth there was nothing at all wrong with the health of little Miss Madge Wakefield. She was the child of very wealthy and very doting parents and all through the eight years of her life her every wish had been gratified. The fact was that Madge was spoiled almost beyond redemption. She had been indulged until she did not know what to wish for any more. She was petted and fondled and watched after until she was nothing much more than a big beautiful doll. Of late she had been cross, fretful and hard to please to such an extent that her mother had become alarmed and had called the family physician, thinking the child must be on the verge of a long sick spell.

The old doctor understood Madge's case thoroughly, but was too wise to explain. He knew that she needed a change of amusements and exercise different from that she usually had. After regarding her intently for some time he said, "Yes, my little girl needs something but she is not very sick. All the same I'll leave a prescription which I want carefully administered."

Madge looked at her mother, made a wry face as if it tasted bad. Already she was making up her mind not to swallow a drop of medicine. Doctor Black noticed this but smiled again and said, "No, it's not bad to take, little lady, you don't have to swallow at all. It's rest you need and must have or you may be sick surely enough."

"Rest!" exclaimed Madge's mother in astonishment, "why Doctor she has never been tired. I have always been so careful not to let her walk far or run too fast or do anything that might hurt her."

"Just so, Madam, she must get tired. And this is my prescription, a long walk in the fields daily. No, don't go to the seashore, don't go to the mountains, just get on the trolley car and get out of the city then have her walk through the forests and fields until she is tired. Also call her attention to the things of nature. This will be restful to her mind. If you follow my directions carefully," continued the doctor, "she will most certainly be benefited. And now good bye, Madam, I hope to soon find your little girl improving."

"Thank you, Doctor, good bye. Madge, darling did you hear what Dr. Black said?"

"Yes, mother, but I don't want to walk in the woods. I hate woods and I hate fields too," she pouted. "Can't I have Christine to drive me in the pony cart?"

"No, dear, you must walk by all means. Why don't you love the woods and fields? They are so pretty."

"They're ugly. Besides I shan't walk a bit," said Madge as she stamped her plump little foot. "Let old Doctor Black walk himself. I won't, so there."

"Come, dearest, you must not do so. Mother will walk too, you will not be lonely, and we will have such nice times."

"I won't. I won't, I tell you!" and Madge tried to cry.

"There now," said her mother, "we will not go today but we must go tomorrow."

The next day it took so much coaxing and persuading to get Madge off to the country that Mrs. Wakefield almost despaired and wished she had never attempted such a thing. But firmly believing that her child's health was at stake she kept coaxing and finally Madge consented to go if she would come back when she wanted to come. After they had gone quite out of sight and hearing of the city Madge's mother tried to interest her in the things they saw along the path, thinking to employ the child's mind in this way until the walk was ended.

But not so with naughty Madge. She knew what her mother wanted and she was determined not to be interested or agreeable. They had walked only a little way when Madge stopped suddenly, saying, "Mother, we have walked and walked and have seen nothing but old weeds and ugly bushes. Let's go back."

"No," said Mrs. Wakefield, "go on to that little brook yonder and see if there are any fish in it."

"I won't," said Madge. "I hate little old brooks. I don't love fish either. I want to go home, I say."

"Look," said her mother, "at this field of flowers. Aren't they pretty? Just look, so many little flowers with the busy bees gathering honey from them."

For answer Madge kicked out with her small foot. Instantly a great shower of yellow pollen fell all over her dainty white shoe.

"Now see," she exclaimed, "the hateful things have soiled my shoe! Please, let's go back now."

But her mother was persevering. "We'll go on to the brook and into the forest a short distance, then we'll go back."

They found the brook to be a lovely little stream babbling softly over its rocky bed. Mrs. Wakefield induced her small daughter to sit down on the bank for a few moment's rest. Suddenly the child asked, "Mother, why are there fields and forests? and what is the use of all these ugly weeds growing, and what is this little stream for anyway?"

"That's a long story," answered her mother, rising, "I'll tell you tomorrow when we take our next walk."

When they reached home Madge was truly tired. She huddled herself up in the corner of a big porch seat to rest. Her mother told her she would soon send Christine to get her ready for supper. Madge sat very still for a while. Then she saw a honeybee flying near her. "Buzz, Buzz, naughty Madge, selfish Madge," he seemed to say. "Selfish little girl, Buzz, Buzz." Just then she discovered to her amazement that the porch was full of things.

Down by the leg of the porch-seat a fat frog was saying, "Croak, croak, selfish, selfish little girl. She wants the whole world." Near by him, on the floor flounced a shiny, little fish, saying as it fluttered, "Selfish Madge, selfish Madge." A pretty butterfly with wings of black and gold lighted on her shoulder and whispered in her ear, "Selfish Madge, selfish Madge." A little gray "bunny" skipped across the floor and stopping in front of her, said very shyly, "Don't be selfish, Madge, don't be selfish." Then she saw a cunning little squirrel, scampering on the banister. "Isn't he cute?" she thought, but presently he sat up and said, "Selfish! selfish! Isn't she a selfish little girl?" Numbers of little birds fluttered about her saying the same unkind words.

Madge was frightened and distressed. She opened her mouth to call her mother when something softly touched her. And looking around she beheld a beautiful fairy.

"Don't be afraid," she said. "Come with me and I will show you what they all mean."

But Madge was still frightened.

"Come," said the fairy, "touching her with a white wand. "You need not fear. I'll be with you and bring you safely home again."

Instantly, Madge became a gray rabbit in the street. "Oh, the dogs will get me! What shall I do?" she cried. "Away to the fields!" commanded the fairy, and away they went as fast as they could go. Once in the tall grass and weeds she had no fear. "How nice! So many nice little nooks in which to hide. Such nice tender clover to nibble! Just the place for a rabbit."

"We must hasten," the fairy said, again waving her wand.

"O, what joy!" thought Madge. She was a big yellow butterfly just floating in the air above a large clover field. Now she lighted on a big crimson ball and sipped sweets from tiny red cups. How happy she was! But the fairy called again, "Come, we must go to to the woods." Here they stopped by the same brook that Madge had seen before. She felt thirsty and lighted on the edge of a large flat stone to sip the cool water. She drank her fill; then spread her wings to fly. When lo! she was only a big fat frog sitting on a stone by the water. Yet she was as happy as a king on his throne, for as she hopped about she found everything that a frog needed in that quiet cool wood. She jumped into the stream and began swimming around; as she swam she saw the fairy strike the water and Madge became a silvery fish. How delightful! She darted about here and there with the cool water rippling along her shining sides. She felt sure that the brook was the best place in the world to live. After a while she came slyly to the surface and took a peep to see where the fairy had gone.

"Here," said a soft voice in her ear. "Fly!" and becoming a bird Madge flew far up in a tall oak tree. From her perch she could see far about over the tree-tops and fields. She hopped about among the branches with other birds, finding many cozy nooks and pleasant places in which to sit and sing.

"We must soon return," said the fairy again waving her wand. Madge immediately became a squirrel, and a hungry little squirrel it was. And just as she was reaching for a big brown nut a bell rang somewhere and Madge heard a voice saying, "O, Madge, wake up, dear, and come in. Supper is waiting for you."

# His Gal

**Elva Dixon, '14**

The autumn wind had just come across the meadow, cool and refreshing. The trees were just beginning to give forth their leaves to old Mother Earth. The birds all sang of the coming winter.

'Twas about sunset and in the gathering twilight the earth looked peaceful. Down the avenue, leading from a fine old country home, came a boy and a girl. Each face was the healthful fruits of country air. The resemblance could be easily traced for they were twins. Their light curly hair was in a tangled mass as they ran along.

"Oh! Neta, let's go down to old Uncle Sam's and see what he's doing and stay until supper," cried Clarence.

"Sure!" agreed Neta.

Out the old gate they passed and into a lane bordered by tall pine trees moaning in their usual way. At a turn in the road they began to climb a zig-zag path, shaded by the trees, and paused by a clear spring of water trickling merrily over the great rock, into the clear pool.

"What you chilluns doing dar, stealing p'or folk's water?" inquired a merry voice.

Looking they saw a bent old form standing, leaning on a cane. The white hair and wrinkled face showed the age.

"O Uncle Sam, we came to see you. Dont' you remember you promised to tell us that story some time?"

"Dont' you know no old nigger can't tell no story like white folks tells 'em? But I'll do de best I kin—

"You've heard tell of the fine old place we wuz raised on and all de good eatin's. Wal, we wuz living at dat same place and mighty spoony we wuz too, case we wuz a-courtin'. My gal's name was Dinah and de prettiest one in de bunch. She kind o' liked me too, out o' them eyes of her'n.

"Wal one night we all thought we'd go 'possum hunting and come back by Dinah's and git her to cook him good, (No lady could cook 'em like she could chile); so we notified Rastus, the best 'possum hunter in de land.

"Long 'bout the time when de screech owl begin ter hollow we 'cluded we'd start. The moon had just riz and wuz a-peeping

’round at you ’hind ole trees like he wants ter know what you doing. The old pine trees wuz a moaning enough ter make de cold shivers run up yo’ back. Meanwhile we went on while Rastus told stories about hunting, until the dogs tree’d a ’possum. We saw him grinning down at us, but seeing him ain’t got him do’. De dogs dey barked and barked and we wuz all looking right at dat ’possum when we all looked t’other way.

“Something red was seen right ’cross de hill like a giant. It came up, then went back. We wuz all skeered out of our wits. Rastus, breaking de silence said, ‘Er fire!’

“ ‘Nothing but de moon,’ said another; but, honey, I knew dat wan’t no moon for de old moon’s face kin be red but not as red as dat.

“It burst brighter and now we knew. ‘Hit’s over to Marse Hill’s, I said.

“At that we all took to running, falling over stumps and gitting up agin. Fin’ly we got out ob de forest and run over de hill. The house of Marse Will’s, where Dinah stayed, had a long avenue jest lak de one up at your house and when we reached the fence, ’longside of de yard, I jumped it and got dere quicker. Ebery ting wuz confubbled. De niggers wuz a hollering and I got dere just in time to see Miss Jane fall over in Marse Will’s arms and murmur de word, ‘Neta.’

“At dat word I sprung in de hall and I heard a familiar voice too, chile. It was Dinah’s and I knew she had tried ter save l’il Miss Neta too.

“The hall was full ob smoke and I knocked my head agin de staircase, but dat didn’t matter. Up de wide stairs, blinded by de smoke I run, but I knew my Dinah was dere and I jerked the door down and dar was Dinah with de little curly head in her arms. I caught her in my arms and got to de head of de staircase, but Dinah said ‘Save Miss Neta for my sake,’ and she pushed me away from her.

“I rushed down as keerful as I could with de little arms around my neck. I can’t hardly recollect what I done but I jest remember Miss Jane a-hugging my neck, but I said, ‘Dinah,’ and rushed up de steps and stumbled over her on de steps. I got her to de bottom ob de steps and didn’t know no mo’.

“When my sense done come back I saw Marse Will a-holding my hand and I whispered ‘Dinah.’

" 'Here,' said Marse Will. Then I saw Dinah with a doctor by her, all burned. She opened her eyes and said 'You brave old Sambo,' then closed 'em to open them again across de riber."

Here old Sam stopped and gazed over to a church graveyard while a tear was in his eye.

"Who was Miss Neta?" asked Clarence.

"She wuz your grandma, chile, who jest jined my gal not long ago."

He gazed again at the pine trees, but waking from his reverie, he said "Law chilluns you ought to been home long ago. Come long now."

He grabbed each hand and went singing "De way ter cook dat 'possum done"—till the old white head disappeared down the hill.

# Eunice

### Grace McGranahan, '14

Once upon a time there was a beautiful child born to a very happy king and queen. When the babe was but a month old a strange incident took place. The child was lying asleep by an open window outside of which grew a honey-suckle vine. The nurse noticed a sort of a vapor rising which took the shape of a beautiful woman with a long flowing robe of beautiful hue and with long hair. She floated in the window and encircled the child. A voice as if a faint whisper was heard to say, "you, my dear babe, shall be made the most beautiful, wealthy, and sought for princess in the world. But the fortunate suitor must neither love you for your beauty, or riches, but for you, yourself." She then floated about the room until she came to the window and descended into the honey-suckle again.

They named this princess Eunice and she grew to be, as the fairy said she would, the most beautiful princess in the world. Her skin seemed almost transparent; her eyes were a dark brown and seemed like a pool of water which had great depths; her hair hung in long silky curls and was as black as ebony. She was indeed the most sought for princess; her suitors were without number. Any one who was fortunate enough to gain one look at this blithe, young creature for ever afterward became one of her train of ardent suitors. She was the idol of the court and her father kept a body-guard to protect her day and night.

Of all her suitors one who seemed to be the fortunate one was Sir Roland, who knew if he only had money he could rise to great power.

On her twentieth birthday a great feast was to be given and her marriage was to be announced to Sir Roland. Just as the guests were arriving in all their splendor she was seized with an irresistible desire to run into the great wood. She ran and ran, mile after mile, she knew not how, but was unable to stop. At last she came to a steep hill which was at the beginning of a range of mountains. Tripping over a bush she commenced to fall, fall—and then she knew no more. The next Eunice knew was that in a crude cottage an old woman was bending over her, dressing her wounds. A grouchy little old man sat near and they both wondered over her beauty. She could remember nothing of how she came there or concerning her past life.

After her wounds were healed she worked around happy all day long. She loved to climb the mountain sides and over steep precipices. The little old man and woman kept her and liked her for her great beauty. She seemed even more beautiful in her crude clothes with her long silken tress hanging loosely down her back.

One day while she was climbing up a steep mountain she suddenly heard the tramping of horses' hoofs. As she stood there they grew louder and finally she beheld a band of hunters with picked steeds, and she knew they must be of some high class. As the foremost drew up to her he stopped and asked her the way to Kerlworth Castle and then she knew that he must be the famous prince the old man had told her about. After directing them the prince ordered the others to go on as he would go with the girl to get a drink. He instantly fell in love with her and as he had made an oath to marry a woman more fair than his brother's, he determined to win her. After that he met her often and finally told her of his love and asked her to marry him and she consented. But the morning she was to go with the handsome prince she was taking a drink from the clear cool spring which had served as her mirror, when she was startled by her appearance. Her skin was no longer fair but very red marked all over with brown spots and her hair no longer curled gracefully around her handsome face, but hung down, coarse and stringy into her eyes. On giving it a close examination she found it streaked with gray. She commenced to cry, making her eyes very red. When she returned home she recognized the black steed which was to carry her to the court and started to run away but the prince had spied her and caught her but stepped back horrified. Surely this was not his fair lady! The old man and woman were cross and scolded and abused her. The prince left and was never seen again.

She lived on, every day of her life being more miserable. The old man and woman no longer loved her and treated her worse than the dog. She would always cry herself asleep at night and most of her time was spent wandering over the mountains. One day while winding around a steep precipice she accidentially came upon a small cave which she at once turned into her secret home and spent most of her time there. One day when she was coming to her cave she stumbled over something and looking down beheld the body of a handsome man. Looking above she saw that he had been overbalanced and had fallen from an overhanging precipice. She immediately pulled him into her cave and tied up his wounds as best she could with pieces of clothing. After reviving him with some water from the spring she left him. She was beaten cruelly by the old man for tearing her dress and staying out so long, but she no longer cared.

That night she slipped out with a bag of food and at the risk of her life she made her way to the cave. After lighting a small candle she had carried with her she could see that the stranger had gained consciousness. Every day she would slip food, while she did without, to this stranger and daily she dressed his wounds. When he finally gained strength he would walk out, with her for support. On his last day there, he told her she had nursed a young king back to life and to her he owed his life, and he told her he loved her, and her alone. Just then out of a honey-suckle blossom that grew over head there came again this beautiful fairy but instead of descending into the blossom again she descended over the girl and the princess was immediately restored to her former self, only more beautiful if that could be possible. She then remembered the king, her father, and told the young king all. He at once remembered the most wealthy king in the world had offered his whole kingdom to the one who would bring to him his only child. He immediately took her to her father and asked his consent to marry her. And they were married and lived happily ever afterwards.

# The Pot of Gold

**Mary Elizabeth Sears, '14**

Once upon a time a king had two sons. They led very wandering lives.

One day the elder son said, "Father, give me my share of the kingdom and let me go in search of the pot of gold."

Now the king who always tried to fill the wishes of his sons said, "Take this money; go your way, and return soon."

The next day his younger son requested the same of his father as his brother had done. The king treated him in the same manner as he had his elder son, and soon the younger son was following his brother.

The elder son had not gone very far, through the wood before he heard a terrible voice. As it grew nearer and nearer he began to feel frightened. All at once a large bear was seen coming toward him.

"Gracious!" he cried, "what shall I do?" He regained presence of mind and at once he aimed his gun at the bear.

"Do not shoot me," cried the bear, "for I can tell you where to find the pot of gold."

But the elder son did not pay any attention to the bear. He drew his gun to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. At this instant the bear ran off into the wood and said, "Bad luck to you."

After going only a few steps the elder son got entangled in a great deal of bushes which had very large thorns on them. One of the thorns stuck in his eye and as he was no longer able to see he began to feel his way. He thought he was going in the direction of his father's castle, but he was going deeper and deeper into the wood. As he walked along, slowly feeling his way, he fell from a very high rock to a smooth spot beneath.

As he lay suffering he said, "Oh! If I had only listened to the bear."

By this time the younger son had met the bear. When the bear had told him not to shoot, and that he would tell him where to find the pot of gold, the younger son said, "Then tell me."

"Go straight on down this path," said the bear, "and you will soon come to a huge rock. At the base of this rock you will find a man who has fallen from it, and at the head of the man you will find the pot of gold." Then the bear disappeared.

By and by the younger son came to the large rock. There he found his brother suffering from the fall. He saw the pot of gold near his brother's head. The minute he touched the gold, his brother's eyes were opened and his pain left him. "How does this happen?" asked the elder brother.

After each had told his story they started for their home.

The younger son being unselfish gave his brother half of his treasure, and they lived with wealth and happiness ever afterwards.

# The Monster

**Gladys Tuck, '14**

A distant roar, far-off cry—
The scarlet sparks and cinders fly,
The earth trembles as in fear
Of this great monster drawing near.

With flaming breath and bright torch-light,
It cuts a path out through the night;
Over rivers, hills, and dales,
On it goes and never fails.

With ringing bell and hissing steam,
A mighty roar, a piercing scream,
'Mid clouds of smoke, and snow, and rain
Rushes in the east-bound train.

# The End

**Leon Powell, '13**

'Twas a dark night. A thick penetrating drizzle covered all nature with a misty cloak. No star shone out to brighten the damp cold earth. No customary harvest moon could be seen. The river crept sullenly along between its muddy banks, breathing forth threatenings and dark fore-bodings. The mist seemed to cling closer and thicker around the bridge. It enveloped it. It hid it. It soaked it. And the bridge groaned and moaned at the wind that came in short gusts as the breath of some dying monster.

A man came on the bridge. His coat, torn and ragged was pulled far up around his ears. His head was covered with a tattered fragment of a hat. His thin body trembled and shook as short gasping coughs escaped him. His thin, long, bony hands were clutched as though frozen. The bridge trembled at his halting tread. His head was bent forward and his shoulders round and stooped. He stopped when he reached the middle of the bridge and looked over into the dark water. He shuddered and started to go; but returned his steps and looked again at the black river. Again he left the railing and moved a few steps away. He turned his pallid face toward the threatening sky and his lips moved in prayer. A sigh escaped him and turning to the railing once more, he again looked into the water. But this time his body did not tremble. His cough was gone or forgotten. Suddenly he sprang over the railing into the river and the dark water closed triumphantly over him. He was gone. The mist hung closer to the river as though to conceal the deed. The river slipped silently onward between the low banks.

Then the clock struck twelve.

# Lost In the Dismal Swamp

**Annie Cobb, '13**

In one of the largest asylums in the South there is an old white-haired man, who has been an inmate for twenty-five years. Every evening as the sun drops behind the clouds and the dark dismal shadows of night spread over the land, the old man mutters, "Lost! Lost!" Then comes the cry of the wild beast, made almost real by a human voice.

Years before while visiting a friend near the Great Dismal Swamp, a party of young people had a picnic. How happy, how bright they were, never thinking that they would return home a saddened crowd!

The young boy (now a wreck) wandered into the edge of the swamp and became separated from his party. Night came on and with it the dreadful fear of the swamp. All night long he wandered, farther and farther away from his friends, following the treacherous light of the phosphorus. Deeper and deeper he strayed into the swamp, and there they found him several days later more dead than alive. His face as they saw him last, glowing with health, now was white and drawn. The eyes that flashed with the joy of youth, now were filled with crazed fierceness. His voice had lost its charm of sweetness and now moaned weird sounds, "Lost! Lost!" They carried him home, but fear, lack of food and pure water had left him almost dead. For months he lingered between life and death, but when the fever left him, he knew no one, and only moaned, "Lost, Lost."

The years rolled on, and hope passed away from his friends. But never can the memory of the search for their friend pass away.

# On the Trolley

**Ben Muse, '14**

There were a dozen passengers on the street car from West Durham one evening, just after dark, and as Fate would have it, I was among them. Two seats in front of me were two dusty, unshaven men and one plug of Apple sun cured tobacco. The clothes of the men were seedy and well ventilated, and wild, uncouth hair protruded from under a couple of exceedingly antique felt hats. They were masticating the aforementioned weed with probably as much dignity and grace as anyone could, with mouthful as large as an ordinary man's hand when clenched in a pugilistic attitude. However, if these gentlemen had done nothing more out of the ordinary than to chew, gentle reader, they never would have been recorded by my pen.

One rested his head in his hands as if in engaged in deep meditation; not so, however, with the other. He became more hilarious and talkative, until finally he got up and began to travel from seat to seat on the running board. He had a song on his lips and a word for everybody and many for the gentleman behind me, whom he seemed to be acquainted with. Now I began to feel a growing suspicion that he had lingered too long at the wine cup.

He paused at the gentleman behind me and began to inform him in loud tones that he was honest and that he always paid his bills. Yea, half a dozen times he said it, and then addressing the other passengers he gave them the same information again several times. When he was assured that everyone was posted on that point, he began to render a few vocal selections and again traverse the car via. the running board.

He continued these manoeveurs until we began to near Duke's factory. Here he thought of a joke to play on his melancholy companion. Whereupon he went over to that gentleman and, punctuating the question with choice profanity, asked him was not his destination the Hosiery Mill; to which he replied absolutely nothing. Not by any means discouraged he began to explain that the building to his right was the Hosiery Mill and that they had better get off quick. To this he received the same answer as before.

But when the car slowed up for the railroad crossing Joe, which appeared to be the appellation of the silent one, jumped up and with an oath scrambled down to the running board. The other seeing that he had carried the joke too far hastily explained and grabbing Joe by his coat held him on. The motorman, seeing the trouble, held the car and he too tried to make Joe get inside, but all to no avail. There was no moving Joe. The joker pulled and tugged awhile longer, but finally gave it up. The car proceeded with this drunken man clinging like an animal to the running board.

When the car stopped at Five Points another task began. This was evidently where they intended getting off; but as I mentioned before, there was no moving Joe. Finally the joker got off and began to beg and plead, and at last Joe fell limply to the street. The last I heard as they staggered off was, humbly from the joker: "If air one uv 'em had ha' hurt ye, Joe, I'd ha- seen thet they paid fer it."

# EDITORIALS

I think this month that we might have a little Thanksgiving sermon with the Thanksgiving turkey for a text. We first meet the turkey in his prime and it never occurs to us, that perhaps he is "thinking more highly than he ought to think," considering his latter end. He walks as a "lord of the fowl creation" and even the roosters, that seem proud of their station before his coming, stand back for him. But the Thanksgiving turkey keeps his spirit to the very edge of doom and his gobble is as cheerful on the day of his death, as it ever was. At the Thanksgiving dinner our opinion of that turkey changes. We see in him a martyr sacrificed for the public good.

Our memory of all the Thanksgiving turkeys along our line of life brings pleasant recollections of days of family union or general good feeling of genuine thankfulness, and happiness, and peace. The Thanksgiving turkey belongs along with the Christmas stocking, not merely because the fun is never over until you find what's in the toe of the stocking; but because of all the kindly feelings that they stand for and all the loving thoughts that they bring.

Prices are high and getter higher and we have to pay more for what we put on our bodies than for what we put into our heads; but there are countless things in this world that are priceless. So with Mrs. Wiggs we would say, "Now don't go and git sorry fer yerself"; but above all else, let us be thankful.

# LOCALGRAMS

The Blackwell-McIver Literary Society closed one of the most successful months in its history a few days ago. The programs arranged have been unusually attractive ones, and the enthusiasm and attendance has been above the average. The Moot Convention held a few days ago was a success in every way. Hon. Walter Clark was nominated after the third ballot, and amid great good feeling the society adjourned. The speeches for the different candidates were splendid, and the fire with which they were delivered made the program very unique and attractive.

Mr. MacIntosh announced that a society over at Chapel Hill would offer a cup to the school winning all its debates for two years in succession. The boys of the society anticipate getting this trophy for D. H. S. and the Blackwell-McIver Literary Society.

The girls in the High School have organized a basket ball club, with Annie Cobb as president. The teams are taking great interest in this club and are doing good work for it. Each team has placed the pennant, which is given at the end of the annual tournament, as its goal.

The pupils are this year receiving lessons in singing. These lessons are being given under the supervision of Miss Eva Minor, vocal instructor in the city schools. M. M. A.

# EXCHANGES

Only a very few schools get out an issue for the first month so our exchange table is still not nearly so full as we would like. Although we gladly welcome those exchanges that have come to us there are still many of our friends, old and new, whom we are anxious to have among us again.

We enjoyed the opening number of the Purple and White very much. The Exchanges and cuts were especially good.

The Commencement Number of the Dragon was fine. The Prophecy of '11's class was well written and the cuts were very attractive also.

We received the Visalia High School News and we believe it is to be a fine paper.

# JESTER'S TABLE

### THE BEST GRANDMOTHER

I've got the best Grandma,
  That you ever knew;
Yet Helen Malone says
  Her's is the best, too;
An' Lizabeth Williams
  Says hers is the best,
An' so does May Thompson,—
  I 'spose you have guessed
The reason why each with
  The others agree;
It's 'cause we are cousins,
  An' now you will see,
Why all of us say this,—
  An' with perfect right,
That each is the best one,—
  Dear Grandmother Bright.—M. E. S.

* * *

Two country youths were on a visit to London. They went into the British Museum and saw a mummy, over which was printed, "B. C. 87." They were mystified and one said, "What do you make o' that, Sam?"

"Well," said Sam, "I should say that it was the number of the motor car that killed him."—Harpers Bazaar.

* * *

Aunt Eliza came up the walk and said to her small nephew, "Good morning, Willie. Is your mother in?"

"Shure she is," replied Willie truculently. "D'you 'spose I'd be workin' in the garden on Saturday morning, if she wasn't?"—Ladies Home Journal.

* * *

Follow my example and you'll succeed—Marion Fowler.

A man who had received a jury notice pleaded deafness as his excuse for not attending.

"I am really deaf," he said to the clerk who was enrolling the names.

"Prove it," said the clerk.

The man hesitated, then his face brightened as an organ commenced to play in the street outside.

"Can you hear that organ?" he said.

"Yes," replied the clerk.

"Well, I can't," replied the man triumphantly.

* * *

"Excuse, me," said the little lady as she timidly approached the village dentist, "but aren't you the village dentist?"

"Yes, madam," replied the dentist, "is there anything I can do for you?"

* * *

"Why yes," she said hesitatingly, "You see, doctor, the—the blacksmith is down with the measles and I wondered if you would be good enough to put a new set of teeth into this rake of mine?"

* * *

"Me vote for your ticket?" roared Slithers indignantly. "Let me tell you Jobley, if your party had put up George Washington, I'd vote for a yellow dog first!"

"Well, I don't blame you," said Jobley, "a fellow ought to stand by his own kind every time."—Harpers Weekly.

* * *

Oh! What a mighty brain is his—James Patton.

* * *

"The fall knocked her sensible,"—so said C. P. in her composition.

* * *

Teacher (of English class)—"Johnny please give plural of tomato."

Johnny (very promptly)—"Ketchup."—Ex.

* * *

"I'm at the head of my class, pa," said Willie.

"Dear me, son, how did that happen?" cried his father.

"Why, the teacher asked us this morning how to pronounce c-h-l-h-u-a-h-u-a and nobody knew," said Willie, "but when she got down to me I sneezed and she said that was right."—Ex.

The tongue of men and of angels—Mary Snider.

* * *

"How did you enjoy your visit to your grandmother in the country, Rob?"

"Oh, it was fine, 'cept I had to wash my face and hands in raw water at the pump. I like it cooked best, like we have it at home." —Exchange.

* * *

Teacher—"What is the stuff heroes are made of Tommie?"

Tommy—"You'll have to excuse me, teacher, but I'm not booming any particular breakfast food."—Ex.

* * *

Little girl (up stairs in department store)—"Mother, let's not walk down. Let's go on the incubator."

* * *

Miss——: "Florence, why do you read a book?"

F. L.: "To see how it ends."

* * *

The chairman of the enrolling committee of the colored church called on one of the women members.

"I called to see if you wouldn't join the mission band?" he said.

"Fo' de lan' sakes," was the reply, "doan ax me to do dat! Why I can't even play a mouf organ."—Ex.

* * *

"What ye eatin'?"

"A dime's worth o' salt wid some peanuts in it."—Ex.

* * *

"If you would win what you have in view,
As the world's great victors have won,
Don't always do what you want to do,
But do what you want to have done."

* * *

Teacher: "Who was Kubla Khan?"

L. G.: "He was an owl that wouldn't bear daylight."

* * *

Miss——: "Margaret, explain the line the 'antlered monarch of the waste.'"

M. T.: "I can't. I thought it meant the deer, but, I didn't know a deer had a waist."

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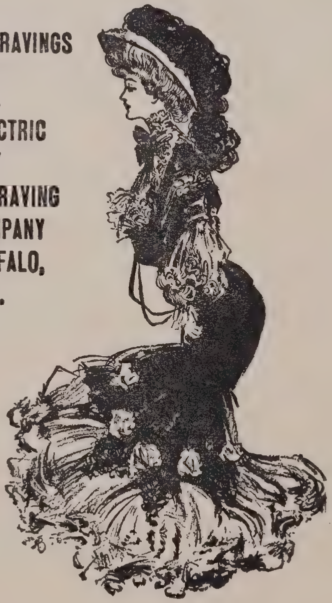

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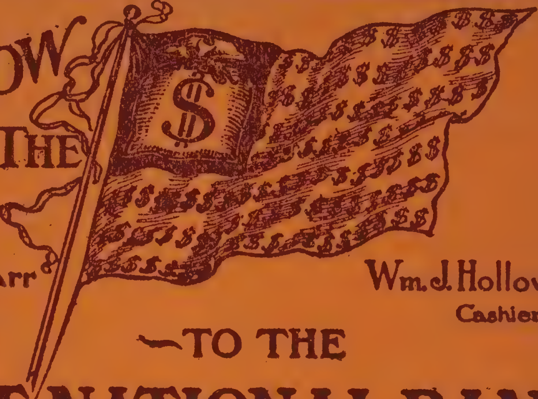

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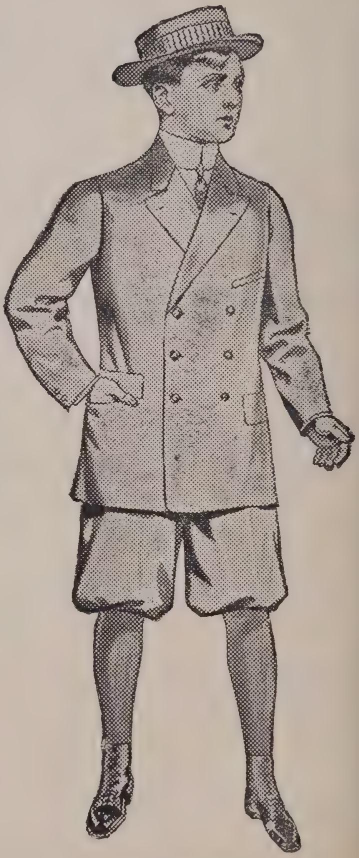

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# THE MESSENGER

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# How Mammy's Turkey Escaped the Pot

**Ethel Murray, '15**

"Well bein' as you chilluns are so anxious 'bout er story I'll tell you 'bout er Christmas Day I had one time. It uster be der fashion ter hab wild turkeys fer dinner instead ob de kine dey has now er days. But ob cose the gals could not ketch 'em deirselves, so we jest cooked up er lot ob good things for some ob our gentlemen frien's 'bout two er three weeks er fore Christmas Day and sint 'em 'way off ter ketch all ob de wild turkeys dey could so dat all ob us gals might fix up a grand turkey dinner on Christmas Day. Den we wait'd and wait'd jest as patient fer der gentlemen ter come back as we could and dat wus all we talked er 'bout. And some ob us us wus mighty skeered de wouldn't git nothin'; but I wusn't 'cause your Uncle Billy wus one ob de gentlemen and I jest know'd he'd bring home de finest turkey gobbler der wus. And I know'd he'd gib it ter me, too.

"After 'while de day come when I heared de biggest hollerin' and laughin' in front ob de house and I jest runned out dere as fast as I could 'cause I 'jest know'd dat Billy had come; and sure 'nough de whole gang wus out dere wid de turkeys. Some ob de gals wus disappointed but I wusn't cause up come Billy wid de finest turkey gobbler you jest ever seed and I wus jest tickled ter death, and he wus too.

"Den he come 'round de house and put de turkey in de coop fer me. Den we all went in de house and had er big time hearin' 'bout de trip.

"All dis time I wus habin' er very good time but my time wus er comin'. De day 'fore Christmas, I noticed dat my gobbler wusn't feelin' very well 'cause he gobbled loud and long wid er dolrous sound, but I never ketched on 'til dat night when I saw de old grey goose lecturin' ter my gobbler very serious, den I know'd what wus de matter wid him 'cause de old grey goose had staid 'round 'til he had got wise and he had been tellin' him 'bout Christmas. So I took every kere ter keep de gobbler so he couldn't run er way. But what do yer think? when I wus goin' ter git der big old turkey outer der coop der next mornin' he made er big flutter and flew right outer my hand. I holler'd and holler'd but it didn't do no good 'cause dat turkey was gone. Den I tho't ob Billy; so I studied and studied how I could keep him from findin' out 'bout der turkey so I just chopped off de head ob de old grey goose and cooked him and Billy never knew him from de turkey."

# The Night Before Christmas

### Grace Holton, '13

As I sit gazing into the slow, smouldering fire, hearing it heave and sob, my mind reviews the past Christmas Eves I have spent. Suddenly a blue flame flashes up, but, ah, it is gone and in its place only the same old thing. Just as the Christmases have come and as quickly gone. But my musings are broken by a touch on the shoulder. The room is flooded in light, a figure clothed in white raiment stands before me. It beckons and only utters the word "come." But in such accents, sweet, soft and low. It reminds me of a whispering wind. I eagerly follow and in the same sweet voice it said, "come and go with me and see how Christ's birthday is kept by His people."

We float out of the window, the road lies before us, white, and beautiful in the shadow of the moon. But always around my guide shines a bright soft light. We shortly stop before a small two-roomed house. We enter and there on a rude bed lies a little girl about six years old. She is very pale and wears the look of death in her eyes. By her bedside is the tired, loving mother, telling the same, old, old story of how Christ came to this world. As my guide bends over the child more color seems to come into her face and death seems to vanish. We also vanish, and my guide only says "Blessed are the meek."

On and on we float and in a few minutes I am again in a room. There, brave attempts are being made by the parents to trim a Christmas tree with only a few cheap trinkets. But they are happy, never envying the rich for their beautiful and costly things. We linger here a few moments and then leave with my guide's parting blessing, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

But where are we now? Surely in a different place. The house is larger and does not have the look of want. In the first room a large fire burns. In the centre of the room is a large Christmas tree, gaily decked with presents, Santa adding the finishing touches. But all this does not seem to harmonize with Christmas as the others did. I could not express why, but I have a dissatisfied feeling in this home.

We leave this without a remark and stop before a large beautiful house, brilliantly lighted from top to bottom. Gay laughter and talk comes out to us. People dressed in expensive furs promenade on the piazza. No one thinks of the next day being Christ's birthday. Some one said that the morning would be dull and then the talk flowed on about the party Christmas night. We do not care to go in. A shadow passes over the face of my guide, but it is gone as quickly as it came and only the same sweet countenance is before me. I only hear him say "I was hungry and ye fed me not."

But the next house, equally rich in appearance, is not spending the night in merry making. A holy hush seems to settle upon it as we enter. In a large handsome room before an open fire hangs six little silk stockings of different colors. Santa Claus is filling them with pretty presents and adding loving touches. In the next room six little children lie peacefully sleeping, dreaming of Christmas and what a happy time they would have visiting the poor.

But quickly the scene changes. I am in a dark, dirty, and ugly place. Poverty and crime of every kind seems around me. We mount the stairs of a poor, mean building. In just one room lives a family of seven. The father is dead; the mother worn out with life's hard battles lies dying on the floor. The eldest daughter of only ten summers is trying to help her mother and quiet the little ones. O such a sad, sad scene! Poverty of the worst form is in the room. The woman lies on the floor, with only a thin and threadbare covering, freezing. The children are in rags. No thought of Christmas had entered that home. I look toward my guide and see that he is silently weeping. He whispers to himself, "I was naked and ye clothed me not."

We hastily leave, but O, what a worse place is the next home. Here the father has come home drunk and is beating his wife and cursing his children. They stare at him frightened and hide in a corner. The man finally gives his wife one blow too many; she falls with a heavy thud. O what a scene on Christmas eve!

We are now in a foul and gruesome place. But I hardly notice it, my mind is still on the past scenes. But I am startled by hearing scream, then all is quiet. There is a dark horrible place, some one has been murdered. Poor man! I wonder if he knew Christ. And my guide only says "Thou shalt not kill."

But what is this building so gaily lighted. Nothing but a gambling den. Men of all kinds are seated at the tables gambling, ruining their souls and bodies. Where is this man's wife, or that one's children? Are they starving? Curses against God break from their lips and as we leave my guide says, "Ye have made my house a den of thieves."

With this verse ringing in my ears, my beautiful guide, still in white raiment, vanishes. I am left in my room alone. I go to the window. In the east the rosy dawn is rising—rising on Christmas, —rising on Joy, Mirth and Pleasure,—on Pain, Sorrow and Woe.

# Greater Love Hath No Man

(Based on Billy Pugh's Sacrifice)

**Annie Cobb, '13**

It was December the twenty-third and Fifth Avenue looked as if Santa Claus had already left all of his beautiful gifts in the shop windows. Here and there one had glimpses of fairy-land; so many beautiful dolls, so many wonderful toys, gladdening the hearts of the passers-by.

Not many blocks away in John Whitehead's house there was no Christmas cheer for the little daughter had been burned almost to death the day before. The only hope of recovery was the grafting of new skin on the wounds.

The morning following the accident the Herald contained a vivid description of the little one's misfortune. It happened that just under the story of the burned child, were these words:

"The twenty-fifth is the Christ child's birthday. What will He receive? What are you going to give Him?"

As the long line of newsboys came for their papers, only one stopped to listen to the discussion of the burned child's condition. This boy was little Lame Tim, as he was called.

All day the story of the little one's suffering ran through his mind. His heart was filled with a longing to help her. Saving one of his papers, he carried it to the mission school and asked the teacher to read the story to him. As the teacher finished his eyes fell on these words, "The twenty-fifth is the Christ Child's birthday. What gift will He receive? What are you going to give Him?" and he repeated it.

"Boys, no matter how poor you are, there is some gift you can offer the Christ Child, no matter how small it is. As you know the twenty-fifth is His birthday, bring to Him some gift—and yours will be a merry Christmas."

All the boys filed out except Tim. Hurriedly he spoke. "Oh, Mr. Howard, I want to give some of my skin to that little girl. I aint got nobody to kere fer me, and I want to give some of this flesh to the little girl as my gift to the Christ Child. This old lame leg aint no good to me. Do you suppose they'd let me giv' her some of my skin?"

"My boy, it is a gift far more precious in the Christ Child's eyes than gold or silver. May God speed you!" Tears of joy sprang to the old minister's eyes. For six months he had labored among these boys and little Tim was the only one who had been touched by his teachings.

Leaving the mission house, Tim started for the brownstone mansion on Fifth Avenue. Hour after hour he struggled along in the vast sea of humanity, which walked the streets at Christmas. The crowds bumped into each other; but it was a happy throng for the spirit of Christmas was in the air. At last the child reached the home of John Whitehead and rang the bell.

As the butler answered the door he said, "I'se come to give sum' of my flesh to that little girl what got burned." John Whitehead came quickly at the call of his butler to hear the startling message.

"I ain't got nobody to kere fer me, all my folks is dead. I ain't got nobody but myself and I wants to give sum' of my skin on this old dead leg to the little girl ef you wants it." Swallowing a sob the multi-millionaire carried the child to bed.

Christmas eve rose bright and cold. Inside of the brownstone house a blue-capped nurse moved to and fro, preparing for the operation.

Tim lay in a small iron bed, his round face wreathed in smiles. He had taken the anaesthetic without a murmur.

The nurses and doctors moved noiselessly about the room and all was silent. Three long hours passed and John Whitehead walking backwards and forwards in the hall was planning to adopt the brave little Tim. At last a nurse aroused him with the happy message, "We think she will live. Both have rallied from the anaesthetic.

The long evening passed and the little boy awakened, asking if the little girl were all right. They told him yes, and closing his eyes he went to sleep again.

As the chimes of the Christ Church rang out the sweet refrain: "Joy to the earth the Lord is come," little Tim said softly to the nurse "The Christ Child has come."

And he fell asleep to awaken with the Christ Child.

# Twelve by the Kitchen Clock

**Lizzie Noell, '15**

"Jonah, go yondah and fotch me dat chicken and Katie go bring me yo' Ma's new Chiney ware. Tealie, Tealie, ain' I don' tol' you to quit ringing dat dinner bell? Don' you know I ain't got yo' Massa's dinner ready. You ol' good fer nothin' nigger I's gwin tell yo' Ma on you. Johnnie come take out dese biscuits, that you's gwine ter help me efin I'd let you come wid me up hea'. I clar' fo' de Lawd I'll nebber promise Missus I'll cook her anudder Christmas dinner; dis ol' nigger is gettin' ol' efin she didn't know hit."

This scene just described proved quite a contrast to that of the little kitchen clock, that was ticking as if this twelve o'clock was nothing more than any other that it had experienced before this.

At last the favorite expression of "thank de Lawd dat the folks is eating dinner at las'," was heard by the little clock as the old negro Mammy was sitting by the fire with her kind face in her old wrinkled hands.

# The Christmas Turkey

**Ruth Elliott, '14**

It was drawing near Christmas, the great holidays which are enjoyed so much by everyone. Hasty preparations were being made at the home of the Fords'.

"Mother I must leave this icing for you to make as it is ten minutes before train time," exclaimed Mildred Ford as she dropped her apron on the floor and darted out of the room.

A family reunion was to be held at Mrs. Ford's and it kept poor Mildred busy all day meeting relatives and entertaining those who had already arrived.

"I hears Miss Mildred commin' with the guest," exclaimed Bridget.

"Yes, and I must go out and greet them Bridget," said Mrs. Ford. "Attend to everything well and be sure to watch the turkey; it would be a sorry Christmas dinner without turkey. Be sure you do not let it burn or bake too fast."

"Yis mum, you know I never fails to do me duty," said the old darkey hastily.

"I want you to do your best to have a good dinner today," said Mrs. Ford as she shut the kitchen door.

At about two o'clock after a long family talk everyone assembled in the dining room to enjoy a good Christmas dinner. Mrs. Ford told Bridget to bring the turkey which she seemed very slow about serving.

The turkey at last was brought in. Mrs. Ford noticed it looked rather flat and not very encouraging. By the shyness with which Bridget served it she knew something had happened and began making all kinds of excuses.

After the dinner was over and the guests had assembled in the drawing room Mrs. Ford, after excusing herself, went to seek Bridget. As she entered the kitchen she saw the old darkey down on her knees and heard this prayer:

"Kind Marster, help me mistress not to discover that I let the turkey burn and had to cut off one half of it. If this prayer is answered, Father, it will be the one thing I am thankful for on this Christmas day, and————"

At this point of the prayer Mrs. Ford quietly closed the door and went back to her guest. She could not scold the faithful old darkey.

# The Rejuvenation of Aunt Hannah

**Margaret Leyburn, '14**

"I declare, I do wish the train would come on. No telling what might happen. The train might get wrecked and he would be killed."

The speaker stopped long enough in her tramping to peer anxiously down the track as if to draw the late train onward to her. Just then Judge White strode upon the platform, but he stopped abruptly when he saw this woman, for she caused attention wherever she went.

She was a sharp-looking little woman dressed in dark clothes. Her face was cold and hard but in her eyes the embers of her youthful happiness and gaiety still smouldered. It would take a long time to make the embers burst forth into flame, but it could be done, perhaps by the little boy who was coming to live with her.

But her appearance was not the thing that caused Judge White to look at her so hard. The fact that Hannah Rich was at the station, apparently awaiting the arrival of the train very anxiously, nearly struck him off his feet. For Hannah Rich had not been seen at the station since John Graham had taken his bride away many years ago. The village gossips said it nearly killed her when he went away and married someone else, forgetting all about her. It was certain, though, that after that she shut herself up and never went to the parties and dances where she once had been so popular.

But Judge White was glad to see her out again and he told her so.

"Yes, I'm waiting for the train," she unbended enough to answer. "You know John Graham and his wife are both dead so their little boy is coming to live with me. I know he will be a lot of trouble but he will be at school most of the time, I suppose."

"Well, I know he will be a comfort to you," answered Judge White's voice while his heart said, "Poor little fellow! I don't see how he can live in that gloomy house with Miss Hannah."

Then the train came in and although she had been waiting a long time for it a thousand questions assailed her mind, "How will I know him? Will he like me? How will he behave?"

Then all her questions were answered by a small hurricane striking her. All she had time to see was a small tousled head which reached about to her waist.

"My——goodness——" she exclaimed, pulling at her hat and coat to see if any part of them had been left to her. "And who are you?" she asked, turning her accusing eyes on the little boy at her side.

"I'm Johnny and you're Aunt Hannah, aren't you?"

"Well my name is Miss Hannah Rich but I wasn't aware of the fact that I had any nephews."

"Well you're not my real aunt but it sounds better to aunt than 'Miss', don't you think so?"

"It really doesn't matter what you call me. Come on, we must get home because it looks like it will snow."

"Oh, goody, that will be fine. Come on and let's run."

"Mercy! I haven't run any in twenty years but you can run on."

But just then something happened that would have astonished the villagers almost out of their wits because John ran up and grabbed Miss Hannah's hand and calling, "Oh! let's race to that tree, I bet you can't beat me."

And then Miss Hannah found herself running fleetly down the road to the old Sycamore tree, passing John as she went.

John came up panting and telling how good she could run and begged her to do it again. But Miss Hannah laid down the law then and said she wasn't going to budge a step. Then they both sat down on a big rock by the road and John happening to see some holly growing by them exclamed, "Oh, it's Christmas Eve!"

"Well, so it is, I had forgotten all about it being Christmas Eve!"

"Santa Claus is going to bring me a sled and some skates. Let's us both hang up our stockings!"

"Why John, if I hung up my stocking it would take so much to fill it, that there wouldn't be any left for you."

Of course John replied that the dear old man always had enough for everybody. But something still more wonderful was going to happen to Aunt Hannah.

When they reached the village the first thing John saw was the toy store. He persuaded her to go in and look at the sled like the one he was going to get. When they had looked at all the things Aunt Hannah drew the clerk aside and of course you know what she said.

When the old-time friends of Miss Hannah saw her walk in the toy store they didn't know what to think. They all came and crowded around her and made her promise to join their club again. That night after she had put John to bed she sat down by the fire, thinking of the adventures of the day. And the embers in her eyes had almost become flames.

# A Story True to Life

**Muriel J. Craven, '14**

"Hello, boys, what's the latest? The latest with me is the best ghost story I ever heard. When I was passing through Scottsburg, I went to the hotel and asked for a room, but the clerk said on account of a death in the hotel they were full up, but he said he would let me stay if I would occupy a room with another fellow. This being the only thing possible I registered after a hearty supper and a delightful smoke in the lobby I decided to retire as I was very tired.

"The porter told me that my room was on the second floor, third room back. I went into the room, the door being partly opened, and disrobed quietly so as not to disturb my room-mate.

"Presently a young man and woman came in. This being unusual I lay very quiet. Soon, the couple began showing marked signs of affection. Not wanting to enjoy the pleasure alone I nudged my bed-fellow; he not making a response and the marks of affection still increasing, I pulled his nose. Finding his nose cold and his form stiff, I realized that I was in the bed with the dead man.

"Up I jumped with sudden exclamation. The couple who were probably watchers by the bed of the dead man, thinking that he had come to life, left the room with the greatest haste, she with a scream and he with a whoop.

"I also lost no time in getting out of the room and down that hallway. At the top of the steps the young man and woman looked back and seeing, as they thought, the dead man coming towards them, they rushed headlong down the steps and into the street with me right after them."

I cannot vouch for the truthfulness of this story told by a traveling man, but I will let it remain true until some one proves that people are not afraid of ghosts or that lovers do not show affection.

# The Thermometer's Story

**Aritta Harper, '15**

It was very dark in Son's room, although both windows were open and the curtains pushed back, and it was also very cold. Son lay very still and tried to go to sleep but in vain! Every little noise startled him, made his eyes fly open, and caused him to listen for Santa Claus. He began to grow restless, to kick the cover off and get chilly. Finally he slid out of the bed and stole softly from the room.

Where should he go? The Christmas tree was in the nursery and Santa Claus would go in there but all of the other rooms were cold, except the sitting room. O yes, the sitting room!

He went into that cozy little room, lay down on the couch and drew his grandmother's great shawl around him. It was very pleasant, indeed! The moon was shining and a little star was peeping through a holly wreath hanging in a window while the clocks with their constant ticking seemed to keep him from being lonely.

These clocks were on the mantel. One was a small, metal-cased clock which ticked away in a great hurry and the other was a solemn-toned, wood-cased clock much larger than the first. Presently there issued from the smaller clock an impatient voice saying, "Why do you tick so slow? You make me awfully nervous!"

"And why dost thou tick so fast?" responded the large, antique clock. "Thou tickest as if thou wert afraid thou wouldst lose a second or two! I think we ought to have the privilege of taking our time since we keep the time of the house!"

"Right!" said a big comfortable chair. "You remind me of the good old times when folks had time to do their work accurately! Now the little clock reminds me of the present generation. He works hurriedly and in a haphazard sort o' way and it isn't long before he is run down and his work stopped."

"There, there, friends!" broke in an old thermometer, "Let's don't quarrel, especially since Son is listening! But let me tell you a story about 'Why Margaret was disappointed Christmas morning.'

"Yes do!" urged Son and, as the others were anxious to hear it, he began:

"One time there was a little girl named Margaret and she was very naughty. One year she was unusually bad and Santa Claus decided that he would not stop at her house. But about a month before Christmas she began to get so good he thought he would fill one of her stockings with confectioneries. She even gave some of her old toys and clothes to some poor children and then Santa Claus decided he would fill both of her stockings but he certainly was not going to give her any toys.

"On the day before Christmas Margaret didn't have anything to do but hang up her large Christmas stockings and put a chair between them for Santa Claus to put some of the toys on. She did that right after breakfast and then went to see a little girl. But, they soon got angry and had a quarrel because Margaret treated the little girl's dolls so rough and when the little girl went after a drink of water Margaret grabbed the best doll and ran home with it. She stopped under a big tree and began to dig a hole in the ground with a stick. She hadn't dug much before she dug up a hickory nut, then another and in a little while she had about a dozen. Now a squirrel had put those nuts there and he was angry when he saw Margaret getting them but she made fun of him, buried the doll and went off with the nuts.

"She ate some, threw the others away and went out on the front porch. In a little bit she saw a fat mouse run out from under a loose plank. Margaret ran and pulled up the plank and there were three little baby mice asleep in a snug corner. She got a stick and gave them a hard punch. The mice woke up and two ran away but the other little mouse's leg was hurt so he couldn't. Just then Margaret heard her mother coming so she slammed down the plank and went to dinner. She acted bad the rest of the day, too."

"She was awful naughty," said Son, indignantly.

"Yes, she was, but Santa Claus didn't know it. She had been so good that he didn't think about her being naughty again," said the thermometer.

"Well, that night some of Santa Claus's little fairy men were going around to see that all of the good children got a visit from Santa Claus and one of them happened to go by Margaret's house and seeing a squirrel asleep in a hollow tree he asked him if any good children lived there. The squirrel told him that a naughty girl lived there and then he told all about how bad she had been that day.

"When he got through, the little man ran into the house to see if Santa Claus had been to see such a bad girl. He thought, 'If he hasn't, I'll tell him not to!' but when he got in, there were both stockings stuffed full.

" 'She doesn't deserve it!' he said, and then he jerked down one of them, ran out into the yard, took all of the nuts out of the stockings and gave them to the squirrel and then he went home.

"Now when the mamma mouse got back to the nest," continued the thermometer, "and found her babies so excited and one hurt, she sat down and listened to them tell about how it happened; then she found her husband and told him. They decided that the first thing to do was to fix a new nest in a safer place and then to be revenged. They did the first and then they went to see if Santa Claus had brought Margaret anything. Yes, he had been here for there hung her stocking full to the top.

" 'She doesn't deserve it' they squeaked, and they climbed upon the chair and nibbled and tore the toe of that stocking until all of the confectioneries tumbled out on the floor. Then the mice carried them all home, one at a time, for their Christmas dinner.

"The next morning when Margaret jumped out of bed and went running to the mantel where she had hung her merry red stockings, she saw only one lonely, empty stocking. To make sure that she was not dreaming she ran, jumped upon the chair and put her hand way down in the stocking and guess what she found!"

"Nothing!" said Son promptly.

"O, yes she did find something!" said the thermometer. "'Twas something the mice left there but she couldn't pull it out. Can't you guess? Why a hole, of course!"

The thermometer laughed and so did Son. Suddenly the thermometer said, "Dear me! I've laughed my temperature up to summer heat! We'd better hush for I expect Santa Claus will soon be here."

When the first gray light of dawn stole through the windows of the sitting room, all was quiet except for the slow regular ticking of one antique clock on the mantel. In the nursery a Christmas tree was loaded with toys which stared at their new surroundings while their little master who was in the sitting room and unconscious of his ownership, slept peacefully in his grandmother's shawl.

# The Storm

**Gladys Tuck, '14**

The dusky clouds rolled swiftly
Across the darkening sky,
Making golden sunbeams
Scatter hastily.

The winds were blowing fiercely
In a perfect gale,
The swaying trees beginning
A low and mournful wail.

The hovering cloud burst loudly.
All was dark o'erhead,
The rain poured down in torrents;
Another day was dead.

# EDITORIALS

## CHRISTMAS

Once more Time has filled out the space of another year and we come again to celebrate the anniversary of the loving Christ Child's birth. When God sent His only begotten Son on the first bright Christmas morning to this sinful world, the true Christmas spirit of a cheerful giver was clearly shown. Unless you express your loving thoughts and share your heart with your gifts, you do not give in a Christ-like manner nor do you give with a true Christmas spirit. The spirit of giving should be taught to be more blessed than the spirit of getting.

Christmas should be a time of universal loving with all former moments of unpleasantness forgotten. The spirit of love hovers especially around this time of the year; for Christmas is founded on motherly love, which carefully watched over Bethlehem's lowly manger.

Up to this time the happiness of the little child before the happiness of all others is attempted with decorated trees and stuffed stockings. Not one of us is so hardened by our experiences, that our hearts do not beat a little faster, because of our Christmas memories. We still believe in a Santa Claus—the Claus of Eugene Field's story "The Symbol and the Saint," who literally "dispensed everywhere the beauteous things which his fancy conceived and his skill executed;" so that "little children everywhere loved Claus, because he gave them pretty toys and their parents loved him because he made their little ones so happy"—the Claus who had the gift of immortality bestowed upon him because he, as his parents before him had done, acknowledged the cross.

"Oh, many, many times has Claus whirled away from his far northern home in his sledge drawn by the reindeer, and thousands upon thousands of beautiful gifts—all of his own making—has he borne to the children of every land; for he loves them all alike and they all alike love him, I trow. So truly do they love him that they call him Santa Claus, and I am sure that he must be a saint; for he has lived these many hundred years, and we, who know that he was born of Faith and Love, believe that he will live forever."

# LOCALGRAMS

The moot trial held a few weeks ago under the auspices of the Blackwell-McIver Literary Society was a success in every way. The youthful attorneys presented both sides of the case in a very able manner. The defendant was convicted of murder in the first degree and Judge Fowler sentenced him to life imprisonment. Solicitors Greenburg and Bryant made brilliant speeches for the State, while the opposition represented by attorneys Brady and Hobgood were of equally high rank and order. The spirit of the trial was caught by the audience and furnished a good deal of enjoyment and pleasure to those who were fortunate enough to hear. The quarterly election of officers was held a few days ago, and the following officers installed for the coming quarter. President, James Patton, Vice-President, Leon Powell, Secretary, Clarence Boyles and marshall, G. B. Cheek.

The Basket Ball Team has been organized and has placed at its head John Berry. The team has every prospect of a splendid season and Captain Berry is assured of success.

On November the twentieth Dr. Wright, the noted Indian evangelist, who has been conducting services at the Presbyterian Church, spoke to the students of the High School. Dr. Wright talked principally of the ten commandments, taking each one in turn, explaining it and telling how we so thoughtlessly and heedlessly break it. His talk was much enjoyed by both teachers and students.

A few Fridays ago the girls of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society greatly enjoyed and appreciated a talk from our principal, Mr. Jenkins. His subject was, "If I Were a Girl." He talked first of the modern girl and her faults, and then spoke of his idea of the ideal girl. Every girl in the society was greatly benefited by this inspiring talk and we hope soon to have him make another such talk.

Under the supervision of Mr. Briggs and Miss Tillett, a dramatic club has been formed for the purpose of producing Shakespeare's play, "The Merchant of Venice." The students have responded to the call for material heartily and the many contestants are busy drilling themselves for the coming preliminary, which is to be held in the near future.

Last Friday, November 22, Mr. J. A. Giles made a talk to the girls of the society. His talk was for the purpose of interesting the girls in raising a fund for a portrait of former Governor Aycock. This fund was started some time last summer by the citizens of Durham but little money was raised because interest at that time was in politics and the coming election. Mr. Giles proposed that the girls of the Cornelia Spencer Society and the boys of the Blackwell-McIver Society join their forces and send out committees to raise money to complete this fund. The idea of the citizens was to have an oil portrait of Aycock placed in the auditorium of the High School. The picture is to be the gift of the citizens but the money is to be collected by members of the two societies. Committees are now at work on the fund and we hope to buy the picture and place it in the auditorium by December the sixth, which is Aycock Memorial Day.

On Wednesday before Thanksgiving Rev. J. J. Hurt, pastor of the First Baptist Church, spoke to the high school students. His talk was a Thanksgiving address. The words on the tomb of Thomas Jefferson were the basis for his interesting address. First he took up the words "Author of the Declaration of Independence," and talked of our civil liberty. His next topic was "The Author of the Statutes of Religious Liberty," and under this head he spoke of the great freedom of religious thought in these days compared with that of the time of Jefferson. Third, and last, "The Founder of the University of Virginia." He discussed the progress in education under this topic. The music for this occasion was furnished by the Glee Club and was excellent. Max and Gerald Bryant played a violin and cello duet, and played in accompaniment to the piano for all the singing. After Mr. Hurt's talk Mr. Jenkins announced that school would be suspended until Monday on account of Thanksgiving. This announcement received the long and loud applause of the students.

The Teachers' Assembly met in Greensboro last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and a large number of our teachers attended the meetings. Among those who went from the High School were Mr. Green, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. McIntosh, Mr. Couley, Mr. Briggs, Miss Michaels, Miss Hampton, Miss Bancroft, Miss Whitted, Miss Boughton, Miss Markham, Miss Minor, Miss Jones and Mrs. Shaw. They reported a most enjoyable session of the Assembly, and all enjoyed their rest from teaching.

# JESTER'S TABLE

Minor: one who sings—D. K., 3G! (and so it is to D. H. S.).

* * *

M. C., (delivering phone message): "Miss——, Mr. B—— said tell you Gates's 'Classical Nymphs' are at the book store."

* * *

Brachier—"How do the French get 'we' out of 'oui?' "

That same gentleman answering himself as usual: "O! u and i make we."

* * *

"Every fellow must furnish his own transportation. He must not ride a pony."—Ex.

* * *

Frightened officer to his men: "Stand till the last ditch my brave men. Don't run until you have to. But as I am lame I—I think I will start now."—Ex.

* * *

Turkey: "Little runt, who are you?"

Greece: "I'm the guy that'll put Greece in Turkey."—Ex.

* * *

## LANGUAGE DIFFICULTIES

Place—Front porch.

Time—11.59⅞ P. M.

Setting—Moonlight evening.

Alice (tenderly)—" and if poverty ever comes, dear boy, we'll face it together."

Bertie—"Dear heart, the mere sight of your face would scare the wolf away."

Now, he is wondering why his ring was returned.—Ex.

* * *

The incumbent of an old church in Wales asked a party of Americans to visit his parochial school. After a recitation he invited them to question the pupils, and one of the party accepted the invitation.

"Little boy," he said to a rosy faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?"

"Iss sir," was the smiling reply, "'E was a 'merican general."

"Quite sure? And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?"

"Iss, sir, 'e was remarkable 'cos 'e was a 'merican an' told the truth."——Ex.

* * *

Two Marylanders, who were visiting the National Museum, at Washington, were seen standing in front of an Egyptian mummy, over which hung a placard bearing the inscription "B. C. 1187."

Both visitors were much mystified thereby. Said one:

"Well," said one, what do you make of that Bill? "I dunno, but maybe it was the number of the motor car that killed him."

* * *

Mirth, with thee we mean to live—4th year girls.

* * *

Could I love less I should be happier.—Mattie Moye Adams.

* * *

I oft have heard defended—little said is soonest mended—Mary Knight and Mary Snider.

* * *

Much study is a weariness to the flesh.—Bernard Cheek.

* * *

One may smile and smile—yet never flirt.—Ruth Fallon.

Whose little body lodged a mighty voice.—Norwood Michie.

* * *

We grant that though he has much wit, he is very shy of using it.—Blackwell Markham.

* * *

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.—Ella Margaret Umstead.

* * *

Elsie: "After I wash my face, I look in the mirror to see if it is clean. Don't you?"

Bobby: "Don't have to. I look at the towel.—Boston Transcript.

The "Red Coats" have captured the town—now to be bought for $3.98.

* * *

"I see you've lowered the speed limit and hoisted your fines," said Winkletop as he paid the judge his fine.

"Ya-as," said the judge. "We found that under the old tariff, they warn't enough vilations o' the law to make it wuth while."—Harpers Weekly.

Teacher (reading): "'Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.' Why was that so, Willie?"

"Because there was no individual drinking cups."—Chapparal.

* * *

Guest: "Delightful party you are having tonight, old fellow."

Host: "Yes, I am giving it to my wife. It is the twelfth anniversary of her thirtieth birthday."—Harpers Bazar.

* * *

Autoist: "I haven't paid a cent for repairs on my machine in all the ten months I've had it.

Friend: "So the man who did the repairs told me."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Cook: "The gas stove has gone out, madam."

Lady: "Well, get a match and strike it."

Cook: "But madam, it has gone out through the roof.—Ex.

* * *

Countryman: "This suit don't fit."

German Tailor: "The suit iss all right; it is you dot is ouid ov shape."—Ex.

* * *

## GENTLE KNOCKS

When you read these gentle knocks,
  And your name is used in vain;
Don't get a pocket full of rocks
  And try to give us pain.
Oh, don't complain; but listen to
  The laughter it awakes,
For surely, it can no harm do;
  Be calm for our sakes.—L. W. P.

When you get cheated by sharks, think of Jonah—he was completely taken in by a whale.—Harvard Lampoon.

* * *

He speaks an infinite deal of nothing.—David Brady.

* * *

Nothing she does or seems, but smacks of something greater than herself.—Nannie Green.

* * *

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong.—Henry Greenburg.

* * *

Oh, that those lips had language.—Julia Manning.

* * *

Affecting thoughts co-equal with the clouds.—Bernard Cheek.

# EXCHANGES

There are so many of our old friends back with us this month that our exchange table begins to look quite like old times. Of course we are always glad to make new friends and exchange with them and our table is considerably brightened by the appearance of new magazines.

The Tattler, Kinston, N. C., is fine. The poem on autumn is especially good.

The Virginian, Norfolk, Va., from our mother state, is very attractive and the cover design especially so. But would it not improve your magazine to have more stories and poems and less local news?

The Dragon, Greenfield, Ohio. Excellent! But where is your table of contents?

As The Red and White, Raleigh, N. C., comes from a college we would not dare criticize its literary abilities, but have you not a few artists among you?

The Ocean Breeze, Aberdeen, Wash., is published in fine style, and is on the whole very attractive.

The Orient, Bay City, Mich. Your cover design is very appropriate for the name of your magazine. The continued story "The Green Gloves" is very fine.

The Record, Spartanburg, S. C. We are always glad to hear from our sister State. Your magazine is very entertaining.

The Wallace World, Nashville, Tenn. Your magazine is exceedingly good, but would it not be more convenient to have a table of contents?

The Oracle from Jacksonville, Fla., is as usual extraordinarily good. The Poet's Corner is to be praised for both the quantity and quality of its poems.

The Trinity Archive, Durham, N. C. Of course, there is only praise for you.

The Spectator, Patterson, N. J. Your magazine is very good.

The Highlander, Asheville, N. C. Your stories are exceedingly good and the poem entitled "The Same Old Story" shows a great deal of originality.

The Amateur Journalist from Providence, R. I., has fine ideas of how a good magazine should be kept up. We shall try to profit by them.

The magazine from the University of North Carolina is, as usual, very entertaining.

We also acknowledge the receipt of The Purple and White, The Academy Graduate, The Columbian, The Black and Gold, Visalia High School News, The Rapid Soo, the The Vexilian, and The College Message.

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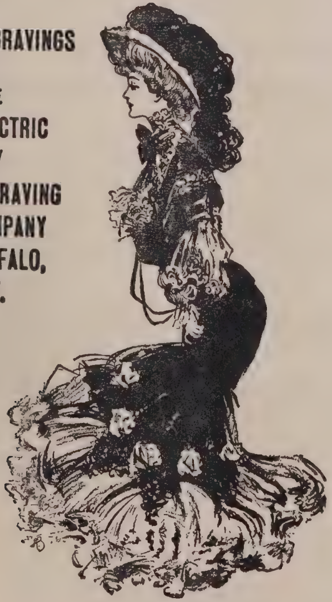

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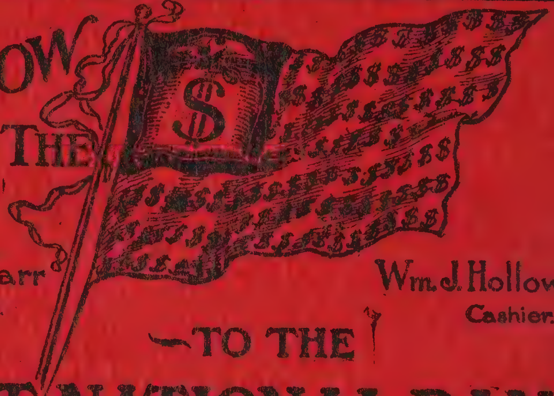

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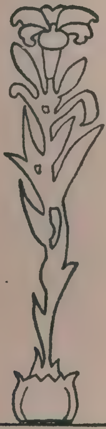

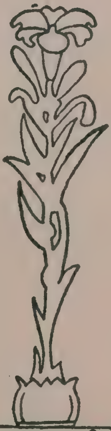

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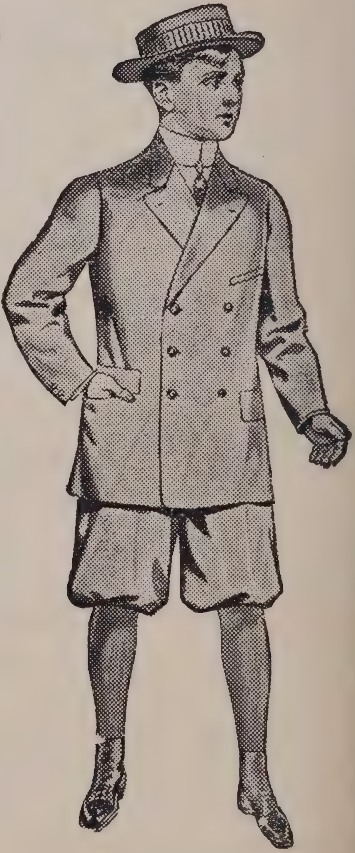

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Volume IX, No. 5 March, 1913

# THE MESSENGER

Published Monthly During the School Year by the Students of the Durham High School,
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# In the Springtime

**Marion Fowler, '13**

Far away from my many books;
  In the Springtime,
I wander by the bubbling brooks,
  In the Springtime.

Take me under some old birch tree;
  In the Springtime.
Where the lovely birds chant merrily
  Of the Springtime.

O! hear the black-bird and the thrush;
  Tokens of Springtime,
How sweet they sing behind the brush,
  About the Springtime!

O! sweeter than any works of man
  In the Springtime
Is the grand work of God's own hand
  In the Springtime.

# The Refuge

**Leon Powell, '13**

A bell slowly chimed out sunset; but there was no glow to trace the retreat of the sun, not even the faintest gleam. All the clouds bore the same color—that dark gray hue that generally characterizes them in February as they hang low about the earth. The rain came down in a steady, heavy drizzle. The kind of rain that soaks and saturates everything, was falling unceasingly.

Suddenly there was a blast like the fog-horn of Triton, and the whistle of a factory loudly announced six o'clock. Then others began to scream and bellow and howl, each in his respective note, and all seemed to be expressing their loud-voiced disgust for the weather. Soon the heretofore deserted streets were filled with hundreds and thousands of struggling humanity, and the slushy, sloppy streets were trod by many feet. But soon this tide of people had rushed on and gone, leaving behind one solitary figure, plodding slowly along. It was the tired form of a girl. She had neither raincoat nor umbrella, and her head was bent low. The wind rushing roughly around the corners whipped her thin clothing about her slim body and tilted her hat first one way and then another. With one hand she attempted to steady her hat; with the other she clutched the collar of her coat to shield her throat from the wind.

She turned into a side street and soon entered a dirty tenement house. She climbed four flights of stairs and finally flung herself, thoroughly exhausted, down on the little bed in her own room. She was so tired that sleep refused to come to her weary body. Far into the night she rolled and tossed and finally sank into sleep.

With the break of day, wakefulness returned; and soon she was dressed and on her way down stairs. But her head was aching, her body tired, and she needed nourishment. Suddenly everything turned black. A restful, peaceful feeling stole over her. She was at home. She heard the lowing of the old cow, the cackling of the hens, the barking of Flip, the old shepherd dog, and the crowing of chanticleer. She went back over the happy days of her childhood when she was contented and care-free. Then came to mind the time of the great drought, when her father's crops had failed, and at last the time when she went to work. She had heard beautiful stories of the city and she longed to go and battle with the world. Her peaceful dream was turned into a night-mare.

Then she awoke and was conscious of a severe pain in her arm, and her head ached severely. Opening her eyes, she looked about her, and soon found out that she was in the hospital. She learned that, having fainted, she had fallen down the stairs and broken her arm. Some one had sent for the ambulance and she was conveyed, still unconscious, to the hospital where she now was. The kind nurse offered to write any letter for her that she desired; so she began dictating a letter to her father and mother.

It was a letter of sorrow and pain, telling the kind parents the hard truth of city life. It was the old, old story of the country girl obtaining work in the city; after she had once begun to send money home she had not been willing to give up and return home defeated; but urged on by her pride she strove in vain and now she told it all and begged that some one would come and get her and take her back home to the quiet country place among the hills of Pennsylvania. Just then a knock was heard and the door was opened by a tall man who entered very quietly, but quickly. The girl on the bed looked up and a bright smile of happiness lit up her countenance and her lips framed one word—"Father!"

"Annie!"

Then the tired form was pressed close against the man's great protecting body.

Explanations were over.

The father and mother had realized the hardships which the girl had to undergo and were continually striving to better their fortunes so she could come back home.

Then, one day, oil was discovered on the farm and the hitherto poor man was a well-to-do person.

Now she was going home. "Home!" Just what that word means no one can know except those who have been separated from home.

Now, all was well, and she returned home, realizing as never before how priceless was that possession.

# A Night in the Sitting-Room

**Arita Harper, '15**

"I love the sitting room," said Son, speaking to his mother, "and I love all the things in there. I have had a good time to-day but I will have to go to school tomorrow, so please let me sleep in there tonight, mother."

"Well," she consented, "since it is your birthday, you may. I am glad you asked me if you could instead of doing as you did Christmas eve, but you must not get up and tell us some fanciful creation of your imagination or some wonderful dream and insist that the thermometer told it to you!"

Son and his mother laughed while she tucked him in safely between the sheets which she spread on the couch and helped him prepare for bed.

As Son lay beneath his warm blankets watching the cool night air fanning the curtains, he heard a low, solemn voice which seemed not to break the quiet stillness but to fit into the dreaminess of the night. He recognized it as the voice of the antique clock when it said, "Here is our little friend again. Brother Thermometer, have you another story for him?"

"Sorry, but I'm too tired to tell one!", responded the thermometer apologetically, "This fickle weather has about worn me out with keeping up with it."

"Please, someone tell me a story!" pleaded Son, "I must go to school tomorrow and I don't know my lessons and it will spoil the end of my birthday if I have to lie here and think of what the cross teacher is going to say! I don't think she ought to scold so, just because I don't know a lesson."

"Better be glad you have a good school to go to," said a voice from the corner and, looking in that direction, Son saw by the moonlight the old walking-stick which he used as a horse when he galloped through the fields or wood.

"When your grandfather was a little boy and even when your father was a boy the schools weren't good ones like they are now."

"Tell me about them," said Son.

"Well, I don't know very much about the inside for I did not grow near enough to see in when I was a tree but I listened to the boys talk when they came out to play at dinner time. The little school house stood in the valley and there was a steep hill on one side of the valley. Near the bottom of this hill was a great oak and in the edge of his shade was a young plant, which promised to be as large as its parent some day, and that was I. There were some bushes and low trees between us and the school house so that I could not see it and it made me want to grow fast and get tall.

"One of the boys whom I liked to watch play was a boy called Dare. He was always doing something.

"One cold day there was snow and ice all over the ground and Dare got tired of watching the other boys coast because he didn't bring his sled that day. I saw him take another boy and go toward the school house. They soon came back dragging a long plank which was about a foot wide and one side of it was coated with a thick layer of ice. My father said it was the plank which they used as a walk-way. Dare took it to the top of the hill, placed it with the ice covered side downward and called to some other boys to come get on. Twelve were seated and when Dare got on behind them there were thirteen. He gave a little push and they shot down the hill so fast I saw nothing but a blue streak until they bumped against my father and then I saw boys flying in every direction! Some were thrown among the bushes, some went rolling down the hill and some were thrown across the stream at the bottom of the hill. They were badly bruised but they got up slowly and limped off. I don't think anyone was seriously hurt but I tell you they didn't try coasting on that plank again!"

"Were you a little tree then?" asked Son after a short pause.

"Yes", said the walking-stick, "I was a little tree then and, O me, how I wished that I was big like the great oak! I am glad now though, that I didn't grow big."

"Why?"

"Because I wouldn't have had all the adventures I have had since I was made a walking-stick. Listen and I will tell you how it happened that I became a walking-stick.

"One day Dare came walking slowly toward us with a big new pocket-knife in his hands. He sat down on a rock beside me and began to play with the knife thoughtfully. Then he began to cut my trunk near the bottom. In a few minutes I was severed from my roots and all hopes of being a great tree were lost! I thought it was awful and wondered what he was going to do. Just then another boy came out there and when he saw Dare he said, 'Master

Johnson sent me out here to tell you to come on with that switch!' and Dare said, 'O well, presently! Come see what a good walking-cane this will make!' The other boy got interested and they both began to carve me and cut off my branches while they talked.

"In a few minutes the boy who came after Dare jumped up and said they had better get a switch and run on to the school house. Dare said he did not want to go because he would get two whippings, one for not knowing his lessons and another for going out there and staying so long with the teacher's knife. They kept on talking and I found that they were afraid to go home or to the school because they knew they would be punished. The other boy sat down and they continued to work on me, at the same time trying to plan a way of escape.

"Suddenly a stern voice said, 'Boys!' and you ought to have seen them jump! It was the school master, but he was so amused at seeing both boys sitting there that he did not try to say much. He picked up me and said, 'a very nice switch, indeed! You get back to the school house!' They scampered on while he leaned against the great oak and laughed."

"Did he whip them?" Son asked.

"No," replied the walking-stick, "he took me to the school house with him, for I was good and strong, and he carried me with him through the Civil War which he had to go to soon after and he kept me until he died. His son then kept me and now the school master's grand-son uses me for a horse. But go to sleep, little fellow, I hope you will study more so you will know your lessons for the day after tomorrow," and Son turned over with a sigh of contentment.

# The Little South Wind's Work

### Dorothy Renn, '14

"Oh! oh! Mother please hurry and let me go. I will be very good and not blow hard. I know just exactly what to do." This was said by the Little South Wind to his mother (Dame Nature) who had been giving him numerous directions as to his behavior. It was spring now and his time for work, and he was very glad.

With one glad whoop he sprang into the air and sped lightly over hill and dale, singing as he went. As he went he whispered to the grasses, flowers and trees to wake up for glad spring was here again.

As he went the farmers came out and greeted him joyfully for he was an old friend to them and their crops. The buds on the trees began to swell and then opened, showing their tender green leaves; the birds of the past summer came back and sang their sweetest songs; the cows and sheep, as soon as they began to come on the hilltops, started off for their summer vacation; the boys of the schools began to practice for their baseball games.

Then as he started back, he paused a moment to get breath. Suddenly a great noise seemed to roll up from every side of the earth. Across the meadow he flew to see what it was all about. It was the D. H. S. boys. They had defeated their only enemy and stood the champions of the East. It was the happiest moment of their lives and thus encouraged they managed to defeat the champions of the West. And all because of the Little South Wind and their girls.

# A Springtime Story

**Blackwell Markham, '13**

It was a beautiful day in early Spring. The little buds, arrayed in their fresh green dresses had begun to peep out from all the trees and the pussy-willows were hanging in their prime. The sun shone brightly with reviving warmth and Dame Nature had stirred the heart of every lover. There was no creature as happy as the mocking-bird, as he hopped from limb to limb.

This bird had arrived before all other birds and he delighted in singing in the fresh Spring breezes. Today as he was singing in the warm rays of the radiant sun, the wind blew over the waving grass and the bright emerald leaves and a modest violet blushed at her exposure. This caught the blithe mocking-bird's eye. Attracted by this smile he hopped down from the limb and began to sing his sweetest song. After a few such demonstrations he had fully won her.

This wooing continued for many days and each morning as the sun reflected its first rays on the diamond dew-drops, he sang to her songs of love and of the life among the trees and of the clear blue sky. Other birds envied the blithe lover, but the violet always remained true.

Just as the sun was setting one afternoon, while the mocking-bird was singing his goodnight song from his leafy bough the leaves gave a sudden rustle and his song was hushed. A sharp stone from the sling of a careless boy pierced his swelling heart and he fell on the ground before his loved one. Stricken with grief she covered him with her bright foliage and kept him free from his murderer's view.

The next morning neither the glorious sun in all his radiance nor the sparkling dew could refresh her for she had died in grieving for her ardent lover.

# The Yarn that Bill Told

**Charles W. Noell, '13**

"Well, Bill, tell us a yarn," said Henry, as Bill came in and threw himself heavily into a chair.

There was a big roaring fire in the grate and Bill leaned back in his chair and took a chew of tobacco before replying to Henry's request.

"Well boys, I don't know whether I have anything that will interest you or not. Anyway I want to tell you about how rawhide stretches.

"It was just about such a day as today has been. Our wood was getting low, and I thought that I had better haul a load or two before it snowed.

"Well, I went out and hooked up the old mule and set out. The wood was only about a quarter of a mile from the house and it didn't take long to get there and get the wood loaded. Well Sir, I hadn't thought about it, but the weather was damp and drizzly and the traces were rawhide. I got on and clucked to my mule. The mule went ahead, but the wagon didn't seem to move. Then I saw what was the trouble. The traces were stretching.

"I jumped from the wagon and went ahead with the mule. When we arrived at the woodpile the wagon wasn't in sight; so I just took the harness off and tied the traces to the gate post. I put the mule into the stable and went in to the fire."

"What did you do about the load of wood, Bill?" asked Henry.

"Well, I didn't worry about the wood. I knew it would come all right. Along about the middle of the evening it turned cool and the sun came out. Then those rawhide traces began to draw up. Sure enough, in about an hour I looked out and saw the wagon coming along just as gay as you please. I went out and stopped her at the woodpile and unloaded."

"Is that all?" asked Henry as he gave a low whistle and looked at the fire.

"Boys," said Bill after throwing his chew of tobacco in the fire, "I don't care whether you believe me or not, but if you can't take my word for it, ask my pa."

# In Sunny Weather

**Ethel Murray, '15**

The squirrel climbs the old oak tree,
Then down again to gather
The nuts that fall so ripe and free
In bright and sunny weather.

The bird spreads out his lovely wings,
And then he mounts the sky,
As sweetest music forth he sings,
And bids the world good-bye.

# The Storm in the Mountains

**William Lewis, '13**

Our camp was situated on a high ridge with huge forests on all sides. It was twenty miles from the nearest railway station, (Stuart, Va.) The store at which the rural postmaster left our mail and from whence we secured our necessary supplies was a good six miles tramp through the mountains. It was the custom for two boys to go daily to this store and get the mail and the needed supplies.

So one afternoon I set out with a companion for the store. We were feeling in very high spirits and expecting letters from home. But the scenery alone would have accounted for our high spirits. No one could have been otherwise. It was simply ideal. The mountain laurel in full bloom, the brilliantly colored birds chatting gayly from the leafy foliage, the magnificent trees in stately array, and the leaping, murmuring frolicsome brook showed nature at her best. The fragrant air and the charms of nature had a peculiar yet a very pleasing effect upon me. My thoughts rose and I was walking in fairyland. A sudden jerk on my arm brought back my senses. There in an opening a few yards ahead, scarcely visible on account of the dense foliage, stood a rude log house which answered the double purpose of a postoffice and a store. We entered and in less than half an hour completed our business.

On emerging we were surprised by what met our gaze. The heavens were darkened by huge clouds, the sun had vanished as if by magic, the birds were no longer to be seen or heard; all was still and gloomy. One of those sudden storms, so common in mountainous regions, was about to burst. Despite the warning of the storekeeper, we proceeded hoping to reach camp before the storm burst. Before three miles had been traversed it suddenly became as black as night and a damp mist hovered over the mountains. Then the storm burst. All the elements seemed to be striving to outdo one another. The rain poured down in torrents, the wind roared, the mountains reechoed with the loud thunder and at quick intervals everything was illuminated with the vivid lightning. There was no turning back; so on we struggled. Blinded and half drowned we groped our way forward. Together we fought the wind and rain, stumbling against trees, thrown by roots and vines yet slowly going forward. Late in the night after the storm had abated we staggered into camp. How we reached it I never understood and do not care to. The whole thing seemed like a dreadful nightmare which is better forgotten.

# EDITORIALS

Every now and then somebody comments upon the fact that Easter this year comes on the twenty-third of March. It is worthy of note that this has not happened since the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six and will not happen again in this century.

Easter is the season of love. If there had been no love there would have been no Easter for "God so loved the World that he gave his only begotten Son," whose resurrection made the first Easter for us and kept "our faith" from being "vain." It behooves us to remember God's love and to meditate on that love, the "love that worketh no ill to his neighbor" and binds mankind together as with a golden chain. At Eastertide there should be no enmity, for bitterness has no place in the gladness of Spring that comes with Easter. It is time to take a fresh start.

The "Easter bonnet" has become the joke of the funny paper, but what harm is there after all in the fact that people desire outwardly to express a bit of their feeling? Clothes do have some influence over us. Who will ever forget his "Sunday clothes"? According to Isaac Erwin Avery they "mean the big, hallowed moments of youth" that "pick up the happiness that is lost when one ceases to go barefooted and contain or reflect the rarest happiness until eyes lose lustre."

Easter and Spring are inseparably linked together, and both remind us of the providence of God.

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

B. M.

Glad is the time of year when we can say farewell to ice and snow and welcome the season of spring with all its beauty and life-bringing agents and the voices which call us to the fields and forests to witness the new awakening. The season of all the year when we feel the gladness and joy of living; when we may lay aside our books for a while in the long afternoons and take a few lessons from the great teacher, Nature. And although March so often ushers in the spring with boisterous winds, eager to play havoc with any wayfarer they chance to meet, still it is the month to be welcomed because it is the one in which Mother Earth first shows her change of dress for the spring season.

But as to the angry breezes, let us remember that we have been told that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and thus not lament our fate too long if we lose our hats or get our shapely curls tossed into an opposite position from their proper one. For the winds have a dutiful mission as well as a playful one. What else would waken the long-slumbering trees and flowers, all nature, and even ourselves from the sleeping spirit of winter. Yes, the sleeping buds and birds and bees awaken and all the babbling brooks that have been silent so long are now loosened from their icy fetters and sparkle with new life. Everything is springing to life and activity. Should we not be influenced by these forces to awaken to newer life and greater life? Especially when Easter comes to remind us of the Great Awakening, the resurrection of our Lord, when we know that He lives and inspires our lives and that this means eternal life for us.

So then at this awakening of spring, this anniversary of the return of life perfected in itself, together with the birds and flowers, let us awaken our minds and spirits, awaken to better work and higher life.

E. L. R.

# LOCALGRAMS

One morning about the first of February our superintendent, Mr. Green, had three Italians, who played the harp, the violin, and the cornet, to play for the pupils during the half hour used for devotional exercises. These musicians played both popular and classical music and every piece was thoroughly enjoyed by both teachers and pupils. We greatly appreciated Mr. Green's thoughtfulness in securing these men to play for us.

On February the tenth Captain Bouterse, of the local Salvation Army, and his brother from Texas greatly entertained the pupils by singing during the chapel exercises. The first song was so much enjoyed that Superintendent Green asked them for a second selection, which was enjoyed as much as the first one. The accompaniment to the songs was rendered by Mr. Bouterse from Texas, who played his guitar. We sincerely wish that we might have these two men to sing for us again.

The two societies, the Blackwell-McIver and the Cornelia Spencer Literary Societies, held a joint meeting in the auditorium of the High School on St. Valentine's night. Members of both societies took part in a delightful program, which was both literary and musical. There were three declamations from members of the boy's society, and "Sam Weller's Valentine," "A Child's Dream of a Star," and "The Cratchitt's Christmas Dinner" were told by girls from the Cornelia Spencer Society. The glee club sang two choruses, and Miss Bertha Boughton, of the domestic science department, sang a solo. After the program was over the evening was turned into a social feature. During the evening refreshments were served by a local caterer. Music for the social part of the evening was furnished by the Durham orchestra. Altogether the evening was a very delightful one.

During the past month we have had pastors from three of the local churches to lead the chapel exercises. They were Rev. Mr. Pearce, Mr. Smith, and Dr. Leyburn. The talks made by these men were very interesting.

# EXCHANGES

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Habit, Kansas—The Tattler, Kinston, N. C.—The Purple and White, Jacksonville, Ala.—The Academy Graduate, Newburg, N. J.—The Ypsi-Sem, Ypsilanti, Michigan—The Rapid Soo, Sioux Rapids—The Tar Heel, Burlington, N. C.—The Columbian, Columbia, S. C.—The Kankakeean, Kankakee, Ill.—The Blue and White, Hammonton, N. J.—The Athenian, New Bern, N. C.—The Sage, Greensboro, N. C.—The Virginian, Norfolk, Va.—

The Habit—This is the first time we have had the pleasure of seeing you among our exchanges but we hope it won't be the last. The Valentine play showed great art.

The Tatler—Your Literary department is fine.

The Purple and White—Where are your stories in the January issue?

The Academy Graduate—Your magazine is exceedingly interesting but where is your exchange Table this month?

The Ypsi-Sem—You, too, are a stranger to our table but you look interesting and we want to see more of you.

The Rapid Soo—We are always glad to get High School papers, and you are one of the best.

The Tar Heel—We wish the amateur journalists all kinds of success.

The Columbian—You are up to your usual standard this month. Your literary department is especially full and interesting.

The Kankakeean—Welcome to our table, we extend you a hearty invitation to "keep-a-coming."

The Blue and White—All your departments are unusually good but we fail to find an Exchange Table anywhere among them.

The Athenian—"Twilight" is a very pretty little poem and we are glad to have "some of the difficult passages in Lycidas" explained so thoroughly.

The Sage—Your stories and poems are dandy!

The Virginian—Why not improve your magazine by having more stories and also a little poetry would break the monotony of your pages.

# JESTER'S TABLE

Everybody's doing it; but the Joke Editors are over-doing it.

* * *

"Do you obey the Bible injunction to love your neighbor?"

"I try to; but she won't let me."—Jester (Columbian).

* * *

Riggs—"I see Mr. Taft will get only five thousand dollars a year at Yale, when he got seventy-five thousand dollars as President. Is that enough?"

Griggs—"Why not? He is getting paid in each case according to the damage he can do."

* * *

Wife—"Why did you tell Baston that you married me because I was a good cook, when you know I can't boil a potato?"

Hubby—"I had to make some excuse, my dear, and I didn't know what else to say."—London Opinion.

* * *

"I am a self-made man, I am."

"Well, I think there is one thing you needn't worry about."

"What is that?"

"Taking out a patent."—Tid Bits.

* * *

The modern Romeo helped his Juliet to descend from the vine-covered balcony.

"Dearest" he said, when she had climbed into the big motor, "shall we take away the rope-ladder?"

Just then the upper window was raised, and the old man leaned out.

"Just you leave that 'ere ladder where it is young feller," he cautioned. "I've got a couple more darters I want to get off my hands."—Tid Bits.

* * *

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor Iron bars a cage."—Durham High School.

"If I love; who loves not me."—Annie Cobb.

* * *

"O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"—Bernard Cheek.

* * *

A combination and a form indeed!—Louis Christian.

* * *

Some folks are like the dog in the fable and are proud of their block and chain.

* * *

**Flat Heresy.**

Miss—: "What did Jessica think of Portia?"

I. M. (2 G.): "She thought her so great that no other woman could equal her. You'd have to get a man to match her."

* * *

"Why couldn't they play cards in the ark?"

"Because Noah stood on the deck."—Ex.

* * *

"A little lemon, now and then
Is good for some conceited men."—Ex.

* * *

"What is Polygon?"

"A dead parrot."—Ex.

* * *

"It's never too late to spend."—Ex.

"Soap, long deferred, maketh the dirt stick."—Ex.

* * *

"Woman's faults are many
Men have only two
Everything they say
And everything they do."

* * *

"The ones who think our jokes are poor
Would straightway change their views
Could they compare the ones we print
With those that we refuse."—Borrowed.

* * *

Mr.—: "What is your name?"

D. H.—: "D-D-D-Donald Hines."

Mr.—: "Well, well, well, where did you get such a name?"

D. H.—: "The preacher who christened me stuttered.—Ex.

Her treading would not bend a glade of grass.—Ruth Fallon.

* * *

"Say, pa, what's a cross-eyed bear?"

"Dunno sonny; who ever heard of a cross-eyed bear?"

"I have; they sang yesterday at Sunday School about, 'Consecrated Cross I'd Bear.' "

* * *

Fickle as the winds, when it comes to girls.—Leon Powell.

* * *

### Faith Cure

Mrs. Green: "Will you remove the snow for a dollar?"

Weary Willie: "Yes'm. Me method is to pray for rain.—Ex.

* * *

Store keeper: "They are society people. They belong to our first and last families."

Customer: "You mean 'first families? ' "

Store keeper: "No first and last. First to ask credit and last to pay.—Ex.

* * *

"Waiter, this coffee is nothing but mud."

"Yes Sir, certainly Sir. It was ground this morning."—Ex.

* * *

Then she will talk, ye gods, how she will talk.—Otey Cunningham.

* * *

Infinite riches in a little room.—Henry Greenberg.

* * *

Then I'll speak to thee in silence.—3rd year?

* * *

And his sunny locks, hang on his temples like a golden fleece.—Lit Glass.

* * *

### Latin

All of those are dead who spoke it
All of those are dead who wrote it
All of those will die who learn it—
Blessed death, they surely earn it.—Ex.

* * *

The fraction leaned over and touched the whole on the shoulder.

"Say," she whispered, nervously, "is my numerator on straight?" —Ex.

Most students flunk because they study too little most of the time, too much part of the time, and not enough all the time.—Ex.

* * *

Tomorrow and Tomorrow—I will study.—Thomas Stokes.

* * *

The Purple and White Magazine wishes to know why we have an advertisement on the back of the cover. Because there is money at the back of it. (Fidelity Bank.)

* * *

If Clarence wrote a book would Ruth Reade it?

* * *

"A nest of singing birds".—4th year Boys.

* * *

"The voice of a lark."—Holland Hutchinson.

* * *

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil."—The lunch sellers.

* * *

"They see the rest and the long sweet rest."—Seniors.

* * *

Teacher—: "Why Jimmy, Jimmy! Have you forgot your pencils again? What would you think of a soldier going to war without a gun."

Jimmy: "I'd think he was an officer."

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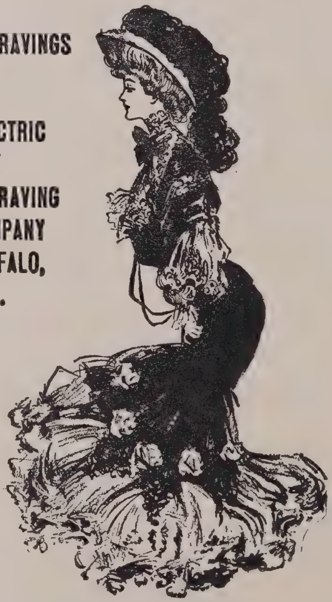

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# MESSENGER

# THE IDES OF MARCH

## [Essay Winning the Engraved Cards in The Seeman Printery Contest]

The old Roman calendar was a queer thing. The ancient Romans named only three days in the month, and counted all the others from these. The Kalends was the first day of the month. The Nonnes came on the fifth day of some months, and the seventh of others. The Ides came on the thirteenth of months which had twenty nine, on the fourteenth of months which had thirty and on the fifteenth of months which had thirty-one days in them. The Ides of March came on the fifteenth and to the Romans it was a feast day or rather a public holiday; But to plain Americans it conveys just one sudden dramatic significance.

Sophomore High school students and all who are acquainted with Shakespere or Roman History know that Julius Caesar (a great man of wars!) met his tragical death on this day. Despite the warning of the soothsayers, that illustrous one went to the senate house, and while we do not say the Ides of March was the cause of his death, (leaving that to fate and Brutus), *we* endeavor to appreciate Caesar giving us something by which to remember him.—Jake Hazlewood, Jr.

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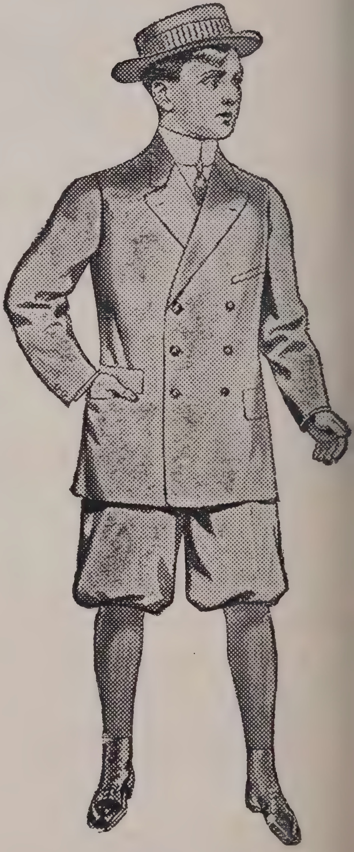

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Volume IX, No. 6 April, 1913

# THE MESSENGER

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# The Tempting of Billy

**Nannie Green, '13**

Have you never had to go to school on a beautiful balmy day—when the birds were singing so blithely that they made you want to sing and when the flowers were smiling so sweetly they made you want to smile and when the gentle breezes frolicked so gayly they made you want to throw down the old thumbed school books and run and gambol in the fields and meadows? I have never had that experience, but Billy did. And there was the tempter too. But oh! Billy Smith, Billy Smith why did you not resist that terrible temptation and go to school? But Billy didn't and thereby hangs a tale.

It was one of those aforesaid spring days and Billy had to go to school. Now Billy loathed school and he detested the idea of being good. But after several persuasions of various kinds he started out to school with a noble resolve—namely to be good. Now being good in Billy's opinion was, not to pull the long copper colored braids of the little girl who sat in front of him and not to hide Amanthi's lunch box and not to put fishing worms in Dorothy Louise's book bag and not to tease Laura Elizabeth and so forth. He also resolved never to snap school any more. Billy's father persuaded him by no gentle means—to make that resolution.

With these high and lofty resolutions, in a dignified manner as becomes one of such noble intentions, he picked up his books, kissed his mother good bye, and started down the straight and narrow path that leads to school. Alas for good intentions and Billy! The broad and easy way and the Tempter were too near—as they always are and too easy to follow.

Well, to go on with the allegory. Billy picked up his books and shouldered them as bravely as Christian ever shouldered his burden, and started down the beautiful sunshiny road.

"Hey-ho! Hey-ho! Billy, oh, Bil-ly," cried a shrill voice down the road. "Wait a minute, can't you?"

"No, I can't," called back the righteous one with his eyes fixed on the straight and narrow path. "Got ter go ter school."

"So've I, you gullyoop, but 'taint late," panted the tempter (for it was he), as he caught up with the conscientious Billy.

"Look a here, Billy Smith they is the beautifulest fishing hole down th' river. Le's go. You ain't never been, have you? It's grand. Johnny says they is about a million fishes down there and I want ter go. We don't have ter go ter the doggoned old school les'n we wants to. I don't, and sides I heard my daddy tell your daddy that he was doggoned whether he'd punish me ef I didn't go ter school. He didn't see, he said, how on top side of creation we c'd set in a doggoned stuffy old school room and study them doggoned old lessons on nice pretty days like this. He said we ought to go fishing instead. It 'ud do us heap more good. An' your daddy, he said he thought so too."

"Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath." But Billy saw beneath the goodly outside. All the plausible arguments of small Freddie were, so far, as seeds sown on stony ground as far as Billy was concerned. Billy was a gentleman of determination—usually. Besides he knew the stretching qualities of Freddie's imagination. He knew very well that their fond parents had expressed no such delightful sentiments.

" 'Sides," began the Tempter again.

"Ain't you 'shamed of yourself, Freddie Moore? They aint said no such a thing. I got the worst whippin' I ever got last time I snapped 'en I'll be jump jiggered if I snap any more." So speaking, the righteous Billy cast a look of indignation at the tempter and walked away, his hands in his pockets and his cap pulled down over his face as if to shut out the evils of the world, with his small body stooped and bent as if it carried all the burdens "that the world masters" on his shoulders.

"All right, Mr. Biggetty goody goody sissy cat. That's all right for you. I heard Marjie Burch say t'other day that she hated goody goody boys. She said that was the reason she liked me so much—'cause I had some spunk"—(Point one for Freddie's cause.) These words of the vain Frederick, Billy knew to be true, for someone had told him that Marjorie said it.

It needs to be explained that the righteous (that adjective seems to suit Billy) one had never been susceptible to the charms of any "old girl," as they were spoken of by him, except Marjorie's. Marjorie with the beautiful golden hair. Marjorie with the big brown eyes. Marjorie in the pink gingham dress and lacy white apron and big pink hair ribbons tying her sunny locks, was simply irresistible.

"Marjie ain't goin' to school today," announced the tempter.

Somehow this statement seemed true to Billy (as we shall see it was). Generally Freddie's imaginative genius was not satisfied with short and simple statements like this. He liked to talk.

By this time they had come to the turning of the road. They had to decide what to do. One way there was school, the way of Righteousness. The other the river, the sunshine, the birds, the flowers and perhaps Marjorie and—Wickedness.

"Cause why ain't she goin' ter school?" asked Billy.

"Why cause her papa is going away on th' train and she wants ter tell him good bye and ter go to th' station with him. Ain't she sweet?" said the tempter again with truth. "And she lost her prettiest handkerchief and she told Sarah Jane she wished she hadn't lost it cause some body or other gave it to her. Don't you think we ought to find it for her?" This was an appeal to chivalry. It was settled. The righteous one fell. He turned his back on the straight and narrow path and faced the broad and crooked road.

Oh, chivalry, chivalry, what crimes are committed in thy name! For Billy repeatedly told his conscience that the right thing to do was to find Marjorie's handkerchief for her.

It is only necessary to recount one more incident to conclude this allegory.

After finding the lost handkerchief,—it really took a long search,—they wended their way to the mansion of the fair one. She was standing at the gate, wearing her prettiest pink gingham, her laciest white apron, her biggest pink bows, and her sweetest sweet smiles. Blushing, she took the handerchief and thanked them with a lovely smile.

After the usual awkward silence, Billy said, "We ain't goin' ter school ter day."

"You aren't? Why?" inquired the fair one in surprise.

" 'Cause it's too pretty out of doors 'n its goody goody ter go to school when you don't want to go" said the now fallen one.

"Indeed! Well I don't think so, and I don't think it is a bit nice of you-all to stay away. My mother says it isn't nice to snap, I mean, it isn't nice not to go to school."

"Why Freddie said————", Billy began, looking around for his fellow conspirator. The tempter was no more. He, being a coward, retreated under the enemy's fire.

"I don't care what Freddie Moore said. I don't like you any more, so there!" And little Miss Marjorie flirted into the house, with a flourish of pink and gold and slammed the door.

Why tell the rest of this tale of woe? It would make you feel sad.

The bitter day of remorse and the punishment both physical and mental is nerve-racking and must be rapidly passed over.

Suffice it to say that as "Life was not made for sorrow" and that Marjorie smiled on Billy once again after a while and after so long a time the smart of pain, mental and physical also wore away and they lived happily ever after—except Freddie. He had a hard time, for he failed to learn that "The ways of the Trangressor are hard."

# The Lost Cause

**Nan Maxwell, '14**

"Then you refuse to marry me because I refuse to agree with you in your beliefs about the suffrage question?" asked the tall young man meekly, and with a this-is-about-the-end ring in his voice, which caused the determined little lady suddenly to feel an altogether uncomfortable pang in her throat, or maybe it was in her heart.

"You know I believe in Our Cause and I think it is large enough to give a life's service to." Her blue eyes sparkled with indignation. "But you," she continued, looking at him defiantly, "you have always tried hard to crush the good work. You have always ridiculed the interest I show in it. You are unsympathetic. You are selfish. But we will show you yet what we can do. I will show you! We will win in the end!"

The little lady was angry now, very much so, at this tall young man. She was surprised, who wouldn't be? He was very greatly changed since they two were children together and had gone to the little old red school house. Then, he had always agreed with her every thought. Indeed he had once given another boy a good thrashing who had dared to assert, that there were no fairies to dance under the old oak tree, in the woods at night. She had imagined there were and he had always agreed with her. But now he was even bitterly opposed to her taking any part in the Woman Suffrage Movement, which she had only joined in search of excitement and for want of something else to do. She was used to having her way and she didn't have to marry him. No, she wouldn't! If he could be stubborn, she could be more so!

"Marjorie," the sound of his voice broke in upon her thoughts like a splash of cold water in the face before awakening. The tall young man allowed the pain in his heart to get into his voice and look from his eyes as he repeated, "Marjorie, you know that I have descended from an old family who have always kept the high ideals of its women as sacred as their thoughts of heaven. The motto of my ancestors has ever been 'Honor est Omnia'. If you would be my wife,—and you know you have the worship of a man's whole heart at your feet,—you would be surrounded by all the things that ought to make a woman happy. You as a woman, know how disgusting a man with feminine qualities is. Well, it is just as displeasing to a man to see a woman with the habits and attributes of a man. It seems impossible to imagine you, marching through the streets, making a display of yourself to be made fun of by the rough, vulgar street beggars and scorned by vile men and women who are not worthy to kiss the ground you walk on. Oh, it is the gentleness of you, and your happy ways that I love! Your heart cannot be in it I know." The tall young man stopped abruptly, turned, walked to the window,—all this happened in the little lady's own sitting room. He stood in a rigid attitude, with his hands deep down in his pockets.

The little lady was somewhat uneasy but too angry still to give in one inch to any reasoning or the argument that the tall young man could give. So they parted, both unhappy, their engagement broken, and with a this-is-not-the-end feeling in their hearts.

It was about one year later, on a cold wintry day, that the now not quite so determined, but still "spunky", little lady was marching down the street, along with a hundred or more women, all with banners flying and straps across their shoulders. Derisive citizens and the inevitable "small boy" were in evidence following on the outskirts of the parade. The cavalcade halted at a street corner where a temporary platform had been erected. Amid cheers from the followers, the little lady mounted hesitatingly to the top of the platform for the purpose of answering the clamor for a speech, defending their rights to march down the street and to do many other things. Suddenly there was an involuntary hush awaiting the first word of the little lady.

The little lady at one minute blushed deep with shame, but as suddenly turned pale with mortification. She was not finding much pleasure in this work as it progressed. The sneering and laughing that had met them at all turns grated harshly on the little lady's sensitive nature. But the tall young man. He had told her she would not abide this part of the game, (yes, he actually called it "game"). At this point the little lady coughed, bowed, and smiled down on the faces and began to speak, not from her heart, oh, no. She had memorized it.

"My friends, the injustice which we, the women of this nation and of this city, are fighting against,"—suddenly without any warning, the little lady's hat was knocked off her head and soft mud trickled down her face. This insult came from the hands of a dirty, ragged, mean looking man who had stopped close to the walk. But this was not all. The little lady, frightened and bewildered, took a step backward, slipped off the low platform and huddled in a heap on the ground. But before any one could make a move, a tall young man who had watched the proceedings from a distance, with his cap pulled down over his eyes, and overcoat collar turned up, arrived on the scene. With the unexpectedness of a mule's kick, he caused the mud thrower to measure his full length on the ground. The tall young man stopped not more than an instant, but parted the now agitated and gesticulating onlookers, from both sides, as he rushed to where her offended sisters were raising the dazed little lady from the ground. He pushed them away, took hold of the little lady not roughly but with decision. Without so much as "by your leave" he led her through the curious crowd and put her into his machine, which had been waiting for him close by. The driver knew his business, and the aforesaid "little boys" scattered right and left.

The little lady sank back upon the seat and turned her face away. What did the tall young man do, did you ask? Why he put his hand in his pocket, took out his handerchief, and wiped the mud-stains from the face of the little lady. Then he put his hand back in his pocket.

Did you ask who spoke first, and what did they say to each other? Well, I don't know any more than you do. Only now the little lady tells her husband that she was only joking, anyhow, about her heart being so much in the cause. To bring her blue eyes above the middle button of his coat he always says "The Lost Cause, my Dear." Then they clash.

# When Ralph Came Home

**Eula Roberts, '13**

Ralph was a mere stripling, when he decided that he could best make his fortune in other parts of the world. Yielding to that youthful impulse and the burning desire to "be on the move" as he expressed it, he left one day when no one knew he so intended. Indeed, his loving parents had decided that Ralph had abandoned his "wild ideas" and resolved to stay on the farm. His father had said, "Ralph, my boy, you are too young and you've got wild notions in your silly brain. But just wait 'till you're older and you'll outgrow that and have better sense."

"And you know how much we'd miss you, dear, and you'd get homesick for me and your dad and your own god bed when you'd be tired. Wait till you're older, son, and maybe you'll think differently."

But Ralph knew better. He had a desire for adventure. He firmly believed that the only way to be a man and to make good in his career was to go where he knew and was known by no one.

After Ralph Rollins went away his father tried to get news of his boy, but to no avail. It seemed that he was not to be found. After much uneasiness and fear for their boy the fond parents gave up the search and trusted that the fact of his being alone without friends and with little money, would bring him back in the near future. But the years sped on and Ralph did not appear. The anxious mother watched, wept, and waited and finally gave him up to be lost—dead.

It was true that Ralph had trials and was often sick at heart and longed to return and throw himself into his mother's outstretched arms, but when he remembered her words of warning and his heedlessness his pride and shame prevented the prodigal's return. "No", he said, "I'll wait until I have a fortune, then I'll go back home and share it with them." And Ralph did wait, waited until it was almost too late.

But one beautiful spring morning found him entering the station of the town near his old home. How changed he was. Ralph was a man to be honored, almost feared. He had ripened into vigorous manhood and had the bearing of a man whose influence is felt around him. He swung his suit-case with the air of an experienced traveler and seemed to take no special notice of anyone. He saw not a familiar face, for Ralph, being such a lad when he left, was not well known in the town. He made his way on out the road leading to the farm.

"What a suprise I'll give them!" he laughed to himself. "Dear mother, she'll be so glad to see me. My! how the town has grown out this way! Guess father could get a handsome price for his few acres now. I must see about that."

He saw few travelers that morning and he knew none of them. He met one old lady with a basket under her arm and a bonnet which almost concealed the wasted features from the intense gaze of the stranger. Her steps were slow and feeble and she seemed much wearied by the walk. Once Ralph had seen her rest by the side of the road.

"Poor old woman," he said, "wonder what she carries in that great basket? Market produce to buy the family groceries, I guess. What pitiable creatures in this world thus struggling to maintain existence." By this time he had come in sight of the place of his birth. He had pictured the quaint farmhouse with his mother in the door and his father at the well as he had so often seen them. But, lo! was it true? He brushed a hand before his eyes to make sure there was no mistake. Yes, the horrible truth remained. The house was not to be seen. In its stead a massive brick structure graced the scene and around it were cottages all built alike and painted alike. The place had been transformed into a mill settlement and where were his parents? A great tremor shook his frame as the idea suggested itself that they too might have vanished forever from his sight as had the home.

Collecting his thoughts Ralph walked to the nearest of the yellow cottages and as a wan-looking woman met him he asked doubtfully: "Could you tell me anything about a Mr. Rollins who used to own this district some ten or twelve years ago?"

"No, Sir, I have lived here only a little while and know very little about the place. But there's an old lady who has a room in the next house. I think they say she has lived here for a long time and even before the factory was built and that's why she will not leave."

"Yes," hopefully, "what is this lady's name?"

"I don't remember, but she might tell you about your friend, Mr. —what is his name?"

"Rollins. Jonathan Rollins."

"Rollins? Why, that's the old lady's name."

"Thank you, thank you," hastily replied Ralph, and hastened eagerly to the next house. At the door he was told that Mrs. Rollins had gone to the nearby town as was her custom to do every Tuesday if her health was sufficient.

Ralph gasped, "Alone? How was she traveling?"

"Yes. She was walking. Had a basket which she carries to bring back her groceries."

Then that was his mother, that poor beggar-woman. Ralph was astounded. Little had he expected to find her in such poor circumstances. Doubtless his father had died years ago, and who was to blame for this state of affairs? He reproached himself for his folly. But was it folly? It would not have been had he not waited so long to return. Now he was not wealthy but he was a man of good means and was prospering in business. He had a gentle wife and two lovely children. Now he had come for his parents to go and share his prosperity with him and what had he found?

Sweet was the moment when Ralph's old mother recognized her only son.

"O my boy! My darling! My joy and my sorrow. The dead has come to life." Ralph took her in his arms and told her that she must go back with him to live with his family and to love and be loved by them. Yes! she would go. Go with Ralph to his wife and to her two grandchildren whom she had never seen. Would she be happy? Happy, indeed so long as she had Ralph and nothing could separate her from him. She would live the rest of her days as full of joy and happiness as her former ones had been full of tears and disappointment.

# The Modern Joseph

### Ben Muse, '14

## Chapter One

And there dwelt in the the country districts of Colorado a fairly well-to-do farmer and sheep-raiser by the name of Jacob Dunnegan. He had twelve sons, of which the youngest and most spoiled by his father was Joseph.

It came to pass that one night Joseph had a dream, which in the morning he related to the rest of the family. "In my dream," he said, "I saw eleven turnips and two cabbages in a circle. In the center of this circle I beheld a big yellow pumpkin, and written on it in large, clear letters were the words, 'Josephus Oleandus Dunnegan.'" When Jacob and his other sons got on to his drift, they waxed exceeding wroth, and commented in words, which sounded thusly: "Gush!" "Talking through his hat." "Big head." etc.

Nevertheless, on the next night he again dreamed a dream, which he likewise related. "In my dream," he said, "I beheld a maiden breaking eggs. She broke one and exclaimed, ''Tis overripe.' Then she opened another and its age was indicated by the odor. And so on to the fourteenth egg, and all were rotten save the last. This one, as fresh as the morning dew, bore the words, 'Josephus Oleandus Dunnegan.'" Again, he was greeted with epithets the same as yesterday.

Now Joseph was Jacob's favorite son and Jacob gave him a nobby little English cut coat with large brown checks which caused his brothers greatly to envy. Envy grew into hate, and one day when they were in the fields, they stripped him of his outer raiment, and seeing an airship flying overhead, hooked him to the anchor by his belt, and bade him farewell. Selah.

Then they began to discuss how to make it right with the pater. At last they hit upon a plan. One of them took Joseph's new coat and, killing a goat, sprinkled it with blood. When they came home they lied that Joseph had gotten drunk and fallen asleep upon the railroad track, when the Denver and Northern disconnected him.

Jacob could not be wroth, but was filled with grief at the loss of his son.

## Chapter Two.

It came to pass that in Sing Sing prison, New York, there dwelt a young man, who was quite like our friend Joseph in appearance. Tim had for a long time been studying upon a method of escaping, and about midnight, in the absence of his guard, he sawed a hole through the roof and accomplished his desire. So much for Tim.

## Chapter Three

Joseph, as we remember, was left dangling from the anchor of the airship. The party above never discovered his freight, and Joseph travelled in this manner for miles and miles, until it seemed to him that ages had elapsed since he left his home. Night came on, and in spite of his cramped position, he fell asleep. The anchor not being securely tied, gradually became loose from the rope. Joseph was awakened near midnight by a sudden drop and he continued to fall, down, down, down!

## Chapter Four

When the guard returned to Tim's cell shortly after midnight, he was astonished at the sight. Tim had changed to a shaking, excited fellow, who said that his name was Joseph Dunnegan. Instead of his striped suit, he apparently wore the clothes of a free man, except that he lacked a coat. Here was surely a problem, but the guard was adept at the art of putting two and two together and he found this solution. Tim had secured clothes somewhere and attempted to escape through the hole which he now espied in the roof. He had, however, fallen and the rest of his conduct was a brave stab at an assumed role. So, in spite of the fervid remonstrances, the guard pronounced a few appropriate curses and departed.

## Chapter Five

(If plot thickens too rapidly apply moderate quantity of warm water.)

Two years later Joseph or Tim—the guard had never determined which—had become quite settled to his fate. However, he found his knowledge of dreams a very pleasant method of diversion, and nearly every morning he was called on by some fellow-prisoner to interpret a dream.

One night the great financier and banker, John Pierpont Morris dreamed a dream which disturbed him greatly. No one could be found to interpret it, until finally one of the servants heard that there was an interpreter of dreams in Sing Sing prison, and Joseph was sent for.

Joseph heard the dream related and said that it meant that in twelve months a panic would be upon the land, and that if the proper preparations were made the Great Morris would not only save his pile, but make a handsome rake-off.

In gratitude for his services, a pardon was soon obtained for Joseph. J. O. Dunnegan was then taken into partnership and he rose rapidly until he became in the words of the daily papers, a "Money King."

Though Joseph was now in a high position he did not forget his friends. He wrote to his aged father that he was alive and invited him to come to New York and with his brothers share his good fortune. Selah.

# Bob's Wireless Apparatus

Mary Erwin, '13

"Never you mind, Miss Roberta Hudson, some day you'll be glad I've got this wireless apparatus—you just wait and see," and with a slam he went out of the room. Roberta sighed and then shrugged her shoulders—she was used to her brother's ways, especially his love for his wireless instruments. She didn't believe the wireless would work and so they always quarrelled about that one thing.

Roberta and Robert Hudson were twins and lived with their father, Captain Bob, in a tall, strong lighthouse. It was perched high up on the cliffs and was one of the most important lighthouses on the coast of hidden shoals and sharp cruel rocks that made the sailors dread that cape. Roberta had been off to boarding school for several years but Bob had not been off as much as she. He was a great lover of mechanical things and was working on something all the time. He had really a fine apparatus, bought and made by himself and he was justly proud of it. The apparatus was fixed up in the top of the lighthouse and there he spent most of his time.

As Roberta came out into the sunshine the next morning she saw the dory come out into the little harbor and knowing it brought mail she ran swiftly down to the edge of the water.

"Yes, Miss Roberta, I'se brought you a letter in a leetle blue envelope; here 'tis."

"Oh, thank you Captain May," and she ran quickly away to open it.

A minute later she burst in on Bob with shining eyes.

"Bob, listen at this, I'm just perfectly crazy about it and I must go. I'll wear my white duck suit and hat to match. I know I'll have such a good time," she ended breathlessly.

"Well, will you please tell me what you are talking about?" asked Bob in perplexity.

"Of course, it's just this," and she put a letter before him. Anna and Bell Phillips (I met them at school you know) are going for a yachting trip today and have invited me. They will come by for me and take me up. Isn't that fine?" "But 'Berta, father's not here and," looking up at the sky, "and the Nor'easter's due."

But after much coaxing she obtained the permission she sought and ran immediately down the steps to dress. After a little, Bob saw a trim little vessel come into port and watched his sister board her, waving her handkerchief to him good bye, and then she was gone.

All day Bob worked on his apparatus and did the chores around the lighthouse alone. His father had gone over to the town B—— across the bay and had not returned and so Bob stayed up in his tower room happy to be working on his beloved instruments.

At last with a sigh of satisfaction he sat back and looked over his apparatus. "Yes", mused he, "I believe its perfect. I wished I had some message to send on her."

At this moment he noticed how dark it had become and then there was a blinding flash of lightning and a crash of thunder and the Nor'easter was on. For some time he was busy in shutting windows and seeing that all was well. Then he turned on the lights and soon the bright flash went out over the rough waves. Somehow he was uneasy and wandered restlessly up and down the steep stairs, often scanning the sea. But all at once another sound came to his ears. Was it the waves on the rock or just the sound of thunder, he wondered. "Ah, a vessel stranded on Devil's Den, I wonder who she can be, she's calling for help," as the boom boom, of a cannon sounded.

"I see the name but I can't read it, so I'll get the glasses. "The Queen Elizabeth," slowly read he, "Why where have I heard that before? Oh, its the boat Roberta went in. What shall I do, and she's in horrible danger, the boat might sink at any time and they will be dashed against the sharp rocks. Oh dear, the mast is falling and she struck!"

Meanwhile Roberta had spent such a nice time on board. There had been games and dances and then such a nice lunch had been served by the Chinese cook, Sang Lee. The first warning they had of the storm was when Sang came in, his eyes wide with terror for this was his first experience on board. "Oh," he wailed, "A velee bad storm, it come up, wave it roll high and high, it am velee velee bad storm."

Then everything was in confusion, the captain shouting orders at the top of his voice, sailors running to and fro, the falling of the mast, and above all, the sound of the thunder.

Roberta crept away from the terrified boys and girls and slipped on a raincoat and cap and went up on deck. She could scarcely keep her foothold for the waves dashed up, drenched her, and the wind swept over her as if to carry her along with it. Although the ship was a small vessel it was a staunch craft and breasted wave after wave bravely.

After some time had passed she at length could stand it no longer and started to the cabin. But suddenly she stopped in dismay and then called as loud as she could to the Captain.

"Captain, don't go on, you will strike Devil's Den. Don't you understand? There's the lighthouse and it's warning us not to go on."

But now the ship was beyond the power of man. On and on she went madly to her destruction. With a shuddering and a dull scraping sound the ship grounded and immediately the cry went up. "She's struck, the ship's struck!"

Only a mile from the lighthouse and yet what could one lonely boy do against this terrible storm and sea! No little boat could live in this sea and it were madness to attempt it. Roberta waved her handkerchief over her head as a signal and tried to attract the attention of the lighthouse.

Bob saw the handkerchief and sighed despairingly. No, it was impossible for him to go to them even if he would. What could he do? He dropped into a chair and unconsciously fingered his wireless instruments until looking down a smile spread over his face. "I'll do it, by Jove, I will," he said to himself, and straight way began to tinker with the machine.

Soon the flashes of the instrument told him that all was well. After trying several times he at last got B—— and soon was calling for help.

Anxiously he waited. Had they heard his message and could they understand it? Suddenly his heart gave a bound, for surely that was a flash, and another and another.

"Will come to aid of distressed vessel—B——," was the message and how much relieved he was.

An hour later he joined a life saving crew and together they fought their way to the dangerous reefs which formed Devil's Den. Nearly all the night they labored. Many times the boat was driven back and the life ropes broken, but at last every one of them were brought to the lighthouse. But Roberta, drenched with salt spray, lay senseless in her room until Bob thought of calling in the doctor, when just at that moment she slowly opened her eyes and smiled.

"Bobby," she said, "I take all that back about the wireless, it's all right and I think you are just fine." And then she closed her eyes and went to sleep.

# A Surprise

**Victor Bryant, '14**

The little town was quietly sleeping in the valley. On a high hill, to the right of it, was Blaine's College of Medical Research. The only light to be seen was the intermittent twinkle of a candle in one of the college buildings. The town clock had just finished striking the hour of twelve; when a solitary man with a sack slung over his shoulder, emerged from a dense wood, and started across a field. He was walking in nervous haste. If any one had noticed him closely it would have been seen that he was none other than Charles Randolph.

Seven year before Charles Randolph had come to the little town, fresh from a medical school. He had started in business as an undertaker, but had never been known to have a case. He was a man of queer habits. He often slept in the daytime and was awake at night. Of course of the few friends that he had, the most intimate of these was the professor of Physiology at the college. He had also been seen in the vicinity of the graveyard. Whatever the suspicions of the people were, if they had any at all, were never made known to him. However, his peculiar habits and especially his night journeys often made him an object of curiosity to them.

Tonight he was on one of these trips. Once, while passing through the woods, he stopped abruptly at the hoot of an owl, then he went on.

"I'll have to hurry if I get the body for him tonight," he murmured to himself. He gained the top of the hill and looked back at the college. Once he caught the momentary flicker of a candle in one of the buildings. He chuckled softly to himself and said, "Old Jones is getting ready for me. I knew he would." Then he turned his back on the college and started off. He reached the cross-roads and waited. Presently an automobile rolled up and a man got out.

"Well Charlie," he began, "we have got a sight of work before us tonight.'"

"Yes," answered Randolph, "and if the professors don't pay us more I am going to quit this business. It's too risky."

Then they walked on in silence for a while. Finally the silence became unbearable, and it was Randolph who broke it by saying, "What were the circumstances of this fellow's death, Bill?"

"Well," replied Bill, who was glad to have the silence broken, "they say that he stole some books, and that on being charged with it, got sick and died suddenly."

Soon they reached a single grave in some thick woods. Charlie started digging and Bill to arranging the sack. After a while the spade gave a ring and Charlie bent down to open the coffin. Just as he pried the lid of the coffin off, the moon came from behind the clouds. Charlie, who was looking into the coffin emitted an unearthly yell and fainted. Bill ran to the coffin and looked in. There, peacefully reposing on the bottom of the coffin was not a dead body as he had expected; but only two books; "Marcus Tullius Cicero's Orations" and "Bennett's Latin Composition."

# The Haunted Mill

### Ralph Aiken, '15

Several years ago, during the Christmas holidays, I decided to visit some relatives living quite a distance across the Virginia line. We had been having splendid weather, and the roads were good. I expected to get as far as a Mr. Hodges, a friend of my father's the first night, and finish my journey the next morning.

All went well and I was making good time. I began thinking I would get to my destination early. But just about four o'clock it began raining, then to snow. I was in a strange neighborhood, and saw no house where I might stop. A little later on it began to get dark. Suddenly I realized I was lost. I drove on a mile or two, hoping I might come across a house. Presently I came upon a strange looking building. I turned and drove up into the yard to investigate. It was a tall old building with a low shed on the lower side. It had a chimney at one side. The window panes were broken, and the weather had played havoc with the shingles and weather boarding. I saw the water wheel and the race, then I knew that it was an old deserted mill. The snow having increased within the last few minutes, I decided to stay there that night.

I began unhitching my horses. Just as I led them to the door, I heard something falling like a heavy beam. I did not notice it much. "Just an old block loosened by a rat," thought I.

I put my horses in the old shed on the lower side of the mill. I then started to go inside where I might make a light and have some fire.

I pushed on the door and started in, but just as I did, I heard that same noise like a beam falling, and an unearthly scream. I was so frightened that I fairly fell back from that door. This time I knew that there must be something in this old mill. I had no idea that there could be any one living in this old place and started to go around on the other side but the noises seemed to be following me. Now, I am not a superstitious sort of fellow, but I ran to my buggy and stood there until that noise ceased. I then concluded I would try again. I went quickly to the door and swung it wide open and went in, making a great deal of noise. I went to the old chimney and struck a light. There were some old corn husks in the fireplace and I held my match to them and started a small blaze. I piled on some more old scraps of wood and soon had a roaring fire.

I sat there nodding, when suddenly I heard other strange noises. They seemed to be moving from place to place. I could not see anything, although they were apparently near me. I could not make up my mind whether to go out or stay where I was. I had never believed in anything like haunts or ghosts, but it looked as if I might soon become an ardent supporter of that belief.

The noises continued. They sounded very far away as if they were going entirely out of hearing; then they came back, I could hear a variety of peculiar sounds. Some as if someone were in great pain, also I heard a noise like a heavy chain was being dragged about over the floor. My hair stood on end. I was thoroughly frightened. I was about to decide that this was no place for me, and that I had better be going. But I thought that it would look very silly; so I decided to stay—I knew that although I had heard noises like something falling, I had felt no jar.

I began to sing, thinking I would drive these strange noises from my mind. I had always heard that these things were more or less the result of imagination. I had no more than started, when the noises began afresh. They came this time in a loud tattoo as if to keep time to my music.

This was too much for me. I got up and rushed out to the shed where my horses were. They seemed nervous and snorted at my approach.

I soon quieted the horses and their company had a good effect on my nerves. I spent the rest of that night in the shed with the horses. I did not sleep very much, the noises continuing through the night more or less loud. Sometimes low moans, then screams, or a sound like something falling down steps, were heard.

I was glad when I heard the first rooster crow. I wanted to get away from that weird place as soon as possible. As soon as it was light enough to see how to hitch up my horses I left that place. I found the right road, and drove to Mr. Hodges in time for breakfast. While his hospitable wife was making me feel good with coffee, I told them of my experience of the night before. They were very much surprised, and told me that that old mill was haunted. The story ran, that the miller had been a very wicked man. He had killed a man by drowning him in the race. I did not say much, but I was not at all slow to believe that the place was haunted.

# Once Upon a Time

**Mozelle Newton, '14**

The time of this story was long years ago when kings and princes ruled the earth and everything seemed filled with joy and peace, and trouble was a thing almost unknown to the good people.

On this particular day, everything was sublime. Nature was transforming the earth from its gloomy clothes of winter to the beautiful garments of spring, and it seemed that she had not left a stone unturned in performing her task.

The whole earth seemed bursting with joy as the wind whispered sweet messages to the leaves and breathed soft kisses on them. The waving daisies turning their pretty faces upward; here and there was disclosed a soft carpet of green grass sprinkled with forget-me-nots.

Through the field on this day, a lovely maiden, apparently of about sixteen years, was wandering slowly. But her beautiful face was by no means in harmony with her surroundings, for she was sad and did not even notice the birds as they sang their sweet carols to her. Her eyes were dimmed with tears and at times she would wipe them with the corner of her dirty, grimy apron.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" she sobbed pitifully, "I cannot and will not bear this cruel treatment!"

Weary and exhausted she dropped on a large rock near at hand and cried to her heart's content. At each thought of the cruelty she suffered at the hands of her step-mother she burst forth afresh.

As she sat weeping and turning all these bitter thoughts over in her mind, she felt a light tap on the shoulder and looking up she saw the most beautiful creature she had ever seen. Seemingly she was a butterfly because she had light gauze wings of the most brilliant color, but still she had a human face.

"Why these sad tears, my dear? And why do you seem so lonely when all the world is glad?" she asked softly and sweetly.

At first Bluette, for that was the girl's name, was so overcome by the beauty and kindness of the stranger, that she could not speak, but at last she burst forth with all the feeling of her soul, "Oh, good fairy, take me with you—anywhere; it doesn't matter. Anything to be rid of this terrible place!"

"My dear, calm yourself," said the fairy, "and tell me about yourself."

Gradually Bluette ceased to sob and she told the fairy all about her miserable life. How her mother had died when she was but a child and her father marrying again had had the misfortune of taking a witch for his wife. Because her step-daughter was beautiful and because she was so ugly the step-mother had grown violently jealous and did everything in a witch's power to make Bluette's life miserable. She made her scour, wash, and do all the hard work, and was always finding some impossible tasks to set before her and then seizing every available opportunity of pinching and slapping her, thinking thereby she would make her step-daughter ugly. And Bluette told the fairy how on this day she had set her weaving straw into gold, which of course, being impossible, she had failed to do, giving her step-mother a good chance to beat her. And Bluette had slipped out, unnoticed, and had come to the open meadow to fight out her battle of grief.

The kind fairy was touched with pity, but she meditated a good while before she spoke because she knew that this step-mother of whom Bluette spoke was none other than her worst enemy the Witch of Jealousy.

At length she said, "Well, Bluette, at present I can't do anything to relieve your situation, but if you will wait for a couple of weeks I will see what I can do to free you from your step-mother's power."

Bluette's heart was somewhat lightened by the promise of the fairy and she told her she would bear the troubles a while longer if possible.

The fairy was glad to see that the girl had so much faith, and she said, "Come here to this place three weeks from today at this same hour and I promise, unless something unusual happens in Fairyland, your wish shall be fulfilled and you shall find someone who will free you from your witched home. But you must watch very closely and not let it escape you for I promise you it will not be an easy matter to find your liberator. Now run home and try to make the most of bad luck until I can help you."

So Bluette went home feeling better than she ever had and was so light hearted about her work that her step-mother was surprised and determined to make the tasks even harder so that Bluette's good looks should not be improved by smiling.

At last the three weeks of pinching and slapping so patiently borne by Bluette passed, and when the day came for her to go to the rock she was so happy she could hardly control herself.

She tripped through the fields so lightly that all the trees and flowers whispered among themselves about it and the birds burst forth into their carols with new life.

When she arrived at the rock she did not see anyone, but she was not discouraged for she thought possibly her friend was a few minutes late.

But as she sat there and the minutes lengthened into an hour she began to wonder what was the matter and way down in her heart she began to doubt the fairy's faithfulness just a little.

Alas! She had forgotten the most important thing the fairy had told her—that the liberator would not be easily found.

Glancing down at the ground with eyes bedimmed with tears she saw an ugly brown butterfly with one of its wings crushed.

Moved with pity she picked it up and smoothed it tenderly.

"Oh my dear", said the butterfly much to the surprise and fright of Bluette, "you are so kind to me. I was afraid I wouldn't like you, but you are so pretty I love you already."

"Are you the one who came to free me?" asked Bluette a bit doubtfully, and yet kindly, lest she might hurt its feeling.

"I free you?" he said in amazement, "why I thought you were to free me."

"Well, that's funny," said Bluette, as she told the butterfly the story of how the fairy had promised to help her out of her trouble.

He in turn told his story of how he had been bewitched and turned to a butterfly by a jealous relative who wanted his throne and how he was doomed to stay so until someone promised to marry him as a butterfly.

"Now, my dear Bluette," he said tenderly, "it seems that as we are placed in this position by the fairy we must follow her suggestion. Don't you think so?"

Bluette, a little doubtfully and shy, blushingly nodded and the moment she did so the butterfly regained his natural shape of a prince and had at his command a chariot drawn by two fiery horses and they rode away, were married, and lived happy ever after.

# The Coming of Spring

### Arita Harper, '15

Spring is coming,
I feel it in the air.
Clouds are coming,
Soft rain for plants they bear.

Birds are coming,
They fly from tree to tree.
Clover's coming
To welcome back the bee.

Flow'rs are coming,
Of life to have their share.
Spring is coming,
The signs are ev'rywhere.

# EDITORIALS

Spring Fever! Who is there who does not know the moment the dread disease gets abroad? It hovers over the whole world and especially over the school children. It is the one thing that we know afar off. We feel it "coming on" with the first bright spring day that the late Winter borrows. The symptoms are unmistakable; they are in body and soul. We have an irresistible desire to yawn and stretch ourselves and we know that Spring Fever is here. It seems to come at the most inopportune time; for it comes just when all the energy and will power of the students are needed and destroys both. This malady must be caused by the changing of seasons and yet it seems that Spring should stir us and give us a new life. And the bold call this malady Laziness.

We awake with the sun streaming into our faces and sleepily turn to peer at the clock and lo! it is nearly eight o'clock. Then comes the dreadful temptation not to shine our shoes. Next we gather our books—sometimes they're not hard to gather because their rest has hardly been disturbed for Spring fever does not make us have an "anxious thought for the morrow."

We skim through the day, dodging the teachers, following the line of least resistance. We do not see anything very clearly for we can't get our minds on the lessons. We find ourselves wondering what sort of team we are going to have and whether any of the old-time twirlers will have any faithful followers or not. And then the study hall! Spring fever desecrates that safeguard. We wonder how we used to get so much done in one period.

Then best of all comes the one near-remedy for Spring fever, the two-ten bell. Then, at least, our fever goes down a degree or two and with decreasing temperature our thirst for knowledge is almost satisfied and we sigh for the land that the Lotus Eaters found, where "it seemed always afternoon."

However, the only way to be cured of this Spring fever is to plunge early into your work and keep "steady on your job" so that when it does come you will be too busy at your work to fool with it. When the spring fever doctor comes along with his guaranteed cure a new day will dawn for the educational world.

# LOCALGRAMS

The main topic of interest this past month has been the inter-high school debate. On the twenty-first of February the Durham High School sent two debaters to Goldsboro where they contested with two debaters from that school, winning the affirmative side of the woman suffrage question. On the same night another two of our boys met two boys from the Rocky Mount High School, and in this debate at home the D. H. S. boys, by an unanimous vote, won the negative side of the same question. On March the sixth and seventh two preliminary contests were held at the University of North Carolina. The schools entering this first preliminary were those which had won both sides of the first debate on the twenty-first of February, there being about sixteen schools which were successful in the first test. In the first preliminary both the negative and the affirmative defenders from D. H. S., were successful. In the second preliminary the D. H. S., boys representing the negative side won, but the boys from Pleasant Garden, a high school in Guilford county, who represented the affirmative side received two votes, while the boys from D. H. S., received only one. Thus it was that Durham and Pleasant Garden coupled in the final contest, Pleasant Garden winning by a vote of 3 to 2. However, although Pleasant Garden won by the decision of the judges we do not feel altogether defeated. We have one consolation, that the loving cup does not yet belong to Pleasant Garden. It must be won twice in succession by the same school before any school can claim it for its own, so we have yet a chance to win it. We are proud of our boys because they put up a good argument and gave their very best. And we feel that the representatives from Pleasant Garden were a little more than an equal match for our boys. They were young men who have represented their school for the last four years, while our defenders were merely boys, only one of whom had before represented our school, and he only once. We feel like giving our boys all the encouragement we can, for they were certainly loyal defenders. And who knows but that the cup will be ours next year! Let us work for it.

On March the third Dr. Graham, the President of Hampden-Sydney College, Virginia, made a chapel talk to the high school students. Dr. Graham talked of the elements of success. He said that some boys want to make money, some want to become governors, others want to be a congressman, and their highest ambition is to be president of the United States. "Hard work", said Dr. Graham, "brings this success. A person must be energetic and industrious, and must work out things for himself, for there is no excellence without great labor. One must have training, that is, having their energy properly applied, and they must have perseverance enough to stick to their tasks. All these things worked in together bring success." Dr. Graham ended this delightful talk about success by saying that he would like for all the graduates who desired to do good work to come to Hampden-Sydney, for he said "you have not completed your work when your high school life is ended." Then he gave a short sketch of this historical old college which is older than both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. His talk, which was one of the best we have heard this year, was greatly enjoyed.

On March the seventh Dr. M. T. Adkins of Baltimore sang two solos at the chapel services. Dr. Adkins has a splendid voice and we greatly enjoyed hearing him.

The annual contest to choose a declaimer to represent the high school in the Elon College Declamation Contest was held in the auditorium on the night of March 14th and Victor S. Bryant Jr., was the successful contestant. This was one of the best contests ever held in the high school and twelve boys tried for the honor. Henry Greenberg was the second choice of the judges. The contest will be held in the Elon College chapel on the Friday night before Easter and our representative will declaim "The Old North State."

The judges of the contest were Messrs. D. H. Wilcox and A. S. Hobgood and Rev. R. C. Craven. The following boys entered the contest: Joel Muse, Bernard Cheek, Marion Fowler, Henry Greenberg, David Brady, Ralph Aiken, James Hornaday, Ben Muse, Victor Bryant, Isador Ablekop, Clarence Boyles, and Edgar West. The new officers were inuagurated at the beginning of the meeting, and the new president presided.

# JESTER'S TABLE

### Her Experience

Prof. Wiser:—"What effect does the moon have upon the tide?"
Sweet Co-ed:—"None! It effects only the united."—Ex.

* * *

### It Beats Pepsin

Bill:—"I'm afraid that goat will be sick. He's eaten up a lot of newspapers."

Jill:—"I guess he'll be all right. The last thing he ate was the LiteraryDigest."—Ex.

* * *

Aunt Martha, (reading from the New Thought Magazine):—"Whatever pleases the eye rests the mind."

Small Fannie (in fagged tone):—"Then Aunty, please lemme get out my new shoes an' put 'em down where I kin look at 'em. Mebbe I kin get this ole geography lesson easier after that."

* * *

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.—Business department.

* * *

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.—Eula Roberts.

* * *

Mr. Bell:—"Yes, we all have sulphur in our bodies; although some have more than others."

Stan:—"Oh, I guess that's why some girls make better matches than others."—Ex.

* * *

"Why", said she, "is your hair so gray and yet your whiskers so black?"

"Well," replied her father, "you see, my hair had a seventeen years' start on my whiskers."—Ex.

Though lost to sight, to memory dear—The loving Cup.

* * *

Here's to the Joke Editors.—May they live to be as old as their Jokes.—Ex.

* * *

Musical as is Apollo's lute.——Fourth Year Boys.

* * *

Wilfred was sitting on father's knee watching mother arranging her hair.

"Papa hasn't any Marcel waves like that," said father; and Wilfred, looking up at father's bald pate, comforted him thus: "Nope, no waves; it's all beach."

* * *

A young preacher went fishing for trout, accompanied by a couple of girls from his parish. A farmer who was also out fishing called to the young clergyman:

"Ketchin' many trout?"

"I am a fisher of men," said the young preacher with dignity.

"Well," the farmer smiled, looking at the girls, "I see you've got the right kind of bait with you."—Ex.

* * *

It was February second, the first Sunday in Lent, and the preacher had carefully explained to his small Sunday School Class the significance of the different days. Then wishing to test the results of his teaching he asked, "Now, what is today called?"

A small hand went up and little Mary piped out: "Please sir, its ground hog day."

* * *

Magistrate:—"And what was the prisoner doing?"

Constable:—" 'E were 'aving a very 'eated argument with a cab-driver, yer worship."

Magistrate:—"But that doesn't prove he was drunk."

Constable:—"Ah! But there weren't no cab-driver there, yer worship."—London Opinion.

* * *

"Come right on in, Sambo", the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."

"Shure, boss, ah knows dat," replied the cautious colored man, "but ah don't know how soon he's going to stop barking."—Success Magazine.

"Look here, now, Harold," said a father to his little son, who was naughty, "if you don't say your prayers, you won't go to heaven."

"I don't want to go to heaven," sobbed the boy, "I want to go with you and mother."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

* * *

The lawyer was sitting at his desk, absorbed in the preparation of a brief. So bent was he on his work that he did not hear the door as it was pushed gently open, nor see the curly head that was thrust into his office.

A little sob attracted his attention and, turning, he saw a face that was streaked with tears and told plainly that feelings had been hurt.

"Well, my little man, did you want to see me?"

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Yes, what do you want?"

"I want"—and there was a resolute ring in his voice, "I want a divorce from papa and mama."—Everybody's.

* * *

"I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest."—Otey Cunningham.

* * *

"What knowest thou of lovesong or of love."—Mattie Moye Adams.

* * *

"A little grain of conscience made him sour."—Louis Christian.

* * *

"Some come to take their ease."—Members of the Glee Club.

* * *

"What can avail a raging lover?"—Bernard Cheek.

# EXCHANGES

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: The Virginian—The Lexington High School Magazine—The Ypsi-Sem—The High School Clipper—The Aeroplane—The Round-Up—The Record-Ocean Breeze—The Red and White—The St. Mary's Muse and The Argus.

The Virginian, Norfolk Va.—We are glad to see that you have at least two stories in your magazine. At this rate you will soon be a fine magazine. Both of these stories are good and written in good style. "Uncle Joe's Reminiscences" is very interesting and shows the negro dialect a great deal better than most young writers. Why not have a little variety in your covers?

The Lexington High School, Lexington, N. C.—Your magazine is no doubt very good in all its departments, but we note sadly the absence of a few poems and cuts.

The Ypsi-Sem, Ypsilanti, Mich.—We always like to get the breezy magazines from the west and yours is especially good. The story "Was it Worth While" has an exceptionally good moral: that if you work hard enough you will succeed. The parody on Burns' poem "A man's a man for a' that" shows great originality. We suggest a table of contents for public benefit.

The St. Mary's Muse, Raleigh, N. C.—You are a neat little magazine, full of the doings of your school.

The Red and White, West Raleigh.—Your cover is exceedingly original and all your departments are full of good material. Your literary department deserves especial mention. "Some notes on a Trip to Chicago" are instructive as well as interesting. "The Movie Queen" is entertaining and attractively worked out while "The Evolution of Modern Music" is interesting to a lover of music.

The Aeroplane, Green Bay, Wisconsin.—You are a clever little magazine full of extraordinarily good cuts and stories. But, alas, a lack of poems! You surely must not realize how the mixing of the advertisements in the other departments detracts from your general appearance.

Here's hoping you will improve and live up to your inspiring name.

The Round-up, Douglas, Wyoming.—You are tastefully gotten up. We note your good stories and also quite a number of poems. Your exchange table is especially quite full and interesting.

The High School Clipper, Monmouth, Ill.—You are entertaining throughout. Even your school notes are interesting. You would be improved greatly if you lengthened your Exchanges and did not mix the advertisements with other departments.

The Record, Spartanburg, S. C.—You are an exceptionally good magazine full of good material. Your stories are good though rather sombre. The account of "The Panama Canal" gives some very interesting facts about the waterway of vital interest to Americans at present.

Last but not least comes the "Ocean Breeze" from Aberdeen, Wash. You are by far the best magazine we received this month. In the first place your cover is exceedingly attractive! In the second place your stories could be recognized anywhere by their originality. "Extracts From a Diary Written in the Year 3042, A. D.," and "Betty's Neighbors" come in this class. "The Influence of Courage" is good but rather long drawn out. The Editorial on "True School Spirit" is an especially fine article. In other words, we just can't say too much in your praise.

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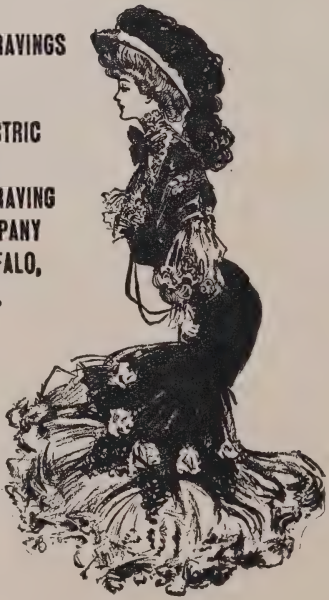

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Class of 1919
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to our
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WRITE TO THE PRESIDENT

GUILFORD COLLEGE, North Carolina

DURHAM HIGH SCHOOL
SENIOR CLASS
19 19

Volume XVI Number 1

# THE MESSENGER

Published by the Students of the Durham High School, Durham, N. C.

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May, 1919

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To
the Memory of the Sons of the Durham High School
Who so Freely Gave Themselves
to the Cause of Freedom
the Class of 1919 Gratefully Dedicates
this
Messenger

★

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# CLASS OF 1919
# DURHAM HIGH SCHOOL

---

MOTTO

*Nil nisi bonum*

COLORS

Blue and Old Gold

FLOWER

White Rose

---

CLASS OFFICERS

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Matilda Bryant

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Charles Lewis Haywood, Jr.

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# CLASS ROLL

## NINETEEN-NINETEEN

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Myrtle Burnette
Hilda Cannady
Christine Chamblee
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Rachel Shaw
Elsie Shipp
Nell Simmons
Margaret Stallings
Lily May Stanford
Lessie Sykes
Pattie Turner
Beatrice Whitley
Ruth Wilkerson
Elodia Yancey

George Allen
McPherson Beall
Doc Belvin
Leo Brady
Eugene Brooks
William Carr
Cartwright Carmichael
Ned Cohen
Norval Coiner
Deveau Fanning
Carlyle Farabow
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Charles Haywood
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Mansfield Honeycutt
Julian Hurst
Thurman Johnson
Rufus Jones
Loren Kirkland
Edwin Markham
Harry Primakoff
Noble Pritchard
William Riggs
Willie Smith
George Speed
Moses Stadiem
John Troy
Winston Vickers
Ogden Wilkerson
Dorsey Young
Victor Young

# CLASS SONGS

## I

(Tune: *Aloha Oe*)

MARY DIXON

Fare thee well, thou dear old class of '19,
We must part, our high school days have fled;
But when gone, when far away departed,
Memory will bring back the days long dead.

CHORUS:

Farewell, classmates, both old and new,
To say good-bye to you brings grief and pain.
'Tho far we part, to thee we'll e'er be true
Through days of sunshine and of rain.

Each kind word, each thought so tender spoken,
Deeply hid within our faithful soul,
These we prize, each fond and simple token,
As a treasure, rarer than finest gold.

## II

(Tune: *Blest Be the Tie*)

LUCILLE HOWELL

At last our school days end
And all of us must part!
We now must leave old D. H. S.
The school dear to our heart.

But, dear old "Durham High,"
We'll e'er remember you.
And tho we wander far away
We'll keep our ideals true.

## III

(Tune: *There's a Long, Long Trail*)

RENA ELLIOTT

There's a long hard life before us,
Just what it is we cannot say.
But the spirit of old D. H. S.
Will guide us all the way.
There will always be in our minds
Kind thoughts so tender and true,
Of the dear old class of '19—
It's the best of classes, too!

## IV

(Tune: *Katie*)

O class of nineteen! The best of classes!
Won't we make the old world gay where'er we go?
We are the best class, that D. H. S. has;
And what she'll ever do without us we don't know!

## V

(Tune: *Tipperary*)

'Twas a long way to graduation,
'Twas a long way to go,
'Twas a long way to graduation,
In the finest school we know.
Farewell to mathematics!
Goodbye, old bug-bear!
'Twas a long, long way to graduation,
But we all got there!

## CLASS POEM

There are no friends like our old friends
  Who have shared our High School days,
No greetings like their welcome,
  No homage like their praise.
Fame is the scentless sunflower
  With gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose
  With sweets in every fold.

There are no days like our school days—
  They never shall be forgot.
There is no school like our High School—
  Keep green the dear old spot.
There are no chums like our old chums—
  How pleasant and kind their ways.
There are no friends like the old friends;
  May Heaven prolong their days.

## CLASS YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
'19—'19
Rah! Rah! Rah!

The Tattle-Tale

Vol. XVIII, No. X **May 30, 1928** Price 5 Cents

# NEWS OF THE DAY

## CAPTAIN COHEN'S HOUSEBOAT IN THE AIR ENTERTAINS CLASSMATES IN NOVEL WAY—WONDERFUL INVENTION CELEBRATED

We gave our readers an account a few weeks ago of the marvelous invention of Professor *Nedwardius Theoplutus Cohen,* famous multi-millionaire and brilliant scientist. This invention, a hundred-passenger airship, has been tested in every way and found perfect. Professor *Cohen* has just celebrated its completion by entertaining on board the airship the members of the class of 1919 of the Durham High School, the distinguished class of which the inventor was a leading member. Of course, *The Tattle-Tale* would not let so brilliant a social event pass by without giving its readers a full account. Fortunately this was no difficult task as our society editor, Miss *Josephine Margaret Jiggs Piatt,* was also a member of ''1919'' and, of course, was invited. The account below is just as she brought it back to us from the other world. Professor *Cohen* decided that, as Washington was the capital of the country, it would be the best place for the class to gather. The class was to go in front of the Capitol where Professor *Cohen* would be waiting. They met here and all soon embarked upon the airship which was going to Mars.

On the first night aboard there was a banquet in remembrance of the banquet of '19 and during this feast no one was allowed to talk about anything except things which were related to their D. H. S. days. The ensuing conversation was taken down by the most graceful writer of the senior class of 1919, Mr. *Edwin Markham,* who has taken several medals because of his fluency in the Palmer Method. The happenings of the banquet follow: Suddenly from the most bountiful part of the table a terrifying sound broke forth, softly at first but gathering momentum as the seconds passed. Everyone immediately recognized the old school-day laugh of *Edgar Heflin* who has now become Professor *Heflin,* the famous naturalist. Mme. *Pattie Turner,* the prima donna of the Rex, turned to him and said with indignation,

''*Edgar Bailey,* behave yourself! What in the world are you laughing at?''

*Edgar* was now laughing so hard that he was choking, but he finally managed to gasp,

''I just happened to think about the slip *George Allen* made on the first aid class. Don't you remember *John,* when he asked Dr. Felts if pain hurt people?''

''That's all right, *Edgar,*'' said *George,* ''I didn't refuse to sign the Come Clean Campaign Cards because I always had my *own* examination pads.''

Everyone laughed because *Edgar* was well known in his school days for always having such a good supply of pads. This made Mme. *Turner* perfectly furious. Consequently she made a wild dash for Mr. *Allen,* but she never reached her destination, for midway she encountered Miss *Helen Perkinson's* foot and went sprawling to the floor. *George Speed* emitted a roar and said between spasms,

''*Pattie,* that reminds me of the day you fell in room 9, that day we had a class meeting. That sure was some frame-up to get *Edgar* to pick you up.''

After this laugh was over, quiet once more took possession of the room, but not for long. Suddenly ''*Wink*'' *Vickers* broke forth into a big laugh and upon being questioned as to the cause replied,

''I just thought of our beloved Geometry teacher's favorite expression, 'Let's play like'.''

Upon being reminded of this the class burst forth into a fresh roar of laughter. This uproar continued until *John Troy,* the world-wide Geometry star, sent them into fresh convulsions by innocently remarking about the jokes that were pulled off at the Society Minstrel on the various members of the faculty. This so tickled some of the boys, namely *Victor Young* and *George Allen,* that *Gladys Pollard,* who had become a world-famous doctor, was called upon to restore them to normal conditions.

About that time the airship gave a sudden lurch, the wind began to whistle and howl around the ship. Everybody looked towards Mr. and Mrs. *Brooks.*

''What are you all looking at us for?'' said *Matilda Bryant,* now Mrs. *E. C. Brooks, Jr.*

''Didn't you say something, *Eugene?*'' said *Willie Smith* with that cute little lisp of his.

''Why certainly not,'' cried *Eugene* with indignation, ''why did you think I said something?''

''When we heard that loud wind outside we thought it was you over there fussing,'' cried the class in unison, as Mr. *Brooks* was universally known throughout the senior class for his ability to ''fuss.'' When the merriment had subsided to a certain extent, Mr. and Mrs. *Ogden Wilkerson,* the latter was once the winsome *Lavinia Berry,* were heard carrying on the following conversation. *Ogden,* now the manager of a famous vaudeville show, was the first to speak,

''*Lavinia,* do you remember that time when you just hated me?'' he said,

''Yes, I do,'' she replied lovingly, ''and it was because of those horrid collars and socks you used to wear.''

This little tete-a-tete caused the class much amusement and it also called forth memories of something funny which happened to *Ogden* in reference to this matter. *Sam Freedman,* the bravest boy and the most forward boy in the class, brought this point up.

''I remember the day,'' he said, ''that I wrote the words on *Ogden Wilkerson's* back and it almost broke up the school when the pupils read them. The words were, 'Dearest *Lavinia,* I love you'.''

At this all of the boys roared, because the incident was well known to them, although it happened ten years ago. When *Sam* finished speaking, *Georgia Airheart* clapped her hands for pure joy because *Sam* had at last emerged into the limelight of popularity.

There was a piano in one corner of the airship and while every one was talking and laughing the sound of the piano was heard melodiously playing the wedding march. The laughter was hushed and everyone went to the piano, which was played by *Mary Freedman,* the world-renowned pianist. Mr. and Mrs. *Rufus Jones* were the first to reach the piano. The piece being played brought back fond memories to them. Mrs. *Rufus Jones* as every one remembered was little *Catherine Dowdee.* After all these years *Catherine* and *Rufus* had turned the mock wedding, which came off at the time that Miss *Carmen Mangum* entertained the Senior Class of '19, into a real wedding.

*Rachel Shaw* and *Victor Young* then volunteered to sing the ''Marseillaise'' in French as they used to sing it so well in the French class.

After they had started *Leo Brady,* who was so very fond of French, joined them in the refrain.

As the last chord was struck the airship was noticed to be running very fast and peculiarly.

''Oh! What in the world is the matter with this machine?'' cried *Rosa Rogers,* not slightly disturbed.

Now all the class were holding on to their neighbors or any other convenient object and were looking around to find out the source of *Rosa's* fright.

''Why, look on the right side and you will see,'' exclaimed *Deveau Fanning.*

All looked in that direction and *Katie Mangum,* the class prize-fighter, *Pattie Knight,* the heavy-weight, Mrs. *Rufus Jones,* the married woman, were all standing on the *same* side of the ship. Mr. *Jones* seeing his wife rushed over to pull her away but in his haste slipped and almost fell overboard and *Catherine,* by the skin of the teeth, saved him.

*Mary Dixon* and *Annie James Hutchinson,* on seeing such a narrow escape, fainted. *Mansfield Honeycutt* and *William Carr* sprang to the rescue of these fair damsels in distress. These men were always noted for their chivalry to the Senior Girls.

The two winsome damsels immediately revived.

''It's funny they came to without water being thrown in their faces, O-o-o-o! I understand now,'' said *Sarah Bloom* with a long-drawn out sigh, as if she too wanted to faint into the arms of some chivalrous gentleman.

''Speaking of liquids,'' said ''*Black Cat Belvin,*'' ''that reminds me of the time when '*Boots Honeycutt*' brought that bottle of locust beer to school and drank it on Geometry Class.''

''Yes,'' said ''*Boots,*'' who now owns a large shoe-shop, ''and I remember very well that the bottle broke in my pocket.''

This caused much laughter but was nothing to the uproar which followed the hit that *Charles Haywood,* the boy who loved his Virgil so much that he fell in love with Virgil's wife, got off on Professor *Brooks.*

''It seems a shame,'' he said with merriment, ''to keep on talking about things which happened on Mr. Patterson's Geometry Class, but I am sure all the boys remember the day *Eugene* had four peanut-butter sandwiches in his mouth and Mr. Patterson called on him.''

All the boys roared. In one corner of the airship there was a mumbling going on, but suddenly a peal like thunder rose and everyone looked toward the noise. It was only the common occurrence of *Rena Elliott* and *Nell Simmons* fussing. Above the roar of these voices the name of *William Riggs* was heard. These two girls were bitter rivals for the heart of *William Riggs.* They were now getting a ''little hot'' as our dear History teacher, Mr. Holton, used to say and were coming to blows when *McPherson Beall* and *Lucille Howell,* the peace-makers of the class, came to part the rivals as they were gnashing their teeth and becoming desperate. As the kind man and lady were so good as to separate them, *Rena* and *Nell* decided to make up and never speak again. During all this commotion *William* was sitting quietly in one corner having a very interesting conversation with *Nina Mae Mangum.*

''Oh,'' said *Myrtle Burnette,* ''that reminds me of the quarrels at D. H. S. when *Rena* and *Nell* used to fuss over *William.*''

''Oh, yes, and how valiantly they used to fight,'' echoed *Hilda Cannady.*

''A lot of things happened at recess then,'' sighed *Christine Chamblee.*

When the class began to think of those recesses many merry peals of laughter broke forth.

''Wonder who has *Carmen's* and *Elizabeth's* seat on the fire escape now. I declare I felt right sorry for them. All the teachers would have to speak to them just about twice and then they would not move and do you know what they were doing up there?'' asked *Louise Crowder.*

''Translating Virgil,'' cried *Irabel Martin,* very much elated over such quick thinking.

''Poor things!'' sighed *Louise* disgustingly, ''not much; why they were up rather high and could see the boys unusually well. Get the point?''

At which these two, *Carmen* and *Elizabeth,* blushed a deep red.

''I remember quite distinctly now,'' said *Josephine Piatt,* ''they nearly knocked me down trying to get there first one day.''

''I sat on the fire escape one day—but just for once. I never got another chance,'' sighed *Norma Partin,* almost heart-broken.

In the center of the airship and trying to be the center of attraction were seated Mr. and Mrs. *Loren Kirkland,* (Mrs. *Kirkland* was formerly Miss *Elodia Yancey*). They were at daggers' points. Mr. *Kirkland* was at his favorite trait, talking to all the ladies in and out his vicinity while his wife was green with jealousy. She had taken him away from a bunch of beautiful young ladies with whom he was fully enjoying himself. The young ladies to whom he was talking were, Miss *Irabel Bray,* private secretary to the President of U. S. A., Miss *Martha Brooks,* an English teacher in Vassar College, and Miss *Elsie Cohen,* the hostess of the occasion.

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Miss *Carmen Mangum,* world-famous congresswoman, popped up and said, ''That just reminds me of how *Loren* used to mumble to himself and talk to all the girls in his History and Geometry classes. *Annie Land,* don't you remember how he used to try to talk to us and one day he had hysterics over something *Elizabeth* said. I don't think he will be a very happy looking personage though, when *Elodia* gets through with him.''

''Speaking of *Elizabeth,*'' said *Annie Land,* ''*Carmen Mangum,* I will never forget that day she like to have flooded the school, helping to turn off the radiator. I declare that was almost the funniest sight I ever saw.''

*Carmen Mangum* and *Elizabeth Lumpkin* got started to giggling over this funny remembrance and everyone knew what they were to expect, an hour or more of constant giggling. But as it was catching, everyone joined in and the aerial regions resounded with merriment. As soon as the laughter had subsided somewhat *Grace Pritchard* said,

''I see that *Pattie Knight* has on a new shirt waist tonight. Are you still experimenting with *acid* in the laboratory?''

''No, she is not, but I am,'' said *Lillie Mae Stanford,* who is a very famous chemist now.

''Just look what I have found,'' exclaimed *Lessie Sykes.*

''What is it?'' asked *Ruth Wilkerson,* always ready to inquire about any thing new.

''A graduating book belong to *Blanche Reade,*'' said *Lessie.*

''Let's see,'' cried *Elsie Shipp* and *Fidelia Pleasants* in unison.

''Isn't *Aura* just a perfect dream?'' asked *Willie Lee Hardaway.*

''Yes, just like her. She is smiling as though she had just returned from the debate at Greensboro,'' said *Margaret Stallings.*

''Oui, oui, madamoiselle,'' exclaimed Mme. *Aura,* a French teacher now, ''will you all never forget that debate?''

*Julian Hurst,* who was in '19 the most fluent speaker in the class then arose and asked, ''Is *B. Whitley* here tonight? I haven't seen her since the old High School days.''

From away over in a corner came a glad cry of joy, and the voice of *Beatrice* was heard clearly by everyone saying, ''O! *Julian,* I am so glad that I have found you at last. Have you another five pound box of candy like you used to give me in the spring of '19?''

*Julian,* very much embarrassed, replied haltingly, ''No, I haven't any candy, but I have a pack of chewing gum that *Harry Primakoff* gave me and I will give that to you.''

*Beatrice* was so insulted that she wouldn't speak to her husband for ten whole minutes. For she and *Julian* really were married although they had not seen each other for ten years. They were married over the telephone.

''Speaking of chewing gum,'' said Miss *Blanche Reade,* ''why does *Harry,* the boy who used to hate chewing gum from the lowest depths of his soul, happen to have a pack of it?''

''Why don't you know?'' said Mrs. *Carlyle Farabow,* who used to go by the name of Adelaide Graham, ''that *Harry* now runs a great chewing gum factory and I am employed by him to test every package of chewing gum by chewing one stick from each package.''

''Hush, *Adelaide,*'' said *Carlyle,* ''don't tell them you have to work or they will think that I am not able to support you.''

''Well, if you can't support me,'' said *Adelaide* tearfully, ''I will get a divorce and marry *Thurman Johnson,* because he was so cute in his High School days, when he was pitching his great games. You all know, I suppose, that he is now pitcher for the Bragtown team and I always did love boys who were famous.''

*Alma Murray,* who had been silent during the greater part of the evening, now rose and went running over the ship and everybody, looking in every nook and corner, also into the boys' faces.

''What on earth are you doing, *Alma?*'' asked *Maude Outlaw.*

At which *Alma* blushed.

''Oh, I know,'' cried *Dorsey Young* who was renowned for thinking out such complicated problems as this, ''Why she is looking for *Deveau.*''

''She looks like a lost dog,'' said Mlle. *Holton,* ''I remember quite distinctly how she used to look over on the boys' side and look at *Deveau* with such dreamy eyes when she sold lunch.''

''I think you all might stop such foolishness,'' retorted *Alma* as she had found *Deveau* and was very happy.

Conversations such as have been taken down continued until the airship came within sight of Mars, that is to say until they came within ten miles of their haven.

Suddenly around one end of Mars could be seen a great bulk which seemed to be stationary. On closer inspection by some of the taller ones, such as *Deveau Fanning* and *Alma Murray,* it was found that this extraordinary inhabitant of the air was moving slowly toward them. Upon being told of this the class became enveloped in silence like that of the tomb.

Suddenly a terrifying and piercing shriek rent the air and the horror stricken voice of *Georgia Airheart* was heard distinctly by everyone crying, ''A Zeppelin!''

It was true! Upon this news being communicated to them pandemonium broke loose on board the airship. *Georgia* and *Mary Dixon* immediately and promptly fainted again.

*Cart Carmichael,* the champion jumper, gave a tremendous leap over ten miles of space and landed on Mars, but he was seen by the class to lose his foothold and go hurtling toward the earth.

The Zeppelin was now in hailing distance and who should pop his head over the basket but our beloved principal, Mr. Hallenbeck.

''Why hello there, Class of '19! Where are you all going?''

''Oh,'' responded *''Legs'' Fanning,* who used to be chairman of the social committee at the High School, ''we are just going on a little picnic to Mars.''

''Picnic?'' said Mr. Hallenbeck, ''I thought I told this class they couldn't go on a picnic.''

''Well, we are going this time,'' cried *Edgar Heflin,* who dearly loved to buck-up against Mr. Hallenbeck.

Mr. Hallenbeck said no more but pretty soon it was noticed that the Zeppelin began to rise and before long it was directly over them. Then something happened! A black shape left the Zeppelin and came hurtling through the air toward the airship at lightning speed.

Bam!!! There was a tremendous crash and the airship dropped like a leaden pellet straight towards this planet of worldly sins. Every student of old D. H. S. came down in a bunch and by some freak of fate they landed on top of the Durham High School. But they didn't stop there. They continued through the roof, and stranger than anything yet each pupil landed in his own identical desk. And now—what had happened?

AURA HOLTON

LEO BRADY

Winners of the Aycock Memorial Loving Cup given by the University of North Carolina Debating Union to the team winning the Inter-high School Triangular Debate

Mr. Hallenbeck from the pure force of habit of breaking up everything the senior class set out to do, had dropped a bomb and broken up the picnic to Mars.

### NOTED CRIMINALS ESCAPE

All New York was shaken today by the news that *Louizum Crowderasky,* the noted murderess, together with *Helensky Perkerooksum* had escaped from Sing-Sing prison. *Crowderasky* was confined five years ago on charge of killing a well-known lawyer of New York—the Right Honorable *Moses Fatisky Stadiem.*

It was rumored for some time that *Louizum* had brought the fair Honorable *Stadiem* to his untimely death by blows from a rolling pin; but shortly afterwards it was discovered that his sad decease was caused by a bite from one of *Louizum's* pet snakes. *Crowderasky* was, before her imprisonment, a famous snake-charmer.

Her accomplice, *Perkerooksum,* had been imprisoned after being convicted in a breach of promise suit, in which Mr. *Norval Coiner* was the plaintiff. All the people of New York are breathlessly awaiting news of the criminals' capture. The only reason that two such desperate characters still live is that public opinion decreed that electrocution was too good for them, and hanging is no longer practised.

### FARMER GETS JOKE ON FAMOUS LION-TAMER

The world-famous lion-trainer, *Elodia Yancey,* has at last been daunted—not, however, by a lion. *Miss Yancey,* while visiting in the country to regain her somewhat delicate health, asked her host, Mr. *George Speed,* to permit her to milk a cow.

Farmer *Speed,* being, as always very obliging, consented, handing her a pail and the milking stool. Some time later, Miss *Yancey* reappeared, carrying the stool, which showed some signs of wear.

''Well, did you milk her?'' inquired the farmer.

''No!'' said the lion-tamer very indignantly, ''I couldn't make your old cow sit on this stool!''

### SPRING OPENING

Beginning with next Saturday, *E. Cohen's* store will offer unheard-of reductions on all winter goods. Mrs. *Cohen,* formerly Miss *Mildred Kirkland,* has complete charge of the store since the disappearance of her husband about four months ago.

The mystery concerning Mr. *Cohen's* sudden disappearance has not yet been explained, but since it was afterwards discovered that Miss *Carmen Mangum* mysteriously vanished on the same day, their names are being linked together.

Mrs. *Cohen's* frank confession is: ''No, I don't know where he is, and I don't care. I can run the shop better without him!''

## FAMOUS PRIMA DONNA TO SING

Mlle. *Rachel Shaw,* the world's most famous soloist, is to sing in New York, April 16. Mlle. *Shaw* is quite pleased to announce that in her concert, only her own productions will be sung. Among these are ''Down in Mexico,'' ''In the Shadow of the Dog-wood,'' ''Rosebuds,'' ''Roaming by the Fish Pond,'' and her latest one, written to her late husband, *Mansfield Honeycutt.*

Mlle. *Shaw* is to be accompanied by Prof. *Carlyle Farabow,* who, after the star's last selection will render his latest fox-trot, called ''Manscutt Honeyfield.'' Prof. *Farabow* especially requests that all people get carefully the distinction between his selection and the song of Mlle. *Shaw,* called ''Hanscutt Moneyfield.'' Both productions are dedicated to the late Honorable *Mansfield Honeycutt.*

## CONGRESS ADJOURNS OUT OF RESPECT

The House of Representatives was shocked terribly today by a most awful and most unexpected piece of news concerning their most esteemed and august Speaker, Miss *Aurora Borah Alissia Holtonitus.* Since Speaker *Holtonitus'* defeat in the presidential campaign last year it has been known that her mind was slightly affected by the keen disappointment she experienced. But such an awful calamity as was reported today was totally unexpected. The women members of the House, being in majority, carried a resolution to adjourn out of respect to her. All over Washington today could be seen groups of women deeply lamenting their fallen comrade.

Since the days in which she won so much admiration as Yale's star half-back, Miss *Holtonitus* has been constantly in the public eye. From her college days she has been the recognized leader of the women in America and has often been called the Patron-Saint of the Woman's Party. There has been but one blot on Miss *Aurora Borah Alissia Holtonitus'* reputation in all her public life until that disastrous event of today. That first unfortunate affair was when Miss *Aurora Borah* was expelled from Congress for throwing a rolling pin at Mr. *Victorius Sickem Young* as he stood debating. The assault was commonly attributed to jealousy on account of Mr. Young's winning by his eloquence so much admiration from the women. However, Miss *Holtonitus* was reinstated in the Speaker's seat and has continued to command our respect until today. Friends of Miss *Holtonitus* all over the country will join us in mourning her unfortunate marriage to Mr. *Rufus Jones*, of Bull Creek, Indiana.

People of the city will be glad to hear of the dazzling success of one of the Durham girls, a member of the class of '19, Miss *Rena Elliott*. Miss *Elliott*, being madly in love with school work and teachers started in the fall of '20 in the first grade at school. She has slowly but surely persevered until now she expects to be able to re-graduate in the class of '29.

Miss *Elliott* informed our reporter, Mrs. *Sam Freedman*, formerly Miss *Martha Brooks*, that she was induced to take the course over by her success in the fourth year High School, when she managed for three successive months to bluff her teachers to such a degree that she was able to get on the "Honor Roll." Some of Miss *Elliott's* teachers in her re-journey through High School have been Misses *Margaret Stallings, Matilda Bryant, Sara Bloom, Lavinia Berry*, and Professors *McPherson Beall* and *Winston Vickers*.

## SAD ACCIDENT

Much sadness resulted in the city yesterday when one of Durham's most prominent citizens, Mr. *Deveau Fanning*, while standing in his aeroplane, suddenly became top-heavy, lost his balance, and fell to the ground. Some say it was caused by the great weight of his geometrical brain. His physicians are hopeful of his recovery.

## FOREMOST OPTICIAN OF THE WORLD MAKES A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

According to reports, Dr. *William Riggs*, the greatest optician of the world, has made a most extraordinary discovery. Dr. *Riggs* declares that he is able to change the color of anybody's eyes.

It is believed by all of Miss *Rena Elliott's* friends that she will be among his first patients as she has all her life desired to have black eyes. Of course his first jobs will be the best. Miss *Gladys Pollard* also has a desire for beautiful black eyes. The noted Hawaiian dancer, *Irabel Bray,* states that her dancing would be much more charming if her eyes were an entrancing blue. We advise Miss *Bray* to visit Dr. *Riggs.* Misses *Beatrice Whitley, Ruth Wilkerson,* and *Rachel Shaw,* have been heard to say that they will have their eyes changed to a very light gray.

Here's to the success of Dr. *Riggs.*

## FAMOUS BANDIT ARRESTED

The Grassville police force was given an extraordinary struggle last night about eleven-thirty. *Leo Brady* was just coming out of *Speed's* Weenie Shop when he met the well-known bandit, *Dorsey Young.* It is said that they were once great rivals for the hand of Miss *Lavinia Berry. Brady* immediately recognized *Young* and drawing forth a knife, stabbed him in the right shoulder. *Brady* escaped and secured refuge in the *Dowdee* and *Cannady* Hotel, due to the brilliant mind of the cook, *Mary Dixon.* After a long search by the police-force, *Charles Haywood, Ned Cohen,* and *George Allen,* the two rivals were found and securely chained in the patrol wagon driven by *Deveau Fanning.* The case was carried before the court this morning. Judge *Christine Chamblee,* who has a wonderful influence over the jury, succeeded in sending *Brady* to the roads for six months. After this time is up he must return to his wife, the latter being decidedly the worst punishment.

## LONG-SOUGHT ENGINEER FOUND

Washington, D. C.

The contest which was entered by so many noted engineers, for the building of a tunnel under the Atlantic Ocean ended last night when the president of the United States, *McPherson Beall,* selected the world-known engineer, *Loren Kirkland.*

Mr. *Kirkland,* who is a graduate of the class of 1919 of the Durham High School, having completed his course at Cornell, Ithaca, N. Y., studied in Sorbonne, France. There he received many medals for distinguished work in geometry. Mr. *Kirkland* will be remembered by his classmates for his brilliant work in mathematics.

This is a very great undertaking but President *Beall,* who was also a member of the class of 1919, knew that Mr. *Kirkland* would come up to all requirements.

Mr. *Kirkland* will arrive in New York from France, where he has been supervising a new bridge across the Rhine. He will be accompanied by Mrs. *Kirkland,* formerly Miss *Blanche Reade,* of Durham.

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## GREAT INVENTION MADE PUBLIC

Mr. *Norval Coiner,* a rising young inventor, after years of experimenting has made a great invention, which promises to make him as famous as the late Edison. The invention is a Latin translation whose sheets are made invisible, to anyone but the owner, when placed in the Latin books. This makes it impossible for the teacher of a Latin class to catch up with the user. This invention marks an epoch in the study of the Latin language and promises to widen the volume of Latin students. Mr. *Coiner* has had his invention patented and is preparing to have a large manufacturing plant, as the demand will be great.

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## SERIOUS CASE IN COURT

Loveland, N. C.

Mr. *Carlyle Farabow,* a prominent citizen of this city, made known today his intention of bringing suit against "The *Speed* Weenie Stand." Mr. and Mrs. *George Speed* have been running the said stand for the past five years on the corner of Strawberry Street and Blonde Alley and never before have had any trouble. Mr. *Farabow* charges that Mr. *Speed* has been sowing cabbage on weenies instead of onions. Mrs. *Speed,* formerly Miss *Nina May Mangum,* of Durham, as manager of the stand, has secured a very famous lawyer, Mr. *Samuel Freedman,* to defend the case. The chief evidence against the defendants is that Mrs. *Speed* was heard to say that since onions had gone to 15 cents apiece that she could no longer sell weenies with onions for 20 cents and make a living for herself and husband.

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## GRAND OPERA SINGER GOES MAD

### Boston Regrets the Loss of Her Voice

Boston, May 26.

Last night about 12:30 o'clock some of the Bostonians were awakened by unusual strains of music followed by these words: "O, I am mixed, O, Aeneas come here, don't leave Dido. If you do, this parallelogram will drown you—O, I'm a little mixed—come here, Colomba, sweet little dove, and take this sweet roasted pig! Columbus has tasted it, and wants it, but he won't have it.''

Investigating they found an insane woman, madly singing. She was seized by the policemen and taken to court. She could not tell her name, but the policemen found her card in her shopping bag. She was found to be the great opera singer, Miss *Elizabeth Lumpkin.* The policemen succeeded in having her placed in the asylum.

## SAILED FOR THE ORIENT

The three noted old-maids of this city, who are graduates of the class of 1919, of the Durham High School, Miss *Norma Partin,* Miss *Ruth Wilkerson,* and Miss *Adelaide Graham,* have all gone to the Orient seeking for the perpetual fountain of Youth. They have planned to return in blooming youth and capture the first good looking ''Preps.''

## NOTED AIRMAN FALLS

### THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN IS HIS GRAVE

While carrying the mail from England to American in his airship, Mr. *George Allen* lost control of his machine and fell in the midst of the sea.

Mr. *McPherson Beall,* his comrade, who was saved by a ship, said that his last words were, ''*Elodia, Elodia,* farewell to thee!'' Mr. *Beall* has never been able to make any sense out of these strange words, but he always repeats them in relating *Allen's* sad death.

These two men have been engaged in carrying mail to and from England and America for the last two years and it will be hard to find one who can fill Mr. *Allen's* place.

## FANNING THE NEW AUCTIONEER

Mr. *Deveau Fanning* is to be the new auctioneer of Durham this year. He has been in South Carolina as tobacco auctioneer for some years, but has been enraptured suddenly with the love for the Old North State and has returned home. Durham people feel very honored and greatly pleased to have such a distinguished person back with them again. Mr. *Fanning* developed his unusual talent in his Durham High School days by auctioneering pies to hungry school boys during the recess hour. The bakeries of the city give him a glowing recommendation.

## DURHAM GIRL IN BIG MURDER CASE

### NEW YORK WILD WITH EXCITEMENT

Mrs. *Leo Brady,* formerly Miss *Katie Mangum,* the great Hawaiian dancer of the Ziegfeld Follies, was found last night stabbing her husband, *Leo Brady,* who is the ''strong man'' of that company. Mrs. *Brady,* whose stage name is Sea-casterline, has been jealous for some time of another actress, Miss *Alma Murray,* the classic dancer. Last night as Mrs. *Brady* entered the Childs' Restaurant, located in front of Madison Square, she found her husband sitting at a table with the famous *Alma.* She immediately found a table where she could see them but they couldn't see her. While waiting for their order to be filled, *Leo* slipped a diamond ring on *Alma's* finger and kissed her hand. This angered Sea-casterline so much that she could not stand it any longer. She left the cafe before getting any supper, which is an unheard of thing for Sea-casterline, and returned to her room in the hotel. When *Brady* opened the door to their apartments at a quarter to twelve, Sea-casterline stabbed him. Just at that moment a policeman ran in the direction from which the cry came and saw Sea-casterline stab him the last time, and throw the knife down. She started to run, but they caught her. She is now in Sing Sing prison awaiting trial for life.

The world-famed *Alma* and Mr. and Mrs. *Brady* formerly resided in Durham, North Carolina.

## NEW EDITION OF VIRGIL'S LITERAL TRANSLATIONS

The school boys and girls all over the country will be delighted to know that a bigger, better, and more correct Virgil translation has been written and is now at the disposal of countless thousands. The author of this wonder-book is no other than that illustrious Latin scholar, Professor *Gladys Pollard,* formerly of Durham. Professor *Pollard* graduated from the Durham High School in 1919. Since that time she has spent her life in the study of Latin and has won prizes all over the world for her translation of those disputed parts of Virgil.

Students of Latin will greet Professor *Pollard's* new work with thankful hearts. When one thinks of the suffering and hard study

Professor *Pollard* has alleviated one can see that she has indeed done a great work.

## FLIGHT OVER ATLANTIC AT LAST ACCOMPLISHED

After many trials and false expeditions a flight from San Francisco to London has at last been accomplished. Members of the class of '19 will be proud to know that it was one of their illustrious class mates who performed this heart thrilling feat.

Several years ago the startling discovery was made by Dr. *Chas. L. Haywood* that what was required for a trans-oceanic flight was nerve, brass, and hot air, three very important scientific elements. This belief was vindicated several days ago by the famous light-weight champion, *Mose Stadiem,* who has all that is required of the afore-mentioned elements. The sylph-like *Moses* has even volunteered to serve as an airship for any deserving creature, and has, in fact, made the trip alone without a machine of any kind.

## DISGRACEFUL PUBLIC FIGHT

Main Street was shocked Saturday night at an alarming and even dangerous domestic quarrel which developed into a street fight. The fight started in H-Dee Cafe, but soon spread all up Main Street. Many windows were broken while the proprietor is threatening to sue for damages on the grounds that all his chairs are broken. The fight began when Mr. *Deveau Fanning* smiled at Miss *Lessie Sykes,* the waitress, as he asked her for more onions on his weenie. It is stated that Mrs. *Fanning,* formerly Miss *Outlaw,* became insanely jealous and picking up a chair hurled it at her husband. Mr. *Fanning* dodged and the chair hit Miss *Sykes.* Miss *Sykes'* suitor, Mr. *Haywood,* who was standing near by, then rushed to the rescue of his fiancee. Mrs. *Fanning,* fearing Mr. *Haywood* would hurt her husband, fiercely attacked him. Miss *Sykes* rushed into the street and called a policeman, but before he could separate the fighters much damage had been done. All the fighters are resting quietly in the Lincolnton hospital today and their many friends wish them a rapid recovery.

## NEW INVENTION DISCOVERED

Mrs. *Edwin Markham,* formerly Miss *Georgia Airheart,* famous U-No-What-ess, has invented a new cosmetic. Mrs. *Markham* since her High School days has been very fond of paint and powder, her only complaint being that the ordinary class of paint had to be applied anew each morning. Therefore, since graduation, she has been engaged in the scientific laboratories of her husband with the result that she has at last accomplished her desire. This new brand of paint is different from all others, in that it does not have to be applied more than once a week, and in times of stress one application will last a month. Mrs. *Markham* states that from personal experience she knows it is the best on the market. Gasoline and linseed oil will easily remove the paint if one should so desire. Mrs. *Markham* expects to make a fortune out of her new paint.

## FAMOUS BANDIT CAPTURED

Tough, U. R.

News was received today of the capture of two world-famous bandits, Black-Cat *Belvin* and Ouiji Skibo *Riggs*. These two men have the record of having broken every law in existence and for years have been terrifying the whole country with their horrible deeds. *Riggs* is said to have used his wonderful knowledge of Geometry which he secured at the Durham High School, in house-breaking and has never failed. He also used geometric relations in effecting an escape. But at last their murderous career has ended, for after all the famous detectives of the country had failed to capture them, Sheriff ''Skinny'' *Jones,* in a daring single-handed raid, marched them to jail today, where they will await trial.

## SUNNYDALE RANKS FIRST

### Milk Inspection Completed—Mr. Jones and Wife in Recorder's Court

The city has completed its milk inspection and received the following result: Mr. *Bill Smith,* of ''Sunnydale'' Dairy Farm, was found to have the most perfect milk which was 70 per cent. Mr. *Moses Stadiem,* manager of the ''Pigroost'' Dairy Farm, ranked next highest, being 65 per cent. The next was *Julian Hurst* of ''Oakridge'' Farm, whose average was 60 per cent. Last of all was Mr. *Rufus Jones* of ''Parallelogrove'' Dairy Farm, whose average was 20 per cent. Mr. *Jones* was tried in the Recorder's Court yesterday for selling half water and half milk. He was released on the ground that his wife made him sell thin milk because she needed so much pure milk to build up her strength, as she is very weak and sickly. Mrs. *Jones,* formerly Miss

*Catherine Dowdee,* was immediately summoned to trial. She was found guilty and fined two hundred and fifty dollars.

## NEW CLOTHING STORE TO BE OPENED

Mr. *Ogden C. Wilkerson* has purchased a lot in the business section of Hayti, where he will build a first-class clothing store. He says he will have absolutely nothing in his store which is not loud enough to speak for itself. Mr. *Wilkerson's* store will make a specialty of glad socks and collars. In the rear of the store will be a beauty parlor, operated by Mr. *Wilkerson* himself. He has studied in all parts of Africa and guarantees to make short, kinky hair, straight and long in two weeks' time.

## WONDERFUL NEW BOOK NOW ON SALE

Mr. *Eugene C. Brooks,* the great lecturer and writer, announces the publication of his greatest psychological edition, ‘‘Bullology.’’ In this book Mr. *Brooks* sums all the oratorical powers of mankind into one all other in that it does not have to be applied more than once a week word, ‘‘Bullology.’’ All the critics of the time say that this book is a great advancement in oratory. Mr. *Brooks* is planning to tour the country making a series of speeches in which he will differentiate between a wad and a tight-wad.

# Society News

Mr. and Mrs. *Deveau Fanning* gave a dance from seven to nine last evening to their old classmates at their new mansion on Ramsey Alley. Mrs. Fanning (nee Miss *Alma Murray*) wore a becoming evening gown of green and orange awning-striped satin with pearls. This dance was given in honor of Mrs. *Harry Primakoff,* whom all remember as Miss *Matilda Bryant,* and who is the house guest of Mrs. *Fanning.*

The decorations were in charge of Mr. *Leo Brady,* the leading florist of this city. Mr. *Brady* on account of his unusual height was able to festoon the beautiful sun flowers and marigolds most charmingly without the use of a ladder. Mrs. *Brady* (nee Miss *Martha Brooks*) being the leading cateress of the city enabled him to serve unsurpassable refreshments consisting of carrot ice and sweet potato wafers.

The same dear old *Pattie Turner* of the days of 1919, unchanged in name and appearance except for a few grey hairs and wrinkles, presided over the punch bowl and served the guests with delicious catnip punch.

Music was furnishd by the Orpheum Orchestra of which Madame *Willie Lee Hardaway,* is leader, Miss *Irabel Bray,* the fine comb player, Miss *Mary Freedman,* the Jew's Harp player, Monsieur *Norval Coiner,* the French horn player, and Monsieur *George Speed,* the player-pianist.

The guests enjoying the *Fannings'* hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. *McPherson Beall* (nee Miss *Rena Elliott*), Mr. and Mrs. *Victor Young* (nee Miss *Sara Bloom*), Mr. and Mrs. *Loren Kirkland* (nee Miss *Lillie Mae Stanford*), Mr. and Mrs. *Eugene C. Brooks, Jr.* (nee Miss *Katie Mangum*). The stags were Messrs. *Moses Stadiem, Dorsey Young,* and *Ogden Wilkerson.*

## NEWS OF MISS *ROGERS*

Last evening Mr. J. F. Rogers received the announcement of his daughter, Rosa's, marriage to Mr. *William Riggs.*

Miss *Rogers* disappeared several weks ago. This is the first news anyone has had from her since her disapearance. The newly-weds are now residing in Goose Creek, N. C., where Mr. *Riggs* is engaged in goose raising. Mr. and Mrs. *Riggs* were both graduates of the class of 1919. May they live happily without a divorce.

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The following letter was received by the editor of *The Tattle-Tale* from Miss *Josephine Piatt,* our society correspondent, who is travelling in the North.

''While strolling down the Boardwalk at Atlantic City with Senator *Pattie Knight,* whom should we meet but petite Mlle. *Kathryn Dowdee,* who, judging from her appearance, carried the same amount of avoirdupois as in former days. During our conversation she dropped us the news of her approaching marriage to Mr. *John C. Troy,* who is ticket seller of the carnival grounds at Coney Island. Upon our inquiry for a first-class hair-dresser, she directed us to a certain establishment. Upon arriving there whom should we find in charge but Madame *Annye Jaimes Hutcheensohn,* whom we recognized as our classmate of olden days. Glancing at her own Frenchy coiffure we decided this was the place for us. We highly recommend this fashionable establishment.

''From Atlantic City I came to New York. Upon arriving and calling a taxi I was surprised and pleased to find as the taxi driver Miss *Myrtle Burnette* of '19. She took me to the Waldorf-Astoria. When a bell-boy was called I was confronted by *George Speed,* now rather slow, of '19 also, who promptly showed me to my habitation and supplied me with papers, magazines, and other comforts.''

While glancing over one of the papers,'' The Fluffy Ruffles Leaflet,'' which by the way is being edited by Mr. *Noble Pritchard* and Miss *Rachael Shaw,* I was pleased to notice among the moving picture advertisements the coming of the world famous picture, ''The Romance of Love and Hate,'' featuring Mlle. *Gladeese Pollawhd.*

''You will recall this Frenchy actress as *Gladys Pollard,* our dear classmate of 1919. Gladys, since leaving school, has reached the heights of stardom in the movie world, excelling even Theda Bara in the hall of fame.

In the society column I also noticed the announcement of the marriage of Miss *Christine Chamblee* to Mr. *Doc Belvin.* This was the greatest social event of the season and I was indeed sorry to have missed it. The matron of honor was Mrs. *Maude Outlaw Johnson,* widow of the late Honorable *Thurman Johnson.* The best man was *Cartwright Carmichael.* Her other attendants were Misses *Elsie Shipp* and *Beatrice Whitley,* Messrs. *William Carr* and *Ned Cohen.* The wedding march was played by Professor *Edwin Markham.* Professor *Markham* returned to America from La Conservatoire de Paris just to play for the celebrated dancers, Miss *Chamblee* and Mr. *Belvin.* The Reverend *Winston Vickers,* D. D., of Gela Junction, N. C., officiated.

With this I put down the paper thinking I had had enough excitement for one evening.

## THE SPINSTERS' CLUB MEETS

Yesterday afternoon Miss *Mary Dixon* charmingly entertained the members of the Spinsters' Club at her home on Buttermilk Crossing. Those present were Misses *Irabel Bray, Christine Chamblee, Elsie Cohen, Lucille Howell, Mildred Kirkland, Annie Land,* and *Carmen Mangum.* The motto of this Club is "When singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wives." The afternoon was spent in playing the latest game of "Old Maid." Miss Land received a silver vanity case as a prize for getting the *"Old Maid"* the greatest number of times.

Peppergrass sandwiches and rhubarb tea were served.

Miss *Elodia Yancey,* the popular society belle, feeling it her Christian duty, has left society and joined the Salvation Army of which *Winston Vickers* is Captain. We can often hear her sweet voice now accompanied by the tambourine as she sings to the crowds gathered on the street corner.

Miss *Leslie Sykes* is to give a reception Tuesday evening in honor of Misses *Ruth Wilkerson* and *Isabel Martin,* who are now playing the parts of living models in the revival of the popular musical comedy, "Flo-Flo," which is to be in town all this week.

The latest creation in evening apparel is a charming and exquisite gown worn by Miss *Norma Partin,* at the reception given by Lady *Heflin* (nee Miss *Grace Pritchard*) in her honor.

The gown had a full short skirt of grass green tarleton over which was gracefully draped yellow chiffon. The bodice consisted of a network of dazzling jewels.

The dress was designed by Monsieur *Williame Smithe,* the distinguished designer who is now filling Lady Duff Gordon's place.

# EDITORIAL

Ten years ago the editors of *The Tattle-Tale* were happy, carefree members of the Class of 1919 of the Durham High School. Ten years ago tonight we listened to the inspiring parting message of our beloved class president. How well we remember her valedictory delivered at the class banquet! We reproduce her speech here for the benefit of our readers who hold old D. H. S. in tender memory:

''Here we are graduates! Our dream as Freshmen has at last been realized, distant as it then seemed. In those days, when the girls wore their hair in braids and the boys were first beginning to leave the realm of knickerbockers, we could not possibly see what effect the four years of training for life in the future would have upon our character. Of course, we expected to know more of high school ways, to become familiar with the halls and class rooms and teachers, but the change in our innermost being we could not foretell.

''Well, we have grown physically, witness the lengthened skirts of our girls and the broad shoulders of our boys. But through the companionship of our classmates and the kindly help and instruction of the faculty we have grown even faster mentally and spiritually. So, while we have been growing too big for the seats in the Assembly Hall, and class rooms, we have also been outgrowing our text books, until the time has arrived for our exodus from cramped quarters in the High School into larger ones out in the world.

''This will truly be commencement for us all; some will go on to new experiences and trials in college, others out into life to solve great problems there. All are pledged to service, wherever they may go. Looking forward into the future, we are even now selecting from our number who shall be President of the United States, who shall represent us in the Senate, who shall be the Chief Justice, who shall be the model woman of the future, who shall lead the suffrage movement at no distant date. Such honors are not too much for us to anticipate, for during the time we have spent in the High School we have been noted for our ambitious spirit. This spirit will grow ever brighter, and that is why we believe 1919 spells success. We know that the best wishes of the Durham High School will go with us into the future; we shall strive our utmost to fulfill them.''

# STATISTICS OF THE CLASS

## WONDERFUL DISCOVERY—FAMOUS MANUSCRIPT UNEARTHED

It is with keen interest that the citizens of Durham, particularly the class of 1919, will welcome the news that an ancient manuscript has just been discovered and placed in the Durham High School museum. This manuscript is written on very fine parchment, the equal of which is not to be found in America. The contents of this manuscript is what most concerns the members of the well-known class which finished its course of study in 1919. According to my excellent memory, the facts disclosed are true and correct. The origin and author of this now celebrated manuscript cannot be learned, and there is absolutely no clue to enable the expert detectives and literary men who are engaged in the search for the author to determine who has reached this historical fame overnight. The manuscript is dated May 30, 1919, at D. H. S., and is signed only ''Statistician.'' The text of it follows:

### STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF 1919

When in the course of human events a class so illustrious as that of 1919, shall have graduated from the Durham High School, there should, by all rights of humanity, equality, and fraternity, go down in the annals of the history of the above named school, a true and correct statement as to the statistics of that class in order that pleasant memories of the same may be recalled.

It is true and I recognize the fact that from the Durham High School there have been some of the most illustrious and brilliant graduating classes who have ever completed the curriculum in Southern schools. There have also been in these classes some of America's greatest men, both business and professional. According to Mr. Gaud and many of America's other expert educators, the class of '19 is the most illustrious that has ever graduated in America.

In this class are some very noted characters. They are noted because of their brilliancy, quietness, sedateness, and sedulity. When seen, they appeared to be calm, resolute, unenviable. They always appeared unqualified for the depths of the psychological problems which they were trying to unravel. A short list of these noted persons and members of the class of '19 follow: *Lanky Agnes Deveau Frederick Legs Fanning, Bryant Ouiji Boss Willie Riggs,* and *Ignatz Doc Black Kat Belvin.* Among the noted girls are the beautiful Misses *Georgia Airheart* and *Rena Elliott,* also the two *Patties,* namely *Turner* and *Knight.*

The success of this class probably rests on the fact that during the year 1918-'19 there was practically a new roster of teachers in this high standard school. Among them were Misses *Smith, Stevens, Brooks, Solloway,* and Messrs. *Casteel* and *Holton,* as well as others. The best known of them all and especially the favorite was our Mathematical-comedian, who originated the saying ''Let's play like.'' May his coming years be crowned with success and happiness! Let us hope that in the next year's graduating class ''no other dog will bark'' when he explains theorem number 204. All hail, Professor Patterson.

In spite of the easy access of statistics, there are many items of interest about the class that have never been brought to light; therefore we have succeeded in collecting these items to put on record for future reference. No class will do wrong by adopting our likes and dislikes for a class so illustrious as this class of 1919 cannot fail to be an example of intelligence, industry and general good behavior to those to come.

The general statistics are as follows: Class Enrollment 79, Average Age 16 1-2 years, Average Height 5 feet 5 1-4 inches, Average Weight 127 pounds.

## ANCESTRY

In order to understand the extraordinary brilliancy of this class, mention must be made of the most important ancestors of the members of this class. Of course Adam and Eve are believed to have been the ancestors of some, while others claim George and Martha Washington; Caesar and Uncle Noah. Norval Coiner claims Virgil as one of his remote grand-fathers; this no doubt accounts for his skill in translating his relative's masterpiece ''The Aeneid,'' and for his endeavor to be as much like the pious Aeneas as possible. Willie Riggs having lost track of his family tree can trace his ancestry only as far as ''The Specialty Store,'' while Katie Mangum traces hers to Hayti. By confession, the ancestors of Elodia Yancey and Annie James Hutchison can be traced back to the Ionian Race of the Jungles (the monkey), but by looks many of the others are themselves not far from there.

## NUPTIALS

Many of the class claim to be either engaged or secretly married. These reports are hardly true as several of us have found it an extremely difficult job to find anyone who will even attend the ''picnic.'' If it is true, may they all have grace to recover from their misfortunes.

## SECRET SOCIETIES

So far as is known only one secret society existed in the High School this year. There is but one secret to this society, and it is a secret barred from the ears of all its members. This is: ''Who started it?'' The name of this thoroughly organized and smoothly running (especially when a teacher is after them) society is to many unknown and unheard of. The club goes under the name of the I. W. S. C. Club and has a membership composed of twelve of the brightest, most handsome and most religious boys carefully selected from the Senior Class, in other words, they are the ''pick'' of the class. See the advertisements for a list of the officers and members of this club.

## GENERAL STATISTICS

1. Class beauty—Rena Elliott. Pattie Turner came a close second.
2. Handsomest—Dorsey Young. Deveau Fanning also has his beauty secrets. This place was won by a very small majority as all the boys were following close in line for this honor.
3. Meekest—Mary Freedman. She was followed a close second by her brother, Sam.
4. Laziest—Edgar Heflin. At last he has been found out.
5. Greatest Social Light—Matilda Bryant.
6. Greatest Favorite—Elizabeth Lumpkin.
7. Freshest—Leo Brady.
8. Best Athlete—Cartwright Carmichael.
9. Slowest—Martha Brooks.
10. Nerviest—Honor tied between Rena Elliott and Pattie Turner.
11. Most Likely to Succeed—Aura Holton.
12. Biggest Fusser—Eugene Brooks.
13. Worst Grind—Charles L. Haywood.
14. Most Melancholy—Christine Chamblee.
15. Brightest—Aura Holton.
16. Best Natured—Katherine Dowdee.
17. Wittiest—Pattie Turner.
18. Most Religious—Charles L. Haywood.
19. Biggest Bluffer—Eugene Brooks (chosen unanimously.)
20. Class Dude—Willie Riggs (by an overwhelming majority.)

21. Least Studious—Rachel Shaw. Another discovered.
22. Faculty Rusher—Elodia Yancey.
23. Most Conceited Boy—Eugene Brooks.
24. Most Conceited Girl—Georgia Airheart.

## EDUCATION

### 1. *Reasons for Attending the D. H. S.*

There are various and sundry reasons for attending the Durham High School. Elodia Yancey says that it is the best winter resort she knows of. Annie James Hutchinson says that with her it is a case of necessity. Ned Cohen goes to school to keep from being ''pulled'' for loafing. Alma Murray comes to school because she is in love with exams. And —I grieve to say it—many have not been able to discover the reason for their attendance at the high school.

2. The choice of colleges for the future is varied. The majority will attend Carolina and others Trinity. Pattie Turner intends to increase her knowledge at Dix Hill. Some of them are going to attend Vassar and others are going to N'York to study.

3. Our hardest studies are Latin, English, Geometry, French, History, Shop Work, Domestic Science, Chemistry, Business Course, Spelling, and Study Hall. The others are usually easy except in the case of long assignments. If Music, Drawing, Writing Notes, Dancing and Theatregoing were substituted, no doubt the school facilities would have to be increased.

4. Among the most humorous things seen during school life is Mr. Patterson. More votes were cast for him than for anything else.

## MUSIC

Since music is said to tame the wildest of beasts, many of the students have voted that the teachers be given special concerts immediately before each class. In the high school much interest has been taken in both vocal and instrumental music. Margaret Stallings' favorite song is ''Kiss Me Again,'' but I have never ''seen'' him do that. Hilda Cannady's is ''I Love Him! Oh! I Love Him.'' She sings this to a crimson-haired youth. Georgia Airheart prefers ''Smiles'' as it is easy to see. Willie Smith enjoys ''A Billy Goat,'' the song of course. Little Moses wants to know ''How're We Going to Keep Them Down on the Farm.''

## GENERAL

Next to music comes eating, with us. Anyone wishing to entertain the class can get an idea from the following list of favorite dishes. The boys as a whole like onions. For Willie Smith, banana ice cream with a plenty of pepper; for Elizabeth Lumpkin, cut glass; for Deveau Fanning, beans; for Matilda Bryant, divinity fudge; for Mansfield Honeycutt, a glass of water with a cherry in it; for Pattie Turner, fish and tomatoes; for Alma Murray, more fish.

Most of us have personally a good opinion of ourselves. Georgia Airheart says that she is wonderful, but that was already known. William Carr says that his opinion of himself is inexpressible. Many admitted that they are ''punk'' which is news to many of us, while Ogden Wilkerson says that he is ashamed to tell us his opinion. Many of us have personal weaknesses. Edgar Heflin's is going to sleep in school. Eugene Brooks says that his hair stands on its ends when he is frightened—then he must be scared to death all the time. Pattie Turner's greatest weakness is bashfulness, but she may get over that.

## LIKES AND DISLIKES

A goodly number of the class prefer above all else to graduate. ''Me too'' echoed another voice. Nell Simmons most desires a beau and most dislikes onions, strange to say. Pattie Knight would like to be thin and greatly dislikes freckles.

## FUTURE OCCUPATION

Now since we are on the brink of graduation we have almost decided on our life work. Many of us intend to be doctors of medicine, law, divinity, etc., while others are going in business for themselves. Deveau Fanning is going to drive a trash cart. He can come to the author of this paper and get a recommendation.

Georgia Airheart is going to teach Latin and history. We extend our sympathy to her future pupils. Pattie Knight is going to run an insane asylum. It will be under expert management. Many of the girls are contemplating household work as their future occupation. They must be expecting some radical change to come about. Norval Coiner is going to be a civil engineer, so is Rufus Jones. Willie Riggs hopes to be successful and married. This is impossible as the two do not go together. Nina Mae Mangum is hoping to be a primadonna.

Limited time and space prevents me from giving you any more facts in regard to this class. Considering our many sterling qualities, our success is quite assured, and each one bids fair to carve for himself a splendid future. When our history has become as milestones in the history of D. H. S., may the future classes follow our example and leave behind as good a record.

# LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Class of 1919, of the Durham High School, of the City of Durham, in the County of Durham, and in the State of North Carolina, being of unsound mind and inconsequential memory, do make, devise, bequeath, and will to the members of the Class of 1920 this our last Will and Testament, in manner following, this is to say:

Item 1. We direct the principal of the high school for next year, whoever he or she may be, to set a stronger watch on the bakery.

Item 2. As many composition pads have suddenly disappeared from the 1919 class room, we give the class of 1920 the full privilege of appointing a detective to investigate the matter should such actions be necessary.

Item 3. We give this advice to the class of '20: Be particular in selecting a social committee.

Item 4. We bequeath to the third year class the pleasure of singing ''O Beautiful Appear'' for Miss Minor in Music Class.

Item 5. To the President of the class of '20 we bequeath Matilda Bryant's exercise of hitting the table with a hammer for attention during class meetings.

Item 6. We bequeath Martha Brooks' geometry knowledge to be scattered among the class of '20.

Item 7. To Lena Mae Monk and Annie Leo Graham we bequeath Adelaide Graham's and Isabel Martin's art of getting to school one minute before the last bell rings.

Item 8. We give to the high school at large the right to play Raleigh High School in basketball on their own floor and to win without a fist fight.

Item 9. We will to Henry Green the place of class dude, formerly held by William Riggs.

Item 10. We give the class of 1920 our most heartfelt sympathy when one of their members is found, by Mr. Hallenbeck, smoking in the basement.

Item 11. We leave some important advice to next year's Freshmen: ''Do not throw chewing gum and candy across the aisle in Miss Minor's Singing Classes.''

Item 12. We warn Mr. Patterson's geometry class of 1920 to beware and erase the geometry problems from the board in Room One before Miss Susie's entrance.

Item 13. To the remaining classes we bequeath the portraits of our class whose countenances beam with wisdom and knowledge.

Item 14. To Mr. Hallenbeck we leave all of our Virgil translations with the hope that he will distribute them without partiality among next year's senior boys.

Item 15. We give and bequeath Moses Stadiem's gracefulness to Mr. Holton.

Item 16. We leave Mr. Holton the special right and privilege of grinning in teachers' meeting.

Item 17. To the class of 1920 we will our ability to laugh at any joke before it is finished.

Item 18. To Miss Tillett we will Miss Spruill's new red beads.

Item 19. We leave Helen Perkinson's curls to Valinda Hill.

Item 20. We give and bequeath to Mr. Holton Miss Singer's wonderful hair tonic.

Item 21. We give and bequeath the great oratorical ability (which was discovered in class meeting) of Deveau Fanning to Clifton Gholson.

Item 22. We will Edgar Heflin's ability to pop ''Spearmint'' to Ringling Brothers.

Item 23. We will the combined weight of Moses Stadiem, Catherine Dowdee, Pattie Turner and Katie Mangum to the school as a reminder of this class.

Item 24. We do leave our consolation to the school for their irretrievable loss—ourselves.

Item 25. We leave the third year girls the privilege of wearing hair ribbon to Chapel whenever they wish.

Item 26. We sincerely give Miss Susie the privilege of requiring the class of 1920 to scan and memorize the fifth book of Virgil's Aeneid. Also to read the scanned lines in correct tune with eyes closed.

Item 27. We direct that Miss Tillett's English class be permitted the pleasure of defining, sentence by sentence, Emerson's Essay on Manners.

Item 28. We give and bequeath to Mr. Hallenbeck the privilege of making the members of the class of 1920 desist from running through the halls.

Item 29. We bequeath to Miss Spruill, Annie James Hutchinson's green tie and hair ribbon.

Item 30. We give and bequeath to Martin Michie, Mary Dixon's position as pianist.

Item 31. We give and bequeath Elodia Yancey's freckles to the members of the class of '20 to be distributed among said members.

Item 32. To Clinton Andrews we leave Rufus Jones' extra weight.

Item 33. To next year's geometry class we leave the privilege of finding the mean proportional between three coincidental congruent triangular polygons.

Item 34. To Ruth Hulin we bequeath Georgia Airheart's chewing gum, if she will not chew it during Mr. Holton's history class.

Item 35. We leave Helen Perkinson's nerve to next year's seniors.

Item 36. We give to Lena Miller the right to take Rena Elliott's place as class flirt.

Item 37. To Katherine Smith we give Lavinia Berry's place as the biggest bluffer on Latin class.

Item 38. We give Miss Singer the right to make the French senior class of 1920 toil and labor over twenty irregular verbs and tests as their predecessors did.

Item 39. To Henrietta Reams we bequeath the so-called ''Vampire Art'' of Rena Elliott.

Item 40. We leave to the third year the following, hoping they may profit by them: Norval Coiner's grin, Carlyle Farrabow's innocence, Charles Haywood's wickedness, Moses Stadiem's breadth, Deveau Fanning's length, Leo Brady's fighting ability, William Rigg's love affairs, George Speed's good looks, and Mc. Beall's seriousness.

Item 41. We most earnestly and sadly leave the third year Miss Smith's lectures on ''Dr. Matthews,'' Mr. Patterson's ''Let's Play Like,'' Miss Brooks' pleading that Moses, Harry and Leo keep their mouths shut.

Item 42. To Mr. Holton, we grant the privilege of compelling all of the students of American History to memorize the constitution of the United States.

Item 43. We bequeath to Miss Solloway the chewing gum of the fourth year boys and girls.

Item 44. We bequeath the beauty of Dorsey Young to be divided among the class of 1920.

Item 45. We grant full privilege to the class of 1920 to use Casteel soap in shop, so long as the Manual Training teacher, Mr. Casteel, does not object.

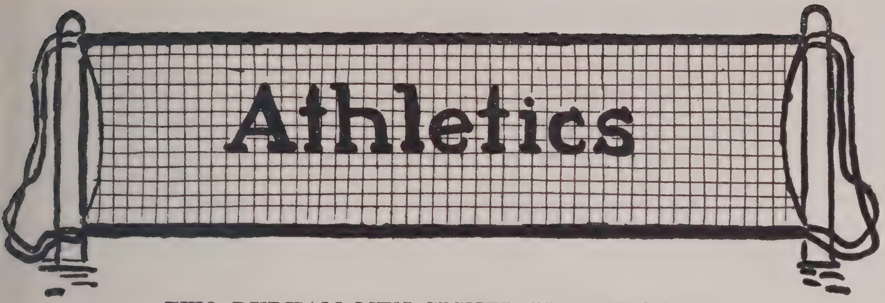
Item 46. We award Martin Carmichael with a cross of honor for facing the heavy chalk barrage sent against him by the class of 1919 during the spring fever drive.

Item 47. Finally and seriously we leave to our teachers and members of the Faculty our sincerest gratitude and appreciation for the interest they took in us and for the help we received from them during our four years in the High School.

In witness thereof we have hereunto subscribed our names this 29th day of May in the year of our Lord, One thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

Class of 1919.
May 30, 1919.

Witnesses:
Miss Susie G. Michaels.
Mr. Quinton S. Holton.



# Athletics

## TWO DURHAM MEN SIGNED UP WITH THE NEW YORK GIANTS

The manager of the New York Giants expressed great delight at being able to secure for the coming baseball season two famous players, the wonderful batting star, who has eclipsed ''Ty'' Cobb, Mr. ''Wink'' Vickers; and the invincible southpaw pitcher, Mr. Jingling Johnson, the greatest since ''Christy'' Mathewson. The career of these two stars started at the Durham High School, where they graduated in 1919. Mr. Vickers states that he became inspired by his great success in a game with East Durham and there determined to show the world his great ability as a ball-player. Mr. Johnson also states that this game, in which he was the star, greatly influenced him to take up baseball as a profession. Although their contracts for next season gives them $250.00 each per week, they realize that they are only starting in the professional life.

## JUMBO SKINNY SKIEBO RUFUS JONES DEFEATED KILBO CURLY MOSES STADIEM

Jumbo Skiney Skiebo Rufus Jones defeated the great boxer, Kilbo Curly Moses Stadiem, here today in a ten round bout. Jumbo Jones surprised the athletic world by his great feat of knocking out the most illustrious Kilbo. Jumbo's great success was attributed to the coaching of the now world famed Happy Pat, no other than one Mr. Patterson, former teacher of Geometry in the Durham High School.

By this time the world will have probably recognized these two athletes as former members of the class of '19 of the Durham High School. This former class will be delighted to hear that Jumbo Skiney Skiebo Rufus Jones is now six feet tall and has prospects of weighing four hundred. Kilbo Curly Moses Stadiem is now thin in voice and body and has high hopes of being considered in the bantam weight ere long.

## NOTED LIGHT WEIGHT ROPE-WALKER SIGNS CONTRACT WITH THE COINER'S 30 BIG SHOWS

Mr. Doc Belvin, Manager of Coiner's 30 Big Shows, announced here today that the noted light weight tight wire walker, Miss Katie Fatiefied Mangum, signed a contract with them for their southern tour. Mr. Belvin says that they are fortunate in securing Miss Mangum's contract for she will make the biggest hit of the season.

The D. H. S. Beauties defeated the Bragtown Blondes in a thrilling game of baseball by the close score of eleventeen to voxteen. Battery for D. H. S. Beauties, Smoky Knight and Injun Outlaw; for Bragtown Blondes, Reddie Mangum and Skinny Crowder. The feature of the game was Speedy Bryant's running catch of a hot liner in the eighth inning which saved the day for the Beauties. Manager Diamond Cohen will publish a schedule of the games to be played the coming season.

The basketball game between the rival schools of Holton Center and Hallenbeck Gulch was pulled off yesterday in Erwin, N. C. Holton Center defeated Hallenbeck Gulch by the overwhelming score of 78 to 5.

For Holton Center, Wilkerson and Freedman did the goal shooting aided by the strong guards, Pritchard and Young, and the sturdy center Farrabow. For Hallenbeck Gulch, Vickers and Smith were forwards, Allen and Hurst were guards, and Honeycutt center. Freedman made the star play of the game when he shot a goal three fourths of the length of the court.

Skinny Jones, the D. H. S. all-round athlete, broke the world's record in high jumping and in the mile run. In the former he jumped twelve and one-fourth inches; in the latter event he made the mile in exactly sixty minutes.

After champion Jones was awarded the cup by President Tilby Beall of the Sneeze Hill Athletic Club, he invited his many friends and backers to a peanut supper.

The Crautsville Elephants defeated Willie Bevo Smith's famous nine here today. The two great features of the game were Ouiji Willie Boss

Riggie and Leonidus Budinski Brady. The visitors were unable to hit the great twirler Willie Riggie. Willie made a great name for himself during the game in striking out Leonidas Brady. Brady is better known as Budinski to his friends and has been hitting around four hundred this year. The friends of these two stars will remember their peerless athletic career in their high school life.

---

Budinski Brady defeated Jaw-Breaker Yancey in a talking contest. On the forty-third round, Jaw-Breaker Yancey fainted and Budinski Brady uttered his 4,563,912 word and thereby won the contest.

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### PRIZE FIGHT TO BE STAGED IN DURHAM

Mr. Mose Stadiem, the world champion prize-fighter, has accepted the challenge of Mr. Leo Brady, also widely known in the fighting world, to a bout, which will determine the future championship holder. Although Mr. Stadiem has had years of training and experience in the ring, Mr. Brady feels confident that his excess weight and reach will turn the tide. It is quite a coincidence that the place chosen for the fight should be Durham, as both the contestants are former residents of this city and graduated in the same class from the Durham High School in 1919. It will be remembered that as far back as this, that they had a tendency toward fighting each other. A large crowd is expected to attend the fight.

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### AT THE ORPHEUM THIS WEEK

Heflin's Chewing Gum Beauties

Cast of Characters

| | |
|---|---|
| Leading Man | Edgar Heflin |
| Leading Lady | Pattie Turner |
| The Cook | Pattie Knight |
| The Robber | George Speed |
| The Butcher Boy | Ogden Wilkerson |

Beauty Chorus: Alma Murray (star), Josephine Piatt, Matilda Bryant, Lavinia Berry, Louise Crowder, Martha Brooks.

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Manager Toughie Airheart announces that Slug-em Stadiem has retired from the boxing game. Slug-em has made a snug fortune and has moved his possessions to Prudence, N. C., where he will take up the occupation of diamond and gold raising.

# BUREAU OF INFORMATION

(A department that is noted for its ability to satisfy curiosity. We—like the little farmer who said, ''I'll do my best to make enough to feed all the rest,''—will do our best to dig up the past as far back as 1919, and answer all questions accordingly.)

*Question*—Can you tell me what has become of *Martha Brooks's* ability to write short stories? She seemed so very talented along that line in 1919.

*Answer*—We are proud to confess that *Miss Brooks* is now a famous short story writer under the name of *Marthalowbemew Brooklynberry.* However, let us say that she has changed her style of writing from the tragedies that she so admired in school to very hitting comedies.

*Question*—What did *Matilda Bryant* do when ''rats'' went out of style?

*Answer—Miss Bryant* has decided that she never really liked ''rats'' at all. Only last year she made a tour of the country, lecturing against ''The Use of 'Rats' in Hairdressing.''

*Question*—Has any conclusion yet been reached as to why *Lavinia Berry* and *Annie James Hutchinson* giggled all the time on English classes during their senior year at D. H. S?

*Answer*—The following newspaper clipping accounts for their behavior in the past:

(Special)

Braggtown, June 1.—Miss *Berry* and Miss *Hutchinson* have proven to this city that laughing is a very essential part of a child's life. They have opened a ''Giggling School''' on the corner of Main and Morning-Glory streets, to be operated during the summer months. Their many friends of Braggtown wish them a howling success.

*Question*—Please tell me whether or nor *Josephine Piatt's* hair has ever become naturally wavy.

*Answer*—Much to Miss *Piatt's* sorrow she still has to go once each month to the famous hairdresser, Madam *Blanchedoro Readeredom* to have a wave put in.

*Question*—Is *Aura Holton* still debating?

*Answer*—Yes, *Aura,* is still debating, but her subjects are quite different from those of her high school days. As Mrs. *Victor Young,* she has her hands full debating to herself (and to *Victor*) on such topics as—Resolved: That all dear little ''hubbies'' should wipe their shoes well before entering the house; or, Resolved: That all *men* should put on white gloves before touching a piano. Mrs. *Young* is a model housewife.

*Question*—Can you tell me where Miss *Pattie Turner* is now, and what phase of life she is following?

*Answer*—Of course you remember how religious *Pattie* was as a girl. Well, she has recently landed in China as a wide-awake missionary, and expects to accomplish great things in the future.

*Question*—Has *Isabel Martin* ever succeeded in getting a young man to love?

*Answer*—Isabel's life-long love for chewing gum has triumphed over her love for the boys, so she has given it first place in her heart. She is, at present, a very capable manager of the ''Martin Chewing Gum Factory,'' and is now working on a formula for a non-destroyable flavor for chewing-gum. *Miss Martin* says that if this formula is a success, she will guarantee the gum to be as good as new, after ten or fifteen days of chewing.

*Question*—Has *Nina Mae Mangum* succeeded in the great musical career which she started at D. H. S?

*Answer*—We are sorry to say that Miss *Mangum* lost all interest in her music shortly after graduating from D. H. S. This was due to a disappointing love affair, after which she woved out to a little farm near Frog-Hollow Junction. Here she is leading a very successful old maid's life, and bestows all of her fond affections on her dear little chickens and pigs.

*Question*—What has become of the widow, Mrs. *Hurst* (formerly Miss *Whitley*)?

*Answer*—She has given up her position as waitress in the Eat-um Cafe to marry Mr. *Mansfield Honeycutt.*

*Question*—What has become of the famous cook, *Elsie Cohen?*

*Answer*—You will be delighted to know that Mrs. *Stadiem* (formerly *Pattie Knight*) has employed her to undertake the hard task of cooking enough for her and her husand, *Moses.* They are very much pleased with her work and have promised to raise her salary to $1.50 a week in 1930.

*Question*—How did *Margaret Stallings'* romance end?

*Answer*—Miss *Stallings* has so many lovers that she didn't know which one to choose. She didn't want to break anyone's heart so she is now an old maid. She has a cat named *Mansfield,* a dog named *Julian,* and a white mouse named *Leo.* Strange to say, they live happily together.

*Question*—Is *Matilda Bryant* still a "Vamp"?

*Answer*—Yes. Her coquettish ways and voluminous side-puffs have won her great fame. She now has a company of her own.

*Question*—What has become of Miss *Hilda Cannady?*

*Answer*—Miss *Cannady* has recently been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, since which time she has been trying to get legislation through congress, prohibiting the commencement of a campaign against the use of tobacco in any form.

*Question*—Is *Lavinia Berry* still alive?

*Answer*—Yes. Miss *Berry* has opened up an institution for the bashful in which she teaches them to talk and laugh.

*Question*—Why has *Helen Perkinson* such long curly hair?

*Answer*—Because she used Dr. *Coiner's* patented curling iron.

*Question*—Can you tell me in what occupation *Georgia Airheart* is now engaged?

*Answer*—Purchase a Vogue Magazine, turn to the advertisements, and one to this effect will meet your eye:

*Old Maids, Look Young!*

There is no reason why anyone should look old. Any woman can look young, regardless of age, by taking my treatment.

Gray hair changed to any color desired. Sallow or bad complexion made beautiful.

THE REJUVENATION OF OLD MAIDS
IS MY SPECIALTY

*Call or 'Phone if Wishing Treatment!*

MADAME AIRHEART'S PALACE
OF YOUTH

*Question*—Where is *Mary Freedman?*

*Answer*—*Mary Freedman* is now in France teaching the "Sammies" the latest dance.

*Question*—Where is *Moses Stadiem?*

*Answer*—*Moses Stadiem* has a deep bass voice, to lead a choir has been his choice.

*Question*—Where is *William Riggs?*

*Answer*—He opens his "Specialty" store today. His store is the "cheapest" on the great white way.

*Question*—Where is *Grace Pritchard?*

*Answer*—*Grace Pritchard,* at last, I am glad to say, has set the date for her wedding day.

*Question*—Where is *Ned Cohen?*

*Answer*—*Ned Cohen* to be a poet essayed. But the voice of the people, made him president instead.

*Question*—What is *Odgen Wilkerson* doing now?

*Answer*—He has opened a drug store (from his savings? ? ?) on the corner of Church and Nevins.

*Question*—What is *Charles Haywood's* wife's name?

*Answer*—Mrs. Haywood.

*Question*—Is *Eugene Brooks* bald yet?

*Answer*—No. He uses Herpicide.

*Question*—Is *Moses* still fat?

*Answer*—No. He has been married three years.

# JESTER SPACE

If *Elodia* were going on a journey where would she go? To *Troy.*

Spring is here. Watch *Sara Bloom!*

If *Leo Brady* were drowning who would save him? *Annie Land.*

What does *Sam Freedman* like to do best? *Reade.*

What kind of man would *George Allen* rather be? A *Freedman.*

What kind of crackers does *Charles Lewis Haywood* like best? *Graham.*

*Rufus Jones* proposed to *Katie Mangum* Sunday night and she became so excited that she needed *Fanning.*

If *Aura Holton* got in a fight would she come out *Victor?*

If *Willie Lee* were riding on a bicycle with *Louise* would she *Crowder?*

If *Pattie* were to get mad could *Edgar Turner?*

Should you *Reade* the paper you would see the news that *Loren Kirkland,* an *Outlaw,* set sail on the *Shipp, Irabel Bray,* enroute for *Stallings-Sykes,* Asia. The second day out the *Shipp* hit a *Lump(kin)* and sprang a leak. In *Partin* from the *Shipp* he reached the *Pleasant Land.*

If *Helen* needed money would *Norval Coiner* some?

What kind of fruit does *Dorsey* like best? *Berries.*

If *Elizabeth Lumpkin* needed a *Doc(tor)* would she call *Belvin?*

If *Rena* were going to ride would she go in a *Rigg?*

When *Beatrice Whitley* dies she'll be carried to the cemetery by a *Hurs(t)*.

If *Christine Chamblee* wanted her grass trimmed would *Honeycutt* it?

If *Thurman Johnson* is in love with *Georgia* he must have an *Airheart.*

A great commotion was heard in the girls' basement and upon investigating it was found that *Katie Mangum* and *Catherine Dowdee* were fussing over who had the smallest waist-line.

If *Ned Cohen* were going to see *Pattie* would he go to *Knight?*

Where does *Matilda* like to fish most? In *Brooks.*

If *Ogden Wilkerson* were in jail would *Mary* make him a *Freedman?*

If *Nina Mae Mangum* and *George* were out riding would *George Speed?*

*Harry Primakoff* is having an easy time now but when he marries *Willie Lee* he'll have a *Hardaway.*

Miss Smith—‘‘*Rufus,* your reading is rather halting.’’
*Rufus Jones*—‘‘Yes'm, I have a sore foot.’’

Mr. Patterson—‘‘*Harry,* what is a Polygon?’’
*Harry*—‘‘A dead parrot.’’

Will *Elodia* marry *Young?*

When *Fidelia Pleasants* is walking with *Carlyle* could she find a *Farrabow?*

During the History class there was a discussion concerning Columbus' discovery of America. *Eugene Brooks* asked: ‘‘Mr. Holton, wasn't the cotton gin discovered about that time?’’

Mr. Patterson—‘‘*Matilda,* what is the difference between equality and congruency?’’

*M. B.* (with much assurance)—‘‘Well, one is congruent to and the other is equal to.’’

Mr. Patterson (to *Lucille Howell*)—‘‘*Lucille,* what is a polygon?’’

*L. H.*—‘‘A polygon is a parallelogram none of whose sides are parallel.’’ (Laughter from the class.)

‘‘No, I mean it's a square, none of whose angles are right angles.’’

Mr. Holton (in Chapel)—‘‘Let's all stand and sing No. 56. ‘That will be glory for me’.’’

If *Willie Smith* began to cry would *Lucille Howell* (howl)?
If *Victor* wanted to go abroad would *Elsie Shipp* him?

*Rena E.*—"Gee! but I feel sorry for you."
*Pattie Knight*—"Why?"
*Rena E.*—"Because the Bible says there will be no night in heaven."

Why should *Annie James* marry a man named Ben?
Because the man would be Bene-fited and she Annie-mated.

M. S.—"Can you tell why girls kiss each other and men never do?"
A. L.—"No, why is it?"
M. S.—"Because girls have nothing better to kiss and men have."

"You know *Edgar Heflin* who attends church so regularly?"
"Yes, indeed."
"Well, they say he clasps his hands so tight during prayer that he can't get them open when the contribution box comes around."

If *Eugene Brooks* saw *Martha* fall overboard would he try to rescue her?
No, he could not be a brother and (as)sist her too.

*Sam*—"What is the highest building in Durham?"
*Mary*—"Why, The First National Bank, of course."
*Sam*—"You're wrong. The Public Library has the most stories."

Why are soldiers more tired on the first of April than at any other time?
Because they have just had a March of thirty-one days.

*Mary*—"I hear *Aura* has a new beau."
Mr. H.—"Yes, a fine fellow!"
*Mary*—"Does he appear as bright as *Aura?*"
Mr. H.—"I should say he does, we burn nightly twice the light we used to."

"How is *Pattie K.* now-a-days?"
"Oh, her back bothers her a great deal."
"Not rheumatism, I hope!"
"No, she's worrying about her dress for the class banquet."

Why does *Myrtle Burnette* resemble a violin?
Because she is often seen with a bow.

## LOST COLUMN

Lost—My heart—*George Speed.*

Lost—A pair of brains slightly used—*William Carr.*

Lost—An Easter picnic—Senior Class.

Lost—My ability to look pleasant—Mr. Holton.

Lost—All hope for the senior boys—Mr. Patterson.

Lost—My love for Latin—*Ogden Wilkerson.*

Lost—A night's sleep memorizing the "Gettysburg Address"—*William Riggs.*

Found—A bunch of conceit—*Eugene Brooks.*

Found—An important look—*Loren Kirkland.*

Found—*George Speed's* heart—Fair Senior.

Found—My ambition to become a ball player—*Winston Vickers.*

Found—A girl who can stand my face—*Edgar Heflin.*

Found—Why the senior boys translate Latin so well—Miss Brooks.

## WANT COLUMN

Wanted—To know why *Pattie Turner's* cheeks are so red.

Wanted—A less angelic face—*Charles Haywood.*

Wanted—To know if *Ogden* uses rouge.

Wanted—To look like a man—*Doc Belvin.*

Wanted—Something for a long, lean, lanky look—*Deveau Fanning.*

Wanted—To be large—*Elodia Yancey.*

Wanted—To be laughed at—*Edwin Markham.*

Wanted—To know why the girls go crazy over him—*John Troy.*

Wanted—An invisible powder puff—*Annie James Hutchinson.*

Wanted—Virgil translations—Third year Latin class.

Wanted—A free pass on Geometry—*Edgar Heflin.*

Wanted—An Orchestra—The whole school.

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*EVERY TIME YOU ASK IT*

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That thing called "a little extra" is the middle name of this Hot Spot Chalmers.

You find it in the following ways:

1. When you want "a little extra" power on a hill.
2. When you want "a little extra" smoothness in traffic performance.
3. When you want "a little extra" mileage on tires.
4. When you want "a little extra" mileage on gas.

For there are two things in particular this Hot Spot Chalmers is noted for. One is the power it extracts from gas; and the other is the ease with which that power is used.

Sitting in the tonneau or at the wheel you notice them. And notably the last named. The stillness, the lack of lurch, the muffling of all mechanical action is as noticeable as the fog horn is to the mariner—when the fog horn stops.

Hot Spot "breaks" up the gas so that the engine can get at the power that nature put in gas and Ram's-horn finishes the job by feeding it gently, quickly and to each cylinder at just the right moment to give results de luxe.

You who drive more expensive cars than a Hot Spot Chalmers would do well to check up these statements by seeing for yourself.

You're invited. Come soon.

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you order exactly at the time desired. And they will be beautiful in their freshness, fragrance, color and grace. Such an offering is always received with pleasure and pure delight. A woman may become tired of candy. It may not be the right thing to give jewelry—yet. But flowers are always in order.

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Hi-School Students, Pay Us a Visit

Five Points Drug Company

*The Service Drug Store*

PHONE 150

*Safety First Means Be Careful!*

Watch your step, don't take chances in crossing streets in front of street cars and automobiles. Stop, Look, Be Careful! A thoughtless step may cost you the loss of an arm, a leg, an eye, or your life. Don't go through life a cripple.

*Better Be Safe Than Sorry.*

DURHAM TRACTION CO.

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### COURSES OF STUDY

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Our *Complete Business Course* gives you the general training necessary to qualify you for both bookkeeping and stenographic work, or for secretarial work.

Our *Bookkeeping Course* equips you for bookkeeping or accounting service and gives you a broad general business education.

Our *Shorthand Course* prepares you for stenographic employment—for letter writing, filing, indexing, copying and other general clerical work.

We offer classes in Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Spelling, Business Letter Writing, Rapid Calculation, Business English and Business Efficiency.

During the summer our work in Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping and Penmanship is rather more intensive than it is during the remainder of the year, for the reason that most of our summer school students come to us quite well qualified in English, Arithmetic, etc., and are, therefore, able to give more time and attention to the technical business subjects.

School is in session every week day morning, except Saturday, from 8:45 to 1 p. m. The night school is in session on Tuesday and Thursday nights from 7:30 to 10.

*Our Class Rooms* are delightfully located, comfortable and airy.

Plan now to enter at the beginning of our Summer Term, Monday, June 9.

## Durham Business School

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**Call 941**

What do your clothes tell about you? Well pressed is well dressed. We do renovating and cleaning in a superior manner. Call on our Dry Cleaning and Pressing Department. "Patronize the Yellow Truck."

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*Our Flowers are Home Grown*
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### SOCIALLY

The Y. M. C. A. is the center of the boy life of Durham. Boys and young men from all sections of the city find a cordial welcome and a place to meet their friends under good environment.

The Hi-Y Club is rendering a great service to high school boys.

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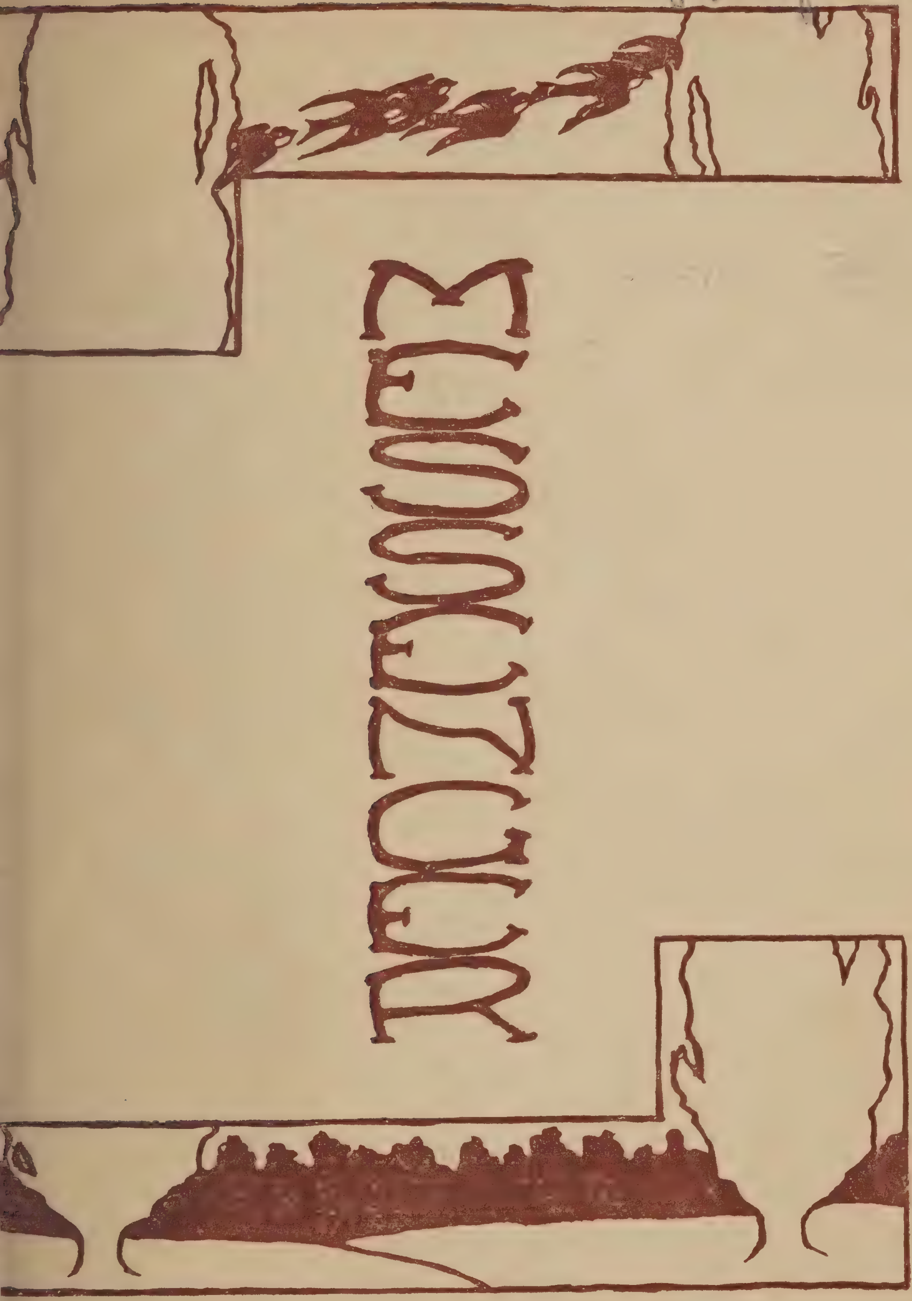

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Volume XVI, No. 1 December, 1919

# THE MESSENGER

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Students of the Durham High School, Durham, N. C.

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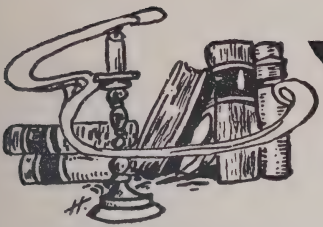


# LITERARY

## Thanksgiving

Ethel Doris Gladstone, '20

Last year a mid-night black with clouds and winds
Roaring throughout the mighty bounds of earth,
While stifled cries of horror and despair,
Sorrow and death filled all the mourning air.

But lo, the soft light of the dawn of peace
Now bathes the earth in gladness and repose;
The threatening murmur of war's voices cease,
And Liberty has vanquished mankind's foes.

Dear God above from whom all blessings flow,
Thanks be to Thee for bounteous gifts bestowed—
For peace and plenty and a fair land freed
From slavery and oppression's weighty load.

# Diary of a Sentimental Freshman

Eunice Hutchins, '21

Sept. 8. My soul has attained the heights! High school with men teachers and boys with long trousers. The principal is perfectly beautiful. He has the darlingest nose and looks like a Greek god.

Sept. 9. Everything is hot and dusty and crowded. The teachers are doing their very best to make a good impression on us but are not succeeding very well.

Sept. 10. This chapter of my diary should be entitled "The Awakening," or "Out of the Depths," for today I met The Him. I was going through the hall and I bumped into him and dropped one of my books. He picked it up for me, and though he maintained a calm indifference, I am sure that his soul soared above the commonplaceness that surrounded us, and made it a land of romance for him as well as for me.

Sept. 11. I don't understand it. I met The Him in the hall today and he didn't even notice me. I wonder what the matter is.

Sept. 12. My life is blasted! He is The Him no longer for I learned today that he never really felt as I did. Now that I have been disillusioned and realize that life is but a mockery, I shall persuade my parents to let me enter a convent and become a nun, for he asked the junior girl with the black hair who that dowdy little freshman was who stared at him so queerly.

O! death, where is thy sting?

# The Hammer—A Monologue

Ralph Fuller, '21

The high school
Needs a lot of
Things. And it needs
To get rid of
Some things too.
It has a lot of
Good points and quite a
Few bad points.
For instance, why
Should the girls be
Separated from the
Boys at recess as if
They had the
Influenza? The
Boys, I mean.
I don't know who
Originated that
Idea, but it must
Have been an
Old Maid.
Then—
There is nothing to
Do at recess.
There is no physical
Equipment to
Exercise on.
Some people may
Say that the
Boys get enough
Exercise trying to
Get their lunch.
But that seems
Hardly sufficient, though
It does call for severe
Physical effort to
Get anything
To eat before the
Lunch runs out.
Speaking of lunch,
I wonder
Where all that
Money goes. There certainly is
A graft there
Somewhere.
For instance,
Half a sandwich costs a
Nickel, and they are so
Thin and frail
That it takes at
Least half a
Dozen to even begin to
Allay the pangs of
Hunger that assail a
Boy at recess.
That makes thirty
Cents and if continued,
Seventy-eight dollars in a
Year. That's a lot to
Pay for three
Sandwiches a day,
Isn't it? for they
Can't cost near
That much when
Bought wholesale.
Also, the menu is the
Most unsatisfying
One they could have
Devised. Buns—
A dime's worth of
Buns only puts an

Edge on your
Appetite, and
Ice-cream, though good,
Is about as
Filling as a
Hole. Besides, the blocks
Have been cut
Down since last
Year, owing to the
High cost of
Profiteers—
Perhaps.

# Sophistication vs. Sweet Sixteen

ANNIE WALL FOUSHEE, '21

BLOWING ROCK, Monday, July 26.

MY DEAR BAB:

Isn't it just glorious to be free! Here I am, "far from the maddening crowd"—my loving family included—in the heart of the mountains at a fashionable summer resort. Just to be free as a bird with no eagle's eye upon you—my, but it is heavenly!

All of my sixteen years of experience I have been a "sweet" girl in organdy, but in the depths of my soul I have heartily hated "sweet and girlish" dresses. Mother gave me a large allowance, which you may be sure I am not depositing in the bank, so farewell to the "demure and girlish" lassie forever. Let me introduce you to the stately young lady, Miss Margaret Lintell Adair. I must dress for dinner.

Hastily,
PEGGY.

LATER

P. S.—It just seems that everything provoking must happen to me! I had just dressed in a recently acquired dinner gown of a vampirish nature and trailed down upon the wide stairs, although you know I could hardly resist looking behind to see the garment "swish" grandly behind me. I was so happy and carefree that I was almost walking on air. Oh, just think of the romances that I might have and the walks in the moonlight and—R-R-R-ip! I heard a horrid tearing sound, and I realized that firmly implanted on my gown was a huge army boot which seemed to increase in size under my fascinated gaze. My glance traveled on up, in order to see what kind of a face was at the summit. My anger was not lessened when I saw that he seemed not to be embarrassed nor discomfited in the least!

"Pardonnez moi, ma'amselle," he spoke apologetically, "was that your dress which I stepped on?"

"It *was,*" I answered haughtily, drawing myself up with the most chilling air I could assume. I knew that my favorite vampire on the stage would have done just this. "It *was.* It's now a picturesque and obsolete ruin!"

"I—I—I—" he stammered, but I heard no more. I had beaten a hasty but dignified retreat.

And now I've got to stop talking to you and plan which "creation" I shall don for tomorrow. Please wish it better luck than that unfortunate one of today. Lights out!

Lovingly, your
PEGGY.

DEAREST CONFIDANT:

I know I have neglected you shamefully for a whole week, but you can't help forgive me when you know what a thrilling week it has been.

The villain of my last letter has proved to be the most adorable man! It was plain to see that it was love at first sight—that is, after we really saw each other. I was too angry on that first night. Speaking of the word "sight"—he has lovely eyes. They are the kind which, when looking at you intently, gives you a nice shivery feeling down your spinal column. And he has tried so hard to atone for that misstep, and sends me large boxes of candy and does other loverlike things. (Hark, I am approaching the climax.) Last night—a bright, starry moonlight night—he gave me a carved Persian ring as a tender keepsake and, as an extra attraction, my first real kiss—Uh-m-m. Wait till yours comes. Have as sweet dreams to night as will

Yours blissfully,
PEGGY.

MY SWEET OLD BARBARA:

Ugh, pride cometh before a fall. The biggest downfall in the history of my life occurred just on account of a piece of innocent notepaper, folded in the shape of a cocked hat. About six o'clock in the morning some boys stealthily shoved a note under my door inviting me to play tennis. I felt very jolly after the strain of being so terribly grown up, and hummed a gay little tune as I slipped into a childish dress and tied an infantile bow on my hair. As I was racing with the boys to the tennis court, whom should I encounter but my ardent lover! His expression was a study. Finally he took off his cap and bowed coldly, and still further, to crown "the sorrow's crown of sorrow," on his departure the next day, he stopped and placed a paternal kiss upon my forehead, and called me his "little sister"!

Of course my heart is broken, but what is the use of trying to play a grown-up, young ladified part when one is not appreciated?

Yours philosophically,
MARGARET.

# The Hallowe'en Scare

(Dedicated to all would-be Runaways)

ELIZABETH ROLLINS, '22

It was on gloomy Hallowe'en
When all the ghosts did roam
That little Pedro Madden
Ran away from home.

He crept down through the alley
Where all was dark and still;
He ran along the pathway
And up upon the hill.

When all at once beside him
(It was an awful sight!)
There stood a great big yellow thing
With eyes, nose, mouth of light.

It seemed to open wide its mouth
And roll its ghastly eyes.
Little Pedro lifted
His scared face to the skies.

"Don't let this big thing get me,"
He prayed in dreadful fright,
"And I will never wander
Away from home at night."

He quickly turned upon his heels
And down the road he tore;
He never stopped until he came
Up to his mother's door.

"I'll stay right here and be your boy,"
To her in tears he said,
"And I won't run away again."
So she tucked him into bed.

# A Scene from the Land of Witches

MARGARET WANNAMAKER, '22

Egyptian darkness enveloped the earth. The wind whistled mournfully through the bare limbs of leafless trees. The oppressive silence was broken by only the desolate howls of hungry dogs and the blood-curdling hoots of an owl. Leering, inhuman faces peered through the dead branches.

As the moon rose stately and slowly into the dark and stormy heavens her rays disclosed a gruesome sight; a dilapidated tent heaped high with dry cornstalks stood in the center of a frost-covered field. In the tent one might see by the dim light of a pot burning crimson, blue and gold, the silhouette of an old witch garbed in a torn black robe, and a sleek black cat with bulging green eyes standing guard at the entrance.

At the feet of the witch was seated a strange personage as gruesome as she. A sweeping red cape encircled his body; curling red horns grew on his forehead and his eyes gleamed wickedly as he anxiously peered into the fatal pot.

Around these two immortals three little red imps danced fantastically, singing this song:

"Our master is having his fortune told
By the witch of Scotland so weird and bold,
But never shall we our master tell
The secret of the Eden Dell:
So happy are we, we little imps three,
For we know the secret, brothers, don't we?"

Suddenly and silently twelve white shadows glided across the bare field and seated themselves around the mysterious pot all chanting curses in a weird manner.

The tallest of these phantoms arose and addressed the rest in a hollow voice, "My friend, we all, true to our agreement, have met here for the purpose of—!"

His speech was interrupted by a sight that held his eyes; his look was dark and murderous; his bony fingers reached out—longer and longer they grew; darker and darker his look became; then with a wild yell of joy like a siren's whistle, he grabbed a cup of punch and a handful of cakes! The ghosts could no longer keep silent but burst into laughter and that ended the magic spell.

Then the gay victrola was started and the would-be ghosts pranced around dancing instead of murdering.

## THE RED CROSS

Minnie Munich, '23

The Cross of Red—
How much it does
For those who cannot do;
We all must join and do our best,
For it calls to me and you.

If you love your country
You'll show it here,
And join the Red Cross now;
If you are a patriot good and true,
You will allegiance vow.

They give their lives,
They give their all
To help the crippled and blind;
The starving and sick to them also cry—
So come, don't stay behind!

# Love and Mud

(Vers Libre)

Eunice Hutchins, '21

The sweet
Young thing teetered
Along on French
Heels. The
Extreme lack of
Friction and
The humidity of
The earth
Caused her to
Glide
Gently into
A puddle of
Soil, which
Was rather—well
Damp—and
The hero
Who was standing
Near
The treacherous
Puddle, risking
His life
Dashed headlong
Into the
Wet mud and
Taking the
Heroine
By her raven
Locks, towed
Her safely to
"Terror"
Firmer. And
The heroine, clasping
Her beauteous
But
Bespattered
Arms around the
Neck of
The hero
Said,
"Forsake me not
After rescuing me
From a watery grave. Thy
People shall
Be my
People, and thy
God
My God."
And the hero
Who was rather taken aback
Stammered,
"N-n-n-ever mind,
I-I wouldn't
Put you
To the trouble
And besides,
My wife might
Object."
And he walked
Hurriedly
Away—and
Now
The sweet young
Thing whose
Father
Is an alderman
Is begging

Her
Father to
Have them hurry
Up the
Paving of Main
Street
Because she
Says
The mud has
Such a *dampening*
Influence
Upon the other
Sex.

# How Sir Lancelot Did Get Down

Ralph Fuller, '21

Right so Sir Lancelot went riding in search of adventure, and anon he came to a goodly castle. Then was he ware as he neared the castle that a falcon all unhooded did fly therefrom and light in a tree nearby, nor flew farther. And as he nearer came, he saw the reason for this marvel, for the bird had caught in the branches the thong with which his feet were bound. And forthwith from the castle came a lady robed all in orange colored samite and raised her voice on high and said, "Fair sir, I pray thee, climb yon tree and rescue me the falcon, for if my husband return and see his falcon all unhooded, he will revile me for a careless wife. And he comes apace, therefore hasten."

Then did Sir Lancelot make answer, "Fair lady, it becomes me not to climb in trees, yet for thy sake I will essaye it an ye undo my ironware." And anon the lady gat herself to where Sir Lancelot stood, and when he had dismounted, she stript him his armor. Then did Sir Lancelot, the dude of the court, then did he shin up that tree as he were a squirrel. And when he was nor two-thirds up, he shouted down, "I fear me to go farther, lady, for it marveleth me much how this tree shaketh." Then the lady did let forth a wail, and wring her hands, so that Lancelot was moved to compassion and clomb higher and threw down the falcon. Then, as he began to descend, forth from the bushes rode a knight dressed all in silver-plated armor and cried, "Ah, false Lancelot, at last it is my deal. Come down that I may slay thee."

Then Sir Lancelot gat him to the lower branches and hung therefrom, thinking to drop and don his armor. But as he hung, the knight of the silver-plated armor, with one sweep of his sword did Sir Lancelot's breech.

"For shame, false knight, to strike with sword an unarmed man," roared Lancelot, as he retreated hastily to higher regions. "Behold, thy cussed sword has burst my flask! Hast thou no regard for the high cost of a drink? and shame on you, lady, that thou shouldst deceive me thus. No get thee hence, wench, for I cannot curse before a lady." And when she had gone, and he had soothed his soul with verbal outpourings, Sir Lancelot spoke, "Come, sir knight, hand me up my armor."

"Nay," answered Sir Phelot, for knight it be, "I will not."

"Then shall we wait a while," said Sir Lancelot, and perched himself comfortably on a limb to cogitate a while.

"Truly I am up a stump," said he, and regarding his torn breech, "there will be work for Guiniver when I return." Then, seeing his armor lying just below him, he conceived an idea. He carefully drew his fishing tackle from around his neck, and carefully did he lower a brass hook down till it caught on his helmet. But e'er he could draw it up, Sir Phelot with a laugh did sever the line with a sword. Then was Lancelot seized of a black despair, so that he tear his beard. Then cried Sir Phelot, "Keep it up, Lancelot, soon will I have enough for a mattress." Then did Sir Lancelot beat his breast, so dark did his prospects seem. But as he beat, his clenched fist did strike something other than his brawny chest. His face suddenly lighted with joy and hope as he reached in his shirt and drew forth an indescribable object. Then rising on his bough, he with all his might did hurl it down upon Sir Phelot. It struck him full on crest, and they were stricken down, horse and man. Then did Sir Lancelot leap nimbly down and taking Sir Phelot's sword, he held it to his throat and cried with mighty voice, "Now yield thee, or by all the drunken saints, thou diest."

Then Sir Phelot moaned in awful pain, "Spare me, for cat's sake, noble Lancelot, and I will be thy boot-blacker from hence forth."

"Arise and to horse, and get thy carcass to Arthur's court, and yield thee in my name." And he answered:

"Yea, Sir Knight, when I am able, but still the landscape whirleth about me. Pray, with what manner of thunderbolt didst thou fell me?"

Then over the features of the great knight came a tender smile of pride. "Ah, once more my queen has saved me. I carried it along, not wishing to offend her by refusing, and behold! In what stead has it stood me. That was the biscuit my lady Guiniver made for my supper."

# That First Week

BELVA HUTCHINSON, '23

Many pages might be written on the comical blunders which I made during that first week at high school. I couldn't see the funny side of it all at first, but now I am able to laugh at my mistakes.

The changing of classes at the end of every period was quite a novel experience to me, and I don't think I shall ever forget how confusing it was.

The second day I was wandering along the hall trying to find the room in which I was scheduled for a study period. I had my hand on the knob of a door and was about to enter and take a seat when a sophomore girl came by and asked me where I was going. I told her. "What!" she exclaimed, "the boys recite Algebra in there this period." Well, I certainly was glad that I hadn't walked in and taken a seat.

A friend who was with me then insisted on guiding me to the chapel, saying that we belonged there for study. Watching the various students come in, I saw that they were all boys and immediately decided that this was no place for us. So we hastily left the chapel and after going down the hall for some distance finally found a classmate who directed us to the right room.

A few days later I went in to the study hall and took a seat at the back of the room. A senior girl walked up to me and said, "You have my seat." I kept on studying the book I had in my hand. She saw I wasn't going to move, so she walked away, muttering something about "the nerve of some freshmen." Then I asked a girl on the row back of me the name of the person who was keeping study hall. The name was whispered to me. So I got up and said, "Mr. Cat, may I speak?" As he gave me permission he looked at me with a funny expression on his face. Later I discovered the reason. His name was not Cat at all but Capps. I don't know whether the girl told me his name was Cat on purpose or not.

I profited by my blunders the remaining days of the week and made no more mistakes of that kind.

# A Typical Incident

Ethel Davis, '21

Mr. Smith had accepted an invitation to address the Labor Union of Greensboro Tuesday evening at eight-thirty o'clock.

At exactly twenty minutes after nine Tuesday morning, a very neat and immaculate Mr. Smith bade his wife a hasty farewell, and set out for the station with half an hour before train time.

At the corner of Vickers Avenue and Chapel Hill street, a passing breeze snatched off his new hat and left it lying in one of the many trenches behind him. He ran after it, and, in his anger and mortification, collided with a pile of bricks. He was still rubbing his injured nose when he secured his exceedingly muddy hat.

Retracing his steps, Mr. Smith again reached the corner where he hailed a passing trolley car. At Five Points he had to get off as Main Street was in a state of upheaval.

Having searched for some time, he finally found a way out of the labyrinth of ditches and succeeded in reaching the Public Library. Safe on the sidewalk, he determined to make up for lost time. Looking at his watch as he hurried along, he saw that twenty minutes still remained before the train was due. Here he made a mistake by not watching where he was going, for directly into a pile of freshly dug, sticky, oozing mud he walked. After executing a little dance he succeeded in freeing himself from the slippery mud pile. As he hurried on, his mind was working as rapidly as his feet, but I will not state the nature of his thoughts.

In front of the candy kitchen, the sidewalk had been dug up and there was only a narrow plank on which to cross the ditch. Here, through courtesy, he was forced to wait until ten or twelve lady shoppers passed. Snatching at the next chance, he made his way across and down to the corner. By jumping ditches and mud holes like a grasshopper, he gained the other side of the street.

When he reached Mabry's drug store it was just time for the train to leave, but trains are late sometimes, and he might have made it, but the way was blocked by a row of girls strolling along in front of him. Realizing it was his last chance, he made a desperate effort to pass in spite of the ditch in the sidewalk.

Result: Tuesday night at eight-thirty o'clock, Mr. Smith was lying in the hospital with a broken leg, and a mind and heart bent on revenge.

# EDITORIAL

## THE MESSENGER

The purpose of The Messenger for the year 1919-1920 is two-fold. First of all its aim is to let outsiders know what is going on in the Durham High School—in other words, to advertise the work of our school to the world about us. It also purposes to let the pupils themselves know of the happenings in their own school. The Literary Department intends to encourage each pupil to do better work in the English Department of the school with the hope that his theme will be considered good enough to be put in the magazine. This year we hope to have many interesting short stories, one long story, which will be continued through several issues, and many attractive poems. The department devoted to school news intends to give all the little pieces of news which will be of interest to the school. In this department will be included the accounts of both literary societies as well as the athletic organizations.

Of course, to make the magazine a success we need the support of all the students in subscriptions and contributions. Every student of the Durham High School should be a subscriber to the magazine. The Messenger does not belong to the faculty and the staff; it belongs to each pupil; and it is up to each one to see that this is a magazine to be proud of. Our school has the reputation of editing one of the best school magazines in the state. Are we going to keep up our reputation? We must. Let us show our school spirit. If we all pull together, as we can do if each one will do his share, we can make our magazine just the best ever. Are you doing your share?

# SCHOOL NOTES

The people of Durham as well as the pupils of the Durham High School, are to be congratulated upon securing the services of many excellent instructors. The high school wishes to extend a hearty welcome to the following teachers:

Mrs. M. S. Sease, of the Fine Art Department, is a graduate of Orangeburg, Winthrop, and Columbia Universities. She was for four years a student of Prof. H. K. McCarthy, of Philadelphia, and Elliott Daingerfield, the national artist. Mrs. Sease has had many pictures exhibited and sold in New York art galleries. She comes to us well prepared for her work, as she has had three years' experience as a teacher.

Miss Eunice Chaplin, of the Domestic Science Department, is a graduate of Winthrop College where she received her A. B. degree, and also of Columbia University, where she received her B. S. degree in foods and cookery. Miss Chaplin comes to us from Wesleyan College.

Mr. H. E. Nycum, of the departments of English and Mathematics, hails from Johnstown, Pa., where he has been principal for the past fourteen years of one of Johnstown's first class schools, the Daleborough High.

Mr. J. A. Capps, whose home is in Gaston County, N. C., comes to us from the Huntersville State High School, where he taught last. During the war he served as a Y. M. C. A. secretary of the 27th Division. He was stationed on the Hindenburg Line in Belgium. Mr. Capps recently took an A. M. degree at Carolina and is well qualified for his work here.

Mr. Thomas Sprinkle has had wide military experience also. He was a lieutenant of the 40th Artillery at Camp Custer, Michigan, and his home is in Reidsville, N. C. We are especially glad to have him with us as he is a Trinity man, having graduated in the class of 1916.

Mr. Earl Sykes is another Trinity man and a returned soldier. He saw service in France where he was stationed at the headquarters of the S. O. S. in Tours. Mr. Sykes' home is in Franklinton, N. C.; however, he comes to us from Cornell and U. of Penn., where he received his A. M. degree.

The High School is proud to have among its teachers a world citizen in Mr. Frank Pugh, instructor of Mechanical Arts. He was a second lieutenant in France. Before the war Mr. Pugh was a professor of Industrial Arts in Porto Rico. Although he was born and educated in England, he has traveled extensively in Mexico, Africa, France, Austria, and Egypt.

The student body also welcomes the return of many of the "old" teachers: Mr. Hallenbeck, Miss Michaels, Miss Smith, Miss Singer, Miss Spruill, Miss Stephens, Mrs. Bivins, Miss Groves, Miss Solloway, Miss Brooks, Mrs. Spence, Mr. Holton, and Mr. Patterson.

## SENIOR NOTES

The senior class has as its standard this year, "Much in Little." Though small in numbers, it hopes to make up for this lack by the superior quality revealed below:

Allen, Ina
Barlow, Mabel
Barrett, Imogene
Blackley, Clyde
Brock, Nellie
Burnette, Thelma
Burnette, Vera
Cheatham, Ida May
Clark, Lelia
Couch, Marie
Council, Hester
Crews, Ethel
Gladstone, Ethel
Herndon, Hattie
Highee, Mary
Hill, Valinda
Horner, Nina
Hulin, Ruth
Jones, Clara
Massey, Colin
Miller, Lina
Monk, Lena Mae
Mulowitz, Rosa
Ripley, Mabel
Wilkinson, Mary Alice
Woods, Nancy
Baer, Charles
Carlton, Baxter
Carmichael, Martin
Cobb, Jack
Faucette, Charles
Faucette, William
Green, Henry
Gholson, Clifton
Michie, Martin
Primakoff, Max
Rabinowitz, Jake
Roberson, Willis
Tyler, John

On Friday night, October 31st, the senior class entertained with a Hallowe'en party, given in the basement of the high school. The room was decorated à la Hallowe'en and the seniors doffed their dignity to don gay and grotesque masquerade costumes. No one would have recognized Henry Green, of red-haired fame, in the guise of a darkey preacher. Especially good also were Charles Baer, the clown, Jack Cobb, the Turk, and the colonial dames, Lena Mae Monk and Hattie Herndon.

After the fun of unmasking the evening was spent in playing Hallowe'en games in which teachers and pupils participated. An old hag (Marian Piatt), presided in a dark corner and revealed the future of all who approached her. After liberal and informal refreshments in keeping with the spirit of the evening, the party adjourned—ghosts, witches, and colonial dames piling into Charles Baer's truck to be taken home.

## JUNIOR NOTES

As for the junior class, it is admittedly a bright class—at least the juniors admit that it is. If we had room for the roll call it would speak for them. As it is, they have written some of them large on the title page of this issue of the magazine. Rumors are circulating around school that the juniors are planning a party with hints of minstrel stunts and good eats.

## SOPHOMORE NOTES

The sophomores, like all sophomores, "know not and know not that they know not," and yet there is hope for them, as they are a goodly bunch—certainly in numbers, since they are 131 strong. Attractive posters have been announcing the sophomore fair.

## FRESHMEN NOTES

This year's freshman class is the largest which has ever entered the high school for it boasts of 195 members. The many members, pouring in from various grammar schools, are not so green and fresh after all, and we are expecting them to be worthy sons and daughters of D. H. S.

## THE BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY

Despite the fact that Victor Young and Leo Brady, the society standbys, are lost this year by reason of graduation, members of the society are confident that there is some fine material for this year's debating declamation work.

At the present time, it is planned to have the school represented at four boys' declamation contests during the year—the "9019" contest at Trinity and the Wake Forest, Lenoir, and Elon College contests. A member of the society is virtually sure of being picked for these contests.

There have been two radical changes made in the programs of the society. At a recent meeting a motion was made and passed that a humorist be added to the program. It was also decided to have what is called a "hand out" at the end of the meetings at least once a month. These innovations should increase both membership and interest in the meetings.

## THE CORNELIA SPENCER LITERARY SOCIETY

The work of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society has begun unusually well this year. The officers have gone to work with a zeal, and, with the help of the members hope to make this the best year in the history of the society. The officers for this term are: President, Valinda Hill; Vice-President, Nell Brock; Secretary, Ethel Gladstone; Treasurer, Marian Piatt; Censor, Mabel Barlow; Critic, Annie Wall Foushee.

The enrollment for this year is very large, as about seventy new members joined. The society extends a welcome to them, and also to Miss Brooks, Miss Michaels, and Miss Spruill, faculty advisors.

So far the programmes have been quite interesting. Especially good was the play "Six Cups of Chocolate," in which Elsie Beavers, as "Cynthia," the negro maid, was the hit of the afternoon. Other equally good programmes have been planned for the future.

## ATHLETICS

The Athletic Association was organized this year with a very good showing. About 165 boys joined on the first day. With Jack Cobb as president, and Max Primakoff as captain, we are sure that the D. H. S. will be proud of her teams.

The inter-class basketball games were played with much enthusiasm, and the seniors came out victorious after a hard fight, winning the cup that was given by the Athletic Association. The following are the officers of the association:

Coaches, Mr. Pond and Mr. Sykes. Basketball: Manager Jack

Cobb; Captain, Max Primakoff. Baseball: Manager, George Mason; Captain, Knox Massey. Tennis: Manager, Chas. Baer; Captain, Chas. Baer.

## GLEE CLUB

We consider ourselves very fortunate this year in having a Glee Club. With Miss Eva Minor as leader and Virginia Ashlin as president, we are expecting to do things in the musical line.

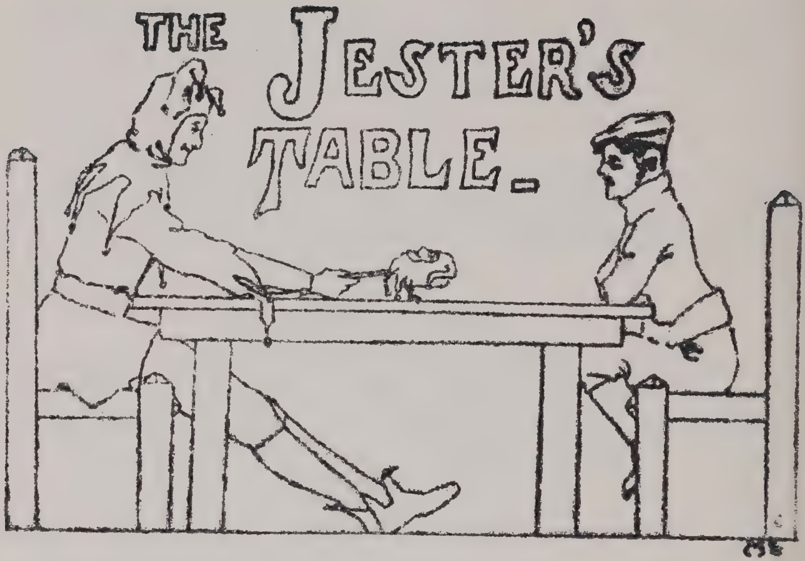
## GIRL SCOUTS

Another new organization this year is the Girl Scouts. Many girls have joined and are studying for the different tests. Miss Thomas and Mrs. Sease are the leaders in this work. We expect this organization to rival that of the boys.

## OUR ORCHESTRA

The high school may consider itself quite fortunate in having such a good orchestra this year. Unlike most high school orchestras, it is not appreciated more when it is not playing, for, under the able direction of Mr. Patterson, it furnishes excellent music for our chapel exercises and other special occasions. Mr. Patterson, leader; Virginia Ashlin, piano; A. M. Rigsbee, trap drum; Carl Hobgood, cornet; Abe Swartz, cornet; violins, Katherine Smith, Eunice Hutchins, Elizabeth Council, Roman Harton, Sol Bane, Henry Bane, Herman Hockfield, Max Swartz.

The Durham High School has recently put on an after-the-war campaign, opening a savings account with the First National Bank. Early Tuesday morning each pupil makes a deposit and there is much rivalry among the different classes. Already a good account has been started for over five hundred dollars has been deposited. About forty per cent of the pupils are taking part in this and the star grade is Miss Rogers' special grade.


THE JESTER'S TABLE.

## A RHYME

(Found in Charles Baer's Spanish Book; though not Spanish, yet it speaks a language of its own)

"This is the verse of a pretty lass—
She sits in the room of the third year class,
Her hair is brown, her eyes are grey,
She is good-looking—so they all say.
She likes to dance and she likes to ride,
Just so she has me by her side;
Of candy she likes to eat her fill,
Provided I'm willing to foot the bill.
I hope that some day she'll be mine—
And this is where I'll end my rhyme."

* * *

Mr. Holton—"What is a benevolent despot?"
Elbert Burnett—"A sick king."

Mabel B. (4th year, translating Colomba)—"She struck a high blow with a low voice."

* * *

"If a fellow gets to going downhill, it seems as if everything is greased for the occasion." (See second year French class.)

* * *

### WHOSE KNEES?

Edna J. (translating Colomba)—"She fell down upon his knees, entreating him."

* * *

"We all know Martin Carmichael,
Who rides his own motorcycle—
Where'er there's a chance
The girls to entrance,
There you'll always find Mister Carmichael."

* * *

Absent mindedness gets the best of all of us sometimes; even the greatest of men are not immune from it. For instance: Mr. Nycum entered his class-room one morning, and saw on the blackboard, his name, coupled with that of the ignoble Cataline, thusly

CATALINE NYCUM

He took one look, drew himself up, and declaimed in a sonorous voice:

"Fools' names are like fools' faces,
Often seen in public places."

* * *

"You all have heard of Mary's lamb,
I sing another tale—
Our Mary has a little Baer,
And everywhere that Mary goes
He follows without fail.

* * *

Mr. Holton was discoursing on the discovery of America, and he ended with—"And all this happened more than four hundred years ago." "Gee! What a memory you've got!" said Louise D.

* * *

Wm. F.'s Motto—*"Ego amo te."*

"Ouch," said Mr. Nycum, as I stepped on his foot, "that was made to walk on, but I reserve the privilege."

* * *

## GEMS FROM THE "LADY OF THE LAKE"

(By the 1st Year English Papers)

"Malcolm Graeme was firmly knit with light hair."

"Coming across the lake was a lady in a row boat that looked like a fairy."

"The hunter was about to catch the dear."

"She sang to him that night; he left the next morning."

"Rhoderick Dhu was a fat, chunky man who wore a short skirt."

* * *

## HENPECKED

Louise D. (3rd year, spiritedly debating on Silas Marner)—"Godfrey Cass became a domesticated man."

* * *

Miss Susie asked Ethel Gladstone a question, which Ethel answered promptly, but William Faucette thought she needed assistance and spoke up too. Whereupon Miss Susie remarked, "William, let's have only one girl talking at a time."

* * *

Charlie Bishop—"Roger, dear, have you got the confidence in me to lend me a quarter?"

Roger D.—"Sure, I've got the confidence, but I haven't got the quarter."

* * *

Mr. Sprinkle—"Sit down!"

Pupil—"I won't do it."

Mr. S.—"Then stand up—I will be obeyed."

* * *

"There is a young maiden named Clyde,
Who has always a boy by her side;
Sometimes he's tall, sometimes he's small,
But she smiles alike at them all."

* * *

John Tyler (translating Virgil)—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and——that's as far as I got, Miss Susie."

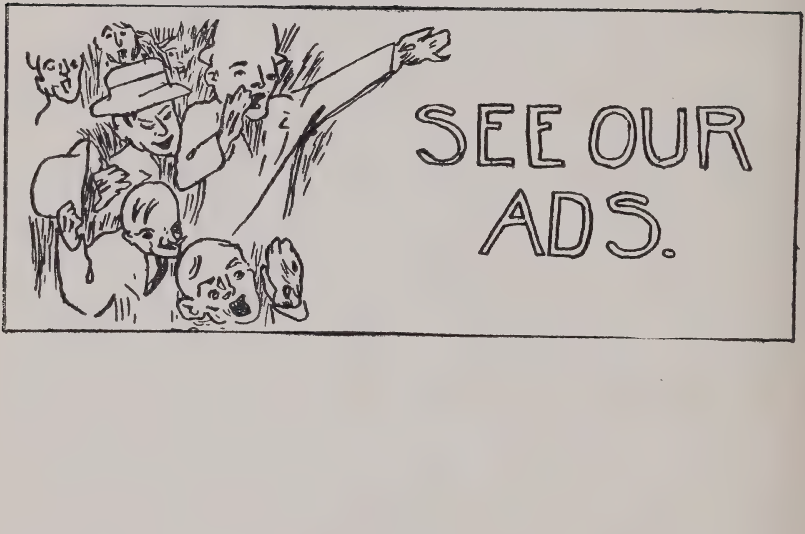
Miss Susie—"Well, John, I think that was quite far enough."

Since this is the first issue of THE MESSENGER, and there are no exchanges on our table so far, we shall take the opportunity to state our purpose for the coming year.

The purpose of the Exchange Department of THE MESSENGER is to exchange magazines with the other high schools and to criticize them in a constructive rather than a destructive way; and we hope that our magazine will be received and criticized in the same spirit.

Not only do we receive valuable criticisms of the literary work we are doing, but also an exchange of ideas and helpful hints for school life. Then, too, it shows that every school has a goal to attain, each working to keep its standard as high as possible and as high as any other state in the Union. Thus, the plan of exchanging magazines of different schools is an excellent one, since it enables each school to learn what kind of work is being carried on elsewhere, not only along literary lines but in school activities. In fact, it relates all of the news of the school in a nutshell.

The exchange editors are always glad to receive any exchanges from other schools. We thus welcome with friendly spirit every criticism of our magazine, and we sincerely hope to keep THE MESSENGER what our predecessors have labored so hard to make it.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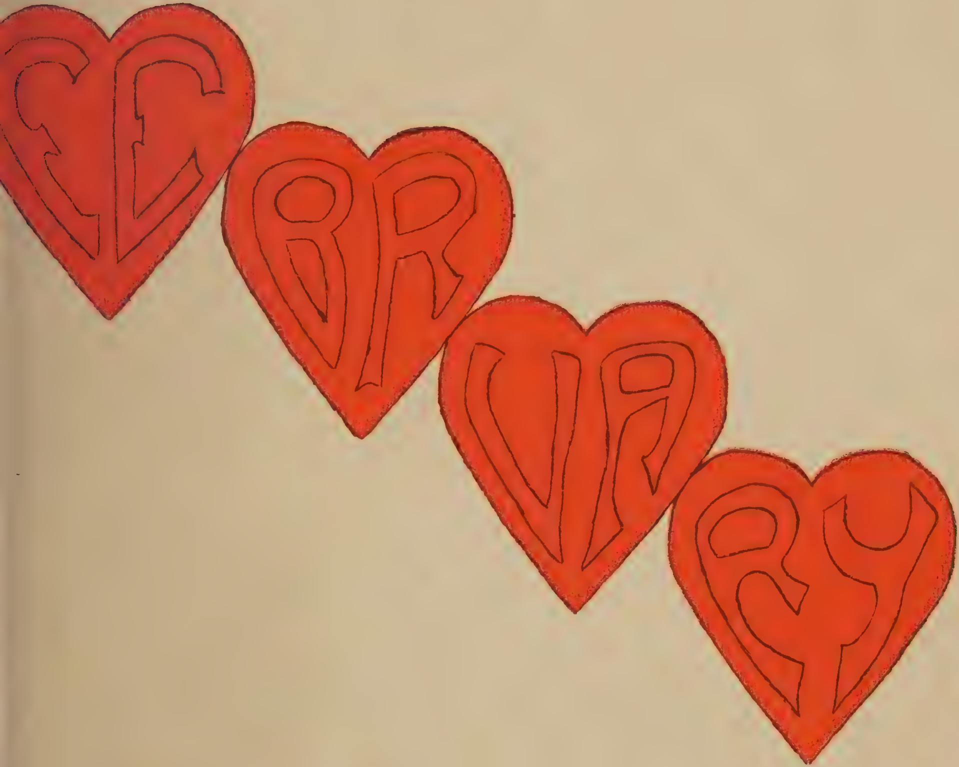
# THE MESSENGER

Durham



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Volume XVI, No. 2 February, 1920

# THE MESSENGER

Published Quarterly During the School Year by the
Students of the Durham High School, Durham, N. C.

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# LITERARY

## A Valentine Romance

VALINDA HILL, '20

In her ancestral home in Charleston, Miss Rowena Littlefield lived alone, with the exception of her old colored maid, Maggie, who cared for the house and "Miss 'Ena." For a number of years her life had passed smoothly along with little to break the monotony, until one morning she received a telegram telling of the death of her sister's husband—an event which left her niece, Dorothy Stuart, to her care. Miss Rowena was disturbed to think that her quiet household was to be upset by this young girl whom she scarcely knew; nevertheless, she wrote Dorothy to come and make her home with her.

Dorothy had been living with Miss Rowena for several months, and to her surprise Miss Rowena found that it was not so upsetting after all to have a young girl with her. Although Dorothy's passion for anything that might be romantic grated on her nerves, still Miss Rowena hoped to reform her.

One evening in the early part of February Miss Rowena and Dorothy were sitting before the fire. Dorothy gazed dreamily at the dancing flames. Suddenly she broke the silence. "Aunt Rowena," she said, "did you ever have a love affair?"

Miss Rowena started at the question, then quickly and sharply answered, "Ump, don't know's I ever did."

Silence again ensued.

"But didn't anybody ever send you a valentine?" asked Dorothy.

"Go along, child, don't fill your head with such silly things." Nothing more was said of the matter that night.

Next morning Dorothy found a cozy corner in the library to read. Her book was very interesting, and she became so absorbed that when at last the hero married the heroine she suddenly realized that some one was speaking in the room. She peered around her chair, and saw Aunt Rowena seated at her desk. In her hand she held an old lacey valentine. "Well, to think, it's been twenty years. I was a fool once," she said, as she half-angrily thrust back the old valentine in the desk, and hurried out of the room. Dorothy's eyes sparkled. Here seemed just the kind of romance to satisfy her longing. Cautiously she tipped to the desk and quietly opened the drawer. There she found the lovely old valentine. Her excitement and curiosity were at the highest pitch. Carefully the old valentine was opened, and beneath the little love verse she found "from Erwin Adair." "Erwin Adair?" she thought; "yes, indeed," at last she remembered, "the big judge in Savannah! Could Aunt Rowena have ever been in love with the Judge?" Any way, Dorothy decided to find out.

As soon as she could bring up the subject again, Dorothy asked her Aunt about receiving valentines. This time Aunt Rowena said, "I believe I did get one from Erwin Adair."

"But why didn't you marry him, Aunt Rowena? Didn't you love him?"

"Go away, you foolish child. Can't you let an old woman, who has made a fool of herself once, let her past rest? But, if you must know, there was a slight misunderstanding about a letter that was lost, and I, very foolishly, would not let him explain, and so we have never seen each other since. So there!"

Immensely interested, Dorothy would have liked to learn more, but her aunt would say no more about it. She thought over the problem for a while, and then an idea came to her. Running quickly back to the desk, she took out the old valentine. Taking a pen, she wrote, "I still remember." Placing both the old valentine and the note in an envelope, she addressed it to Judge Erwin Adair.

For the next few days she was in a fever of anxiety, wondering what would be the outcome of her impulsive meddling in the affairs of Aunt Rowena.

Just as she was about to give up hope of hearing from the Judge, one morning a great commotion was heard at the door. When she ran to see what was the matter, Miss Rowena weakly handed her a telegram and sank into her chair, calling for her smelling salts. The words, "Will arrive on the 8:30 train, Erwin Adair", seemed to dance before her eyes.

Dorothy gasped, "Aunt Rowena, we have exactly ten minutes to get ready." In some way the telegram had been delayed, and so there were now only ten minutes before the train was due. Most of that time was spent in trying to calm Aunt Rowena, who continually explained, "Oh, I know he is coming on business," but seemed greatly upset over the business trip.

At last the doorbell rang. "Oh, please you go, Dorothy, I really couldn't go myself," she begged. Dorothy rushed to the door, where she found the Judge. There was no time for explanations. She gently pushed him into the room where Miss Rowena was nervously twisting her handkerchief.

How long the minutes seemed before Dorothy dared peek in. Evidently the explanations had been satisfactorily made, as, sitting close together, they were looking at an old lacey valentine.

Dorothy quietly shut the door and exclaimed, "*My* romance!"

# Cupid Collides With Dame Fashion

EUNICE HUTCHINS, '21

They were
In the
Garden. The
Girl sobbed softly
And the boy
Attempted to
Comfort
Her. He fell
Upon
His knees
At her
Feet and tried
To feel penitent
But the
Curl behind her
Ear distracted
Him. Suddenly she
Ceased her
"Clinging vine"
Sobbing
And rose to
Her feet. She
Cast the
Boy one look
Of withering
Scorn and stamped
Her foot; then
Losing her
Momentary
Self-possession, she
Again burst
Into tears.
"Beast!" she
Sobbed, "I can never
Forgive you! Leave me,
And may
Your shadow never
Darken again
The paths of this
Garden where
We
Were once so
Happy!" The
Boy turned from
Her, and
With bowed head
Walked
Away.

* * * * * * * *

An hour
Later the girl
Was
Weeping in the
Arms of her
Friend who
Always
Acted as father-confessor.
"But dear," remonstrated
The
Friend, "don't
You think it
Would be
Better for you both
If you were to
Marry
Him and
Forget the great
Wrong he
Has
Done you?"
"No!" cried the
Girl tragically, "I
Shall never
Marry any man
Who sits
Down on my
New hat
When he
Proposes
To me!"

# My Visit to Hades

CLYDE STRAUGHAN, '21

I am an old man now, well past my threescore years and ten. My steps are faltering, and my eyes are dim, but the scenes of my youth are as clear to me now as they were then, especially those that center around old D. H. S.

I never think of that dear old school, now long gone, but that I remember a very strange dream or vision that I had one hot day in May at recess. I had just eaten a sandwich prepared by the Domestic Science Class, when I was seized with a violent nausea which left me as suddenly as it came. It was followed, however, by a sensation of extreme drowsiness. Hardly able to stand, I managed to stagger to the edge of the playground, where I fell in a stupor.

When I opened my eyes, the first thing that I saw was a little red imp. He had two short horns on his head just above his gleaming green eyes. He had a long tail which seemed to be always coiling and twisting in the air. His features were set in the most cruel and beastly expression that I ever saw.

I sat up instantly to get a better look at him. He was leaning on a three-pronged pitchfork, gazing steadily at me. We stared at each other for the space of probably a minute, when I rose to my feet and said, "Well, friend, who are you, and where am I?"

"Sir," he said, "I have no name, but am a mere subject of my liege lord and master, Lucifer H. Satan. You are in the province of Brimstonia, Hades. My lord has commanded me to bring you before him immediately."

"What if I refuse to see his majesty today?" I asked.

"I think that you will not refuse," said he.

For the first time I noticed that the prongs of his pitchfork were red-hot and as sharp as needles. I decided to visit His Satanic Majesty without the slightest resistance. "All right," I said. "Where does the old boy live?"

"You should speak more respectfully of his majesty, sir," he said. "His royal highness is waiting nearby to receive you." With these words he bowed, and walked ahead to show the way.

Soon we came to an open court where Satan himself and some of his chief men were waiting to receive me. I noticed that they were very respectful and seemed awed by my presence. Then I walked straight up to him without bowing, and said, "This imp told me that you wanted to see me. What do you want?"

He seemed at a loss to know what to say for a moment, he was so surprised by the way in which I had addressed him. Finally, collecting his dignity, he said, "Pardon me, sir, I merely wanted to become acquainted with the only schoolboy whom I have been unable to tempt. I assure you that you have my highest respect, and the respect of all my chief officers. We all know you, but I presume that you will have to be introduced to some of us. Me, you probably know from seeing my pictures. This gentleman on my right is Judas Iscariot, of whom you read in the Bible. He is the governor of Purgatory. These two on my left are Kaiser Wilhelm Hohenzollern II and the Crown Prince, governors respectively of Limbo and Hades."

"You are very kind," I said. "I am deeply mortified to make ungrateful acknowledgement to these introductions, and the sooner you send them back where they belong, the better I shall like it."

"It shall be done, sir," he said. Turning to the ones in question, he gave each a jab with his pitchfork, which sent them howling away. "Now, sir, if you will take my fork, it will enable you to see and speak to anyone here that you may know, and I think that you will find quite a number of your friends. Under no circumstances drop this fork. If you do, you will find yourself back upon earth immediately. When you wish to see anyone, just wave it in the air. I shall have to go now, so farewell." With these words he vanished in a puff of smoke.

I wondered what had become of many of the students of D. H. S., for I had no idea of how long it was since I left. I did not know then that I was merely seeing a vision of the future. So I waved the fork and was enveloped in a dense smoke that soon cleared away.

Before me was a ball field covered with asbestos. In the field was the D. H. S. nine, playing a "hot" game with the Raleigh High School team. George Mason, our star pitcher, was twirling the solid asbestos ball with all his old-time skill. Knox Massey and Jack Cobb, our phenomenal fielders, were doing brilliant work in spite of the fact that they were almost constantly stepping upon some outcropping of the hot brimstone and bounding high up into the air with a yell, only to land on another just as hot. Oh, it was a hot game, all right! It was umpired by a huge red imp. If any player on either team did not play to suit him, he would chase the poor fellow back and forth over the hottest part of the field with his pitchfork. Our team was slightly in the lead, and it was the last half of the ninth inning. Mason fanned out. Cobb followed suit. Then when Massey walked out swinging his boiler-plate bat, a roar of applause arose from the bleachers where the old students of D. H. S. were seated. He was our old faithful. Surely he would not fan out. The first ball passed over the plate a little too high for him. Strike one. The next was a duplicate of the first. Strike two. Then we saw Massey's bat draw back a trifle and when the ball was delivered he met it fair and square, and with a crack like a pistol it sailed away over the field. Massey was sailing for first! The umpire yelled for him to run faster, and when he stopped to remove a piece of hot brimstone from between his toes, he leveled his fork and charged. Poor Knox fled towards the field, but the imp chased him back to second base. From there he was run around the bases at record speed, scoring a home run for our team. But the umpire broke up the game before we could pile up the score any more. He got to chasing the players all over the field. Seeing that the game was over, and that D. H. S. had defeated Raleigh, even in Hades, the crowds began to file out. Then came the big delegation from D. H. S. and I saw a great many of my friends. I yelled out, "Hello, there, fellows! Well, if there aren't the three inseparables, Ralph, Roger, and Blair! And here's old Frank Warner toddling along after them as usual! How do you like the climate down here, anyhow?"

Hearing themselves thus addressed, they turned and saw who it was. Then with whoops of glee, they made a rush for me—their hands held out to shake. Forgetting everything, I hurled the fork high up into the air and grasped two of the outstretched hands. Just then the fork struck the ground with a crash. There was a flash of fire, and smoke enveloped us. I could still feel my arms being jerked about by my friends, but that was all. I seemed to be floating through the air. Then I landed against something with a bang.

I sat up, rubbing my eyes, to find myself back on the playground of old D. H. S. One of the boys had me by the arms, trying to jerk me to my feet, for the bell had rung, and the boys were falling in line.

Thus ended my vision of the underworld, but the memory of those scenes will remain when all else is forgotten.

# Tracks in the Snow

### Hattie Herndon, '20

One wintry afternoon I went for a walk along a deserted road. As I was wandering along, with my eyes on the ground, lost in thought, my attention was caught by two pairs of footprints in the snow. One pair was firm and broad, made by a masculine shoe. Side by side with these were the deep dents of a lady's French heel.

These two tracks probably wouldn't have interested me if they hadn't been so *very* close together, and if they hadn't wandered along so aimlessly. But they *did* interest me because I realized that they were made by lovers. As I followed the footprints I let my fancy weave a little story about them. But my romance was soon disturbed.

I came to a fork in the road. The snow was trampled down as if they had stood there for a long time. (Perhaps they had quarreled.) Then the footprints separated, the man's going down one road, and the girl's the other.

My walk followed the girl's tracks. For a time the French heels cut deep into the snow, as if the girl were in great haste. But soon the footprints began to grow fainter, as if she were not quite so sure of herself. The snow was torn up, and the tracks were merged into one another. Miss French Heels had lost her confidence. But in a little while she must have stamped her feet, for the tracks in the snow were very deep, and then the footprints went resolutely forward.

I followed these tracks until they turned in at a cheerful farmhouse. I walked on up the road, thinking of the footprints in the snow, and the tale they told, until the lateness of the hour caused me to turn back.

As I drew near the farmhouse I wondered if there was another pair of footprints to keep the girl's company. My curiosity was satisfied when I got there, for close beside the print of the French heels was that of a man's shoe, firm and broad.

I looked in at the window as I passed, and what I saw made me, for some strange reason, happy and at peace with the world. For there were a girl and a boy before the fire. They both sat in a chair made for one person.

# "Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady"

Lettice Walters, '21

It was February 14—which everybody knows is St. Valentine's Day. Jimmie Green and Billy Smith, two youthful aspirants to the affection of Elizabeth Daw, stood in front of that young lady's home engaged in a heated conversation.

"Say, Billy, if you'll take this valentine and stick it under Elizabeth's front door, I'll give you my sack of new marbles. What you say?" said Jimmie persuasively.

"Me? You crazy as you can be. Don't you reckon I know they done got a great big bulldog what'll tare you up so bad you' own ma won't even know you? 'Smatter you can't take it, she's you' girl, not mine. You way off the track when you talk like that," said Billy.

"Aw, yes, do, Billy, be a sport and take it. I ain't fraid of the bulldog a-tall, but if her ma sees *me* she'll near 'bout kill me 'cause she's done told me she didn't want to see me in her yard no more. She won't say nuthin to you," pleaded Jimmie, who all the time was just dying to see the bulldog give Billy a long chase. Such joy, he felt, would not be unholy, for only that day at school he had seen Billy smile a freckled smile at Elizabeth, and make an offering of a red stick of candy. And the worst of it was that Elizabeth had accepted the candy and returned the smile.

"No, siree, I ain't gonna do it, so you just as well save that breath," said Billy, more determined than ever.

"Bill, if you will, I'll let you ride a whole hour on my bicycle when I get it next Christmas, and besides I'll give you my sack of marbles now," bargained Jimmie.

This sounded awfully tempting to Billy, because he coveted those marbles, but most of all he wanted to get that hour's ride on the bicycle. He considered the proposition several minutes, then grudgingly yielded. He picked up two or three rocks for "safety first," took the valentine and started up the steps of Elizabeth's home.

Just as he was slipping the heart under the door, it opened in his surprised face, and who should walk out but the much-adored Elizabeth herself? She, too, seemed rather taken back, but when she saw the tell-tale heart she understood and smiled. (It was worth lots to watch Elizabeth smile, too. "Somehow," as Billy said, "she smiles all over her face—lips, dimples, eyes, n'everything.") This time she did more than smile, for she eagerly invited Billy in to see her other valentines.

As they triumphantly disappeared, poor Jimmie, crouched just behind the hedge, writhed with anger and disappointment. And the worst was yet to come, for there was the bulldog, which had been forgotten. Just as Jimmie arose to sneak home, the vicious creature leaped upon him, grabbing him by the coat-tail. Around and around Jimmie whirled in maddening circles, seeking to loose himself, but Mr. Bulldog held on and got a free ride. And above the confusion Jimmie thought he heard amused laughter. That was too much. With one jerk and a ripping sound he freed himself at last, and the dog was flung with mouth full of coat, over the hedge into his own yard.

Is there any wonder that Jimmie is now a confirmed woman-hater? At least, he declares he will never spend any more of his money on a girl. For that ill-fated valentine had cost him a "perfectly good quarter!"

# Puppy Love

HATTIE HERNDON, '20

Puppy love
Is the effect of
Cupid's
First practice shot
At the heart of a youth.
The arrow doesn't strike deep
But glances off without
Serious injury,
But a fever arises
Which makes him
Susceptible
To the glances of the
First pair of
Sparkling feminine eyes.
This Puppy Love
Is a very
Deluding
Thing, also amusing to the
Onlooker.
But the youth
Suffering with it
Nearly always fails to see the
Joke.
He never knows that
He
Has been sick
Until
He gets well, and
Even then
He doesn't like to confess
It.
When he has the
Disease
Everything seems to have
A rosy lining.
In the springtime this
"April Madness" is
Especially dangerous.
Every glance of his
Divinity
Makes his heart
Go "pitapat,"
And he begins to think
In poetry. This
Mental twist
Is usually very
Temporary,
But very intense—
While it lasts.
When the
Spell
Is broken he
Thinks that
He
Can never
Quite recover. He
Thinks that he will
Bear the scars
(O cherished scars, romantic scars!)
To a loveless grave.
But thus far
Puppy Love
Has never proved
Fatal,
So there is hope that
Those who are
Now
In the throes of that
Affectation
Will survive!

# "Dear Billikens"

### Dorothy Cox, '21

December 22.

Dear Billikens:

Guess what Aunt Barbara sent me for Christmas? A sealskin evening wrap! She's especially fond of me because I'm her namesake, you know. Wasn't it perfectly dear of her? I hope she will come down here Christmas. Oh, gracious, there goes the doorbell. It's Harry calling for me to go skating. I'll finish your letter tomorrow.

December 23.

This is tomorrow now, and what do you think? Aunt Barbara came in on the morning train. I'm going shopping with her this afternoon. She's going to give me a dinner-party, and I certainly hope she will get me an evening dress. Sis said if I had a party I'd disgrace the family. Huh! What does she know about it? Well, I won't mail this till we come home this afternoon, so I can tell you about it.

Later.

Billikens, Dear:

I have to come to you for comfort. I went downtown with Aunty and she bought ever so many pretty things for Sis and didn't buy a single thing for me. There was a lovely evening dress in one of the stores and I hinted a lot but she said it was too growny for me, and that it would be about right for Sis. Sis gets everything now. There goes that doorbell again. It's that horrid Harry Carsons again. I know it is. I hate him. He's such a kid. Please write and comfort your poor

"Bab."

December 24.

Dear Billikens:

I'm so happy I can hardly see straight. It wasn't Harry at the door yesterday. It was a package addressed to Miss Barbara Harrington, and that's me. Aunty did get me the dress and I'm going to wear it to the dinner-party. There goes the bell again. Bye-bye till later.

Later.

What do you think? Someone's fallen in love with me and sent me a diamond ring. It has the initials P. D. to B. H. and the postman brought it to me this morning. I wonder if P. D. is handsome!

Later.

I'm scared to death, Billikens. I met Him this afternoon as I was coming home from uptown. He didn't know me but I knew him just as soon as he asked if I knew where Miss Barbara Harrington lived. I told him that I would show him the way and when I got him here I managed to lock him up in the garage. If he should see me with my hair down, and a short dress on I guess I would scare him.

Still later.

Billikens, I'm going to run away. Aunty won't let me have a party now, and Sis took my sealskin wrap, and Mother won't speak to me. I'll tell you how it was. When I stopped writing while ago, I started dressing fast as I could. I put on the evening dress and the wrap and the ring and went downstairs. Aunty saw the ring and snatched it off my finger. Before I could say anything Sis snatched off my wrap and told Aunty that I had her dress. Just as I started to say something He came in and asked where was that kid who locked him up in the garage. I fainted, and when they could make me understand, I found that the P. D. on the ring was for Philip Dale, and that he was engaged to Aunt Barbara, and that she bought the dress for Sis. Then Sis took my sealskin wrap and wore it to the dance, and Mother told me to go to bed, but I'm going to run away and join the movies instead. Your heart-broken

"Bab."

# Barbara's Movie Career

Margaret Wannamaker, '22

Barbara threw herself on the bed disconsolately. No one understood her—not even Dad. She wanted to join the movies and he wouldn't let her. When she had argued that it was predestined that she should act, the family had laughed.

Amid a deluge of tears and frantic kicking of feet she turned again to the advertisement that had fired her young soul. She knew it by heart, but she read it again through her tears.

"Wanted—A capable young woman for work. Experience unnecessary. Apply Goodwin, Palace Theater."

Suddenly her tear-besmeared face brightened. She would act in the afternoon without her parents' knowledge. Then afterwards she would flourish a roll of bills in their faces. Oh! and her sister's clothes would fit the occasion. She ran into Elizabeth's room to select the dress.

"Oh, that black velvet is the very thing with her new black hat and fur. Oh, yes, a pair of slippers—those silver-buckled ones will do," she planned.

Then she quickly dressed, added a touch of rouge to her cheeks, pinned a red rose to her fur and pranced out.

When she gained the street, she drew a sigh of relief. Just to think that her life career was about to begin!

But she had forgotten the two important things—ear-rings and chewing gum. However, on seeing a Greek shop nearby she purchased these essentials. As she neared the studio she lost a bit of her confidence, but flashing her ear-rings and chewing defiantly she walked in.

"I wish to see Mr. Goodwin!" she told the office girl, who dared to look amused. "Tell him Mme. La Belle wishes to see him!" (Barbara had chosen that name because it sounded so well.)

Mr. Goodwin came out, gave her a look from picture hat to silver buckles—and smiled. "Why, my dear Mme. La Belle, we don't want a French lady; we need a hard-working Irish woman to scrub these floors!"

"*Scrub woman!*" gasped Barbara.

Then she fled, never to enter the field of movies again.

# The Seniors in Disguise

Mabel Barlow, '20

The long sloping *Hill* of *Higbee* Heights was in its glory and beauty of early spring. The *Green* grass was just as fresh and tender as in years gone by when *Tyler* was president or *Gladstone* was a great statesman.

The little cottage nestled in the *Woods* over beyond *Primakoff* Villa and was humble though neatly furnished. It was owned and tenanted by a Mr. *Mulowitz,* who was a *Miller.* His son *Allen* was just then seated at the piano playing *"Michie,"* the latest song-hit of the season. His brother, *Hulin,* was lazily reclining on the *Couch* enjoying the music, when all at once he heard a crunching sound coming from down towards the mill. Looking out the window he saw a *Black* (*ly*) *Baer,* soberly chewing a corn *Cobb.*

"Lordy *Massey, Allen,* look out here at what I see. Let's catch him."

"How shall we go about it, *Hulin?*"

They held a hasty *Council* on what to do to capture the *Baer.* They first decided to attach the hose to the *Faucette* and drench him senseless. Then on second thought they remembered that the trapper's way was sometimes to gather a ring of brush around an animal and *Burnette* all at once.

Then they set to work with their *Barlow* knives cutting brush and twigs. Mr. *Herndon,* passing just at that moment, stopped to inquire what they were doing. "Ha," he replied, "you are as busy as the little *Ripley* brook or even the *Crews* on one of our big battle ships.

During this procedure the *Miller* was out in another direction bargaining with Mr. *Jones* for a cow. Before selling the cow Mr. *Jones* was honest enough to warn him that she was a bad cow, and if his wife went near her that she might *Horner.* As they were disputing the value of the cow Mr. *Jones* whispered to his friend, Mr. *Carmichael,* who was standing near, "If he is not keen *I. Mae Cheatham."*

The *Miller* heard him and threw a *B*(*ig*)*rock* at him, while Mr. *Wilkinson,* the hired man, unfastened the cow-chain with a *Monk*(*ey*) wrench and let her get loose. They parted in anger and the case was tried the next day before Mayor *Gholson* and Policeman *Rabinowitz.*

# Just Like a Woman

Nancy Wood, '20

"It had pink ruffles on the skirt and there were the dearest black bows in the back."

Miss Horne closed her fashion monthly over her finger and leaned back to hear better. The two in the seat were leaning forward, and their fresh girlish voices were heard above the train.

"It was so pretty I simply had to get it," the other was saying. "See, here's the sample. Would you trim it in green or pink?"

"M—m, let me see,—green, I think, don't you?"

Miss Horne's high collar did not prevent her from glancing over her shoulder. She looked to the extreme end of the car, and brought her gaze back by way of the sample. It was pretty, very pretty—but she would have chosen pink. She had not had an organdie dress for several summers, not since that dear little blue one. She really might—a pink and white, with a black sash or a pale blue, with a girdle of—

"Why, Miss Horne, how do you do?"

She was so busy thinking she did not recognize the voice. Her heart gave a little catch when she saw it was Bob, but she made room for him beside her.

"I know I've interrupted, but what kind of problems were you settling?"

"Oh, nothing important; it wouldn't interest you."

"Have you heard Adam's lecture?" he asked.

"With a big, fussy blue taffeta bow right in front, wide like this, and a twist of blue velvet, just a shade darker, under the brim," came the girl's voice from behind.

"I beg your pardon, what did you ask me?" asked Miss Horne.

"It's a shame," he exclaimed, "you want to go on with your big thoughts. I interrupted, and you're too nice to tell me so. I'm going to leave you in peace."

"No, please—really," she said earnestly. "It wasn't important."

He shook his head and arose to go.

"Very well,' she said desperately, "I was trying to decide whether to get a new edition of Kipling or an organdie gown. And I've decided on the organdie gown."

Bob dropped back into his seat with a dazzling look in his eyes. He quietly closed the fashion monthly, where her finger still marked the place, and quite firmly put it in a corner of the seat behind him. Then he settled back comfortably with a happy chuckle.

## Devotion

Roger Davis, '21

Tall she was and pale—the exquisite pallor of a fine, white skin. Her black garments served only to make her pallor more attractive—garments that draped the lissom curves of her superb young form.

Unconscious of any scrutiny, her large dark eyes, wistful in vision, gazed through, beyond, and above; her face held that something we call "expression"—as fluid as the ether, changeful as the clouds, elusive as the ripples that play hide-and-seek o'er the surface of a placid lake,—that look of flawless purity with which the master artists have vested their Madonnas.

Her dark hair fell in luxuriant waves about her shoulders, and around her neck hung a chain of gold and amethyst, the pendant cross of which was clasped between her tenuous fingers. Her ruby lips moved silently, incessantly, in earnest dedication and zeal. It seemed as though she poured her very soul from out those silently moving lips, awesome in their ceaseless rhythm. Was this devotion—devotion for some well beloved—some cherished heart torn from her breast? No, she was only chewing gum.

# Memories of an Old Musician

Blanche Broadway, '23

Ignace Pulaski sat in his warm, richly-furnished library dreaming of the days of his youth. In his hands he held his Cremona, the most priceless of all his possessions. With this Cremona, plus his wonderful genius, he had charmed and won the hearts of many thousands. He now sat in a listening attitude, as if waiting for the heavenly harmonies to wake his violin into song. As he fingered the instrument he began to play very softly. His restless memory carried him back over the days when the morning sky was rosy with opportunities for a willing heart and hand. The days that passed before his mind's eye brought back the only love of his struggling young manhood; her premature death; the bitter success that came just too late; the plaudits of an admiring multitude that recognized only the genius, and not the tragedy that cried out through the voice of his violin.

These sad memories faded away, and in their wake followed the happier ones of his carefree childhood when he stood at his mother's knee, and softly fingered his dead father's Cremona—the treasure that was to be his some day. As he thought of these childish scenes a gentle smile played around his lips. Then it slowly faded; the light died out of his eyes. For the soul of the King of Musicians had left its earthly home, and was winging heavenward as softly as Pulaski himself had wafted the notes from his Cremona.

# Much Ado About Nothing

Edith Hulin, '21

"Say! Mr. Hollenbeck, don't you hear that noise down the hall toward Room 3? Let me go see if someone is being murdered," cried one of those dignified (?) senior boys as he breathlessly entered the principal's Sanctum Sanctorum.

Immediately a frightened little freshman put her head in the door and exclaimed, "Er--Miss—Miss Brooks, something 'as happened in Room 3. I becha Mrs. Bivins' snake has gotten out again. Don't you hear that big fuss?"

"What's the matter down here? Is another fish burning?" jested Mr. Sprinkle, as he debonairly swung around the corner.

A minute later Miss Solloway looked through the hole in her door, and seeing a crowd in the office hastened to Mr. Hollenbeck's aid. "Is the laboratory on fire again? Do you need my boys?" she kindly offered.

Immediately, with common consent, the party set out in the direction of Room 3. Mr. Hollenbeck threw the door wide open—there—quite excited, were the 3rd year girls trying to secure parallel books!

# A "Busted" Romance

Ralph Fuller, '21

A very well known young lady of the third year class was sick—lovesick. But that didn't prevent her from looking pretty healthy just the same. The object of her affections was the handsome young English teacher—newly returned from the battlefields of France—only he didn't know it. Day after day she had languished in silence on the verge of despair, for he seemed to take no notice of her passion. "Oh," thought she, "if I could only find some way to show him how I love him!" But no opportunity offered. Then, one day, when she had almost given up hope, as the love-lorn maiden passed by the domestic science hall she saw that the room was filled with smoke, and detected the odor of burning fish—which wasn't very hard to do. At the same time she saw her idol approaching slowly down the hall. Instantly perceiving her opportunity, she flew towards him with outstretched arms and clasped him around the neck, sobbing wildly, "Oh, save it, save it!"

Did he fold her in his protecting arms and gently soothe her with kisses and low sweet words of love? No. He extricated himself and went and—saved the fish.

# Getting Up in the Morning

VERA BURNETTE, '20

"Fire! fire! where is the fire?" As I opened my eyes I looked around for the fire, for surely I heard bells ringing, but it was only the alarm clock on the table by my bed. Disgusted, I raised myself on my elbow and cut the alarm off. I settled down for another morning snooze before mother should call me. Oh! what bliss.

Now the dark-mustached villain grasped the beautiful heroine by her long raven locks while she screamed! Would the handsome hero come in time to rescue her from the villain? I awoke with a start. Mother was the heroine of my dream.

"Vera, come on; all the girls are dressed and waiting for you."

"Yes'um, I'm coming," I answered her in a drowsy tone.

With one bound, I jumped out of bed, but oh, how sleepy I was! So I drowsily laid back on my pillow with my feet on the floor.

"Yes, my love, you knew I would come," and the beautiful girl fainted in the hero's arms.

"Vera, are you coming?" came floating up to me in a musical (?) voice. This brought me out of my land of dreams.

"Now you are late; what will mother say? Serves you right, Miss Sleepyhead," I told myself.

In a few minutes I was running down the steps two at a time, and I arrived breathless in the dining room as the others were taking their places.

# EDITORIAL

Christmas with its holidays and attendant good times is a thing of the past, and 1920 is upon us. If we take time to be serious for a minute, we shall realize this means that another year of opportunity is before us. Another chance is given us to make of it what we will. What will you choose?

A most important problem before the people of Durham for the new year is the matter of the coming bond issue for school improvement. It is well known that the present school facilities are inadequate for the proper education of the girls and boys of school age in Durham. At present in the high school there are over fifty more pupils than can properly be cared for. This crowded condition will be even worse next year because of the large freshman class to take the place of the outgoing senior class. It is squarely up to the people of Durham as to whether we shall advance or drop back. Durham has always had reason to be proud of her school system, and has had an enviable reputation for her educational facilities. A number of the other cities of this State are preparing for an extensive increase of schools, and unless Durham wakes up she will be left far behind.

School boys and girls always have a great influence. Now is our chance to exert it. Perhaps most people do not realize the imperative need of more school buildings for the growing population as fully as we do. We must make this crowded condition plain to the voters. Here is our opportunity to show that we appreciate the educational advantages already given us, and to express our desire for even better opportunities to become worthy citizens of the city of Durham.

# SCHOOL NOTES

## THE CORNELIA SPENCER LITERARY SOCIETY

The regular meeting of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society was held January 9, 1920, for the election of officers. Those elected for the ensuing term are as follows: President, Mabel Barlow; Vice-President, Ethel Gladstone; Secretary, Virginia Ashlin; Censor, Annie Wall Foushee; and Critic, Elsie Beavers.

During the past term the meetings have been well attended. The program committee deserves a great deal of credit for the interesting programs which have been presented. Especially good was a story-telling contest among the first-year girls. On the last Friday before the Christmas holidays, the pupils of the Fuller School gave Dickens' "Christmas Carol" before the society. It was a most creditable and entertaining performance.

Although there is in school this year only one of the debaters who represented us so well last year, some excellent new material is being developed. So far, those trying for the Triangular Debate are Ethel Gladstone, '20, Eunice Hutchins, '21, Maryon Saunders, '21, William Faucette, '20, and Wade Beck, '22. With such representatives, we have high hopes of winning.

The readers of the magazine will be interested to know that two new prizes are to be offered by the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society and the Blackwell Literary Society. One of these is to be given for the best prose production, and the other for the best poem published in THE MESSENGER during the year. Each prize will be two dollars and a half. This offer should induce many to send in contributions, and especially is it hoped that the members of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society will enter the competition.

## ATHLETICS

The basketball season started off with a rush that has been continued up to the present writing. From the twenty candidates, Coach Pond has built up a smooth-running basketball team which has played nine games and won eight, being defeated only once by the Alumni. The first seven men are as follows: Max Primakoff, forward; Jack Cobb, forward; Norwood Bullington, center; Charles Baer, guard; Marvin Byrd, guard; John White, guard; A. M. Rigsbee, forward.

The record of the games played to November 18 is as follows:

D. H. S. 51—West Durham High School 20.
D. H. S. 33—Alumni 49.
D. H. S. 34—Y. M. C. A. 10.
D. H. S. 19—Alumni 17.
D. H. S. 40—W. D. H. S. 20.
D. H. S. 40—E. D. H. S. 29.
D. H. S. 26—Alumni 22.
D. H. S. 58—High Point 7.
D. H. S. 59—Cary 8.

The tentative schedule for the remainder of the year is:

D. H. S. vs. Trinity Park School (at Durham) Jan. 20.
D. H. S. vs. Burlington (at Durham) Jan. 23.
D. H. S. vs. Raleigh (at Durham) Jan. 28.
D. H. S. vs. Burlington (at Burlington) Feb. 4.
D. H. S. vs. Greensboro (at Greensboro) Feb. 5.
D. H. S. vs. Danville (at Danville) Feb. 6.
D. H. S. vs. High Point (at High Point) Feb. 7.
D. H. S. vs. Raleigh (at Raleigh) Feb. 14.
D. H. S. vs. Danville (at Durham) Feb. 19.
D. H. S. vs. Greensboro (at Durham) Feb. 20.

The season thus far has been one of the most successful in the history of the school. We have won a hundred per cent of our high school games and we are going to make a fair bid for the championship.

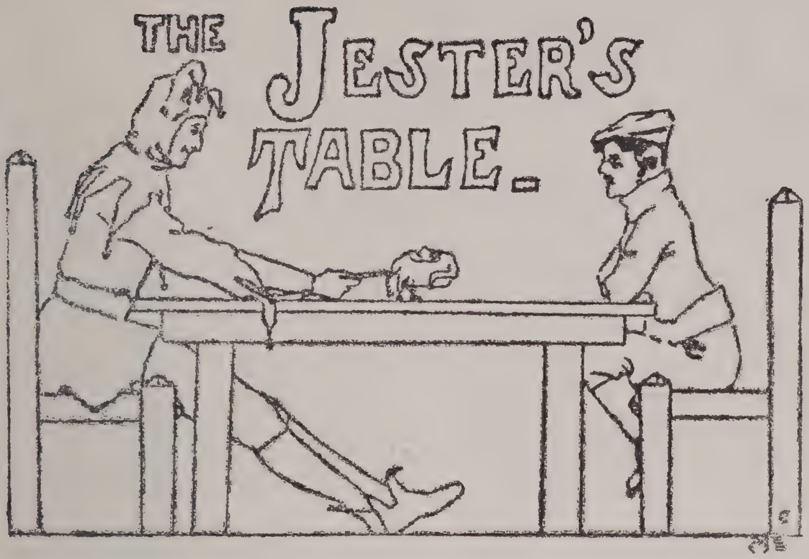
## BETTER SPEECH WEEK AT D. H. S.

Better Speech Week was observed in the Durham High School December 8-12 with great enthusiasm and success. Better Speech was the dominant note of all English classes for the week, and many interesting talks, word histories, etc., were given by the students. During the campaign, Secret Service Agents were busy at work in the various classes, detecting Bad Speech Spies who were brought to trial and justice the last day of the week. Green tags, the penalty for errors in grammar and diction, were much in evidence, for nearly everyone wore that badge of demerit.

Perhaps the best part of the week was the programs in chapel emphasizing certain Better Speech features. A Better Speech Song was sung, and those who had made the best talks in class, gave them before the student body: "How Better Speech Week Helped Aunt Jemima in the Kitchen," Bronna Watson; "The Strange Case of Mr. D. H. S.," Eunice Hutchins; "The Better Speech Doctor," Sarah Mason; "Good English," John Tyler. Especially enjoyable was Mr. Pusey's humorous talk dealing with the pet colloquialisms of various sections of the country.

During the week, many attractive posters decorated the halls and class rooms. Those who won honorable mention for their posters were Ralph Fuller, Lucy Glasson, Eunice Hutchins and Belva Hutchinson.

One of the most interesting of the chapel exercises this year was a recent talk by Mr. Capps on his experiences as a Y. M. C. A. secretary "over there." He spoke humorously of his journey and his arrival in England, and when he finished the applause was so great that Mr. Hollenbeck promised the students that the performance would be continued in the next issue!


THE JESTER'S TABLE.

## LATIN

"All those are dead who wrote it,
All those are dead who spoke it,
All those will die who learn it—
Blest death—they surely earn it."—*Ex.*

* * *

## QUITE RIGHT!

Teacher (to pupil who had been caught eating in study hall)—"You aren't fit to sit with decent people; come right up here and sit with me!"

* * *

Charlie Bishop—"Roger, dear, do you know Alice Burns' cousin—let's see—what's his name?—Oh, yeah, Fat Burns."

Roger D.—"Naw."

Charlie B.—"Well, it does."

Miss S.—"Lucille, how would you personify the seasons of the year?"

Lucile H., 1st year (enthusiastically)—"I'd have spring a fair maiden, summer a beautiful woman, and autumn an old maid."

* * *

Colin M., '20—"The river overflew its banks."

* * *

Maxine W., 1st year—"They had very little to eat. Their father had gone off to war."

* * *

## OR THE OTHER WAY 'ROUND?

Found in a 4th year English paper—"Milton wrote 'Paradise Lost' when his wife left him and 'Paradise Regained' when she returned."

* * *

Miss Spruill—"Taylor, what effect did Godfrey Cass' environment have on his character?"

Taylor Cheek (blushing)—"M—I—I don't think he had any environment, Miss Spruill!"

* * *

Mr. Holton—"Well, Jack, can you tell me who Judas was?"

Jack C. (scratching his head for a moment, then triumphantly)—"W—w—wasn't he that man that was riding along on a donkey one day, when he got hung in the limb of a tree and died?"

* * *

Mr. Patterson (to members of geometry class)—"I am holding a reception in my room just after school, and I shall be pleased to have you attend. However, you needn't wear your dress suits, for it will be very informal."

* * *

Jake R., 4th year—"Didn't Columbus discover Durham?"

Henry G., 4th year—"Why?"

Jake—"Because he landed on the coast of Hayti."

Mr. Holton—"When was the war of 1812?"

Bright Senior—"I don't know."

* * *

Mr. Holton (in despair after asking many futile questions of pupil)—"How long did the Thirty Years War last?"

Edrak H., 3d year (brightly)—"Five or six years."

* * *

Vera B., 4th year (as god-like young teacher passes)—"Oh! my fluttering heart, ain't he handsome!"

* * *

## THE TRUTH ABOUT ARGOS, AND OTHER INTERESTING FACTS GLEANED FROM EXAM. PAPERS

He was Odysseus dog before he went off. When Odysseus met Argos he arose up and gave one bark and then died.

The dog had know teeth. Then Argos he fell over and died. He knew his master from twenty long years he had been from home.

Argos crawled as far as he could to Odysseus and shaked his tail for happiness.

But he got up and wagged his tail once or twice and a tear out of Odysseus'es eye fell on him and then he dropped dead.

The Greeks knew about fumigation they thought when people died they went to Hades.

She fell around his kneck and hugged him.

*Collective nouns* are a collection of nouns.

In conversation, every time the speaker speaks you put what he says in ditto marks.

Coleridge wrote "Geometrical feets for a boy."

King Richard was as strong as an ox with a black mustache and was non (known) to have killed 1000 Turkeys in one day.

Brian the hermit made the prophecy out of a goat's skin. He let it dry all night and the next day gave it to Roderick.

The Exchange Department of THE MESSENGER is glad to announce that its old friends among the magazines are returning this year, and that new magazines are being received quite frequently. We extend a hearty welcome to these newcomers and an invitation to come again.

Welcome to "The Forrester" from Forrest High School, Dallas, Texas! We consider your Christmas number by far the most attractive of any magazine that we have yet received. In the first place, the general appearance of your magazine is artistic. Your short stories are clever and we admire your school spirit, shown by your intense interest in the different organizations of your school.

Congratulations to you, "Woodrow Wilson High," on your new school building! Both your November and December issues deserve credit. Your short stories are good, and the informal way of writing your school notes makes them much more interesting.

We were surprised to note such a decided improvement in your Thanksgiving issue of the "Budget," Berne High School, Berne, Indiana. Your number of short stories has increased and the interest with them. "The Story of Theresa Renaud" is the best story that you have published yet. May you continue to improve in each issue.

You, the students of the Winston-Salem High School, have made a good beginning in the issue of "The Black and Gold." Your stories, for example, "The White Chicken," show a cleverness in the construction of plots. "When Bobby Entertained" is also quite an attractive and humorous short story.

Your paper, "The Pasadena Chronicle," Pasadena High School, Pasadena, Cal., with its intense interest in athletics, is a live little paper and betokens good school spirit. The clever cartoons add immensely to the attractiveness of the paper.

"The Missile," Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Va., is a creditable paper, full of local news and good jokes.

In "The Columbian," Columbia High School, Columbia, S. C., the joke section contains some good humor. "The Barnum Robbery" is a "catchy" story

One of the best magazines that we have received is "The Echo", Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn. Your stories would be a credit to any school's magazine. Especially entertaining are the two stories, "Lieutenant Martin's Convalescence" and "Dusk-Dark." Congratulations also on your jester.

The literary department in your magazine, "The Sage," Greensboro High School, Greensboro, N. C., is unusually good. The best story is the one entitled "Brothers." We also found "A Christmas Wager" to be a charming little story.

"The Industrial School Magazine," Golden, Colorado, contains some excellent stories, notably "On Your Marks!" We have one suggestion to make to you—that you add an exchange space to your magazine.

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